Scribner's

MAGAZINE

JUNE

PORTRAIT
OF AN ARCHITECT
page 4

25¢

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Steel across the Golden Gate

THE opening of the Golden Gate Bridge on May 28th links San Francisco directly with the relatively undeveloped country to the north, making much-needed room for expansion available at a convenient distance from the business district.

The main span of the Golden Gate Bridge is the longest in the world—4200 feet from pier to pier. This is four-fifths of a mile—700 feet longer than the nearest rival. If the golf phenomenon, Jimmy Thomson, should drive a ball from one of the piers it would drop into the water less than a quarter of the distance across.

Each of the towers is a skyscraper in its own right. Soaring 746 feet above the water, they rank among the ten tallest structures in the world, and the amount of steel in each—22,000 tons—compares favorably with that in an office building of the same height. Each tower holds up a load, resting on its top, of 84,000 tons—equivalent to the weight of two Washington Monuments.

The cables, from which the roadway is suspended, are three feet in diameter and each is made up of more than 27,000 small steel wires. A total of 80,000 miles of wire was used—enough to encircle the earth at the equator more than three times. Each cable is strong enough to lift the liner Queen Mary, with a good margin of safety.

The construction of the towers and the steelwork that carries the roadway was handled by Bethlehem Steel Company. This is consistent with the history of the Bethlehem steel-construction division—an organization which has been identified with many of the major structures which have been built since the opening of the century. Among these are the locks of the Panama Canal, the George Washington Bridge, the Ambassador Bridge and a host of lesser structures.

Though Bethlehem has the facilities to build structures of the size of the Golden Gate Bridge, no steel construction job, even a modest highway bridge, is too small to be handled with all of the efficiency of which this organization is capable.

Bethlehem makes a complete line of commercial steel products.

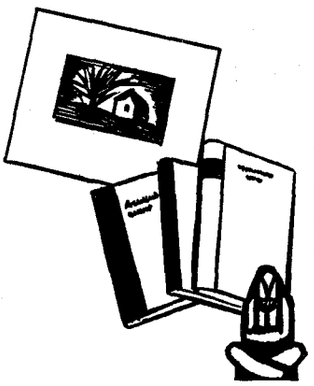
BETHLEHEM STEEL COMPANY

BETHLEHEM STEEL

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

. . . IF YOU LIKE FINE THINGS

You Will Enjoy This Distinguished New Magazine



IF YOU FIND pleasure in possessing rare books, or exquisite prints . . . if you thrill to good music, or good plays . . . if you appreciate surroundings which reflect excellent taste . . . you will enjoy the *new* Magazine of Art.

This *new* Magazine is edited for you and your kind—for people everywhere who like fine things.

Within its pages, there passes in review the rich, moving panorama of the art of the world. Not alone painting, and sculpture, and architecture; but archaeology, the dance, music, photography, creative theatre, industrial design. All the arts, all phases of art—art in its relation to life.

The articles in the Magazine of Art are by recognized authorities—writers who know their subjects, and who write in a clear, sparkling style. Each year, you enjoy more than 1,000 beautiful illustrations, in half-tone and color.

In physical appearance, the Magazine is a work of art in itself. Fresh, distinctive design. Paper throughout of special manufacture. Unusually large illustrations. Printing of a quality seldom attained.

Superlatives are easy to utter; hard to live up to. In describing the *new* Magazine of Art as the most magnificent—and the most comprehensive—art magazine ever published in America, we do so in the belief that it will surpass your greatest expectations.

★*This new Magazine of Art has the background and experience of 28 years of continuous publication. It is the larger and finer version of what was formerly known as The American Magazine of Art.*

BEAUTIFUL COLOR REPRODUCTIONS

Large, fine color reproductions of the work of important contemporary American artists are a regular feature of the Magazine of Art. Chosen both for their aesthetic quality, and for their living and permanent beauty, the plates are large enough for framing.

If you purchased the color prints separately, you would pay $12.80 for those already scheduled for the coming year—several times the total amount of the entire Magazine.

SPECIAL INTRODUCTORY OFFER

Although the regular subscription to the Magazine of Art is most reasonable for a publication of this size and character ($5 a year; 50 cents a copy) you are invited to take advantage of the *special introductory offer* of six months for $2, a saving of 50 per cent.

If for any reason, you are not perfectly satisfied with the Magazine, your money will be immediately refunded. The coupon below is for your convenience. Won't you mail it today?

THE AMERICAN FEDERATION OF ARTS
BARR BUILDING, WASHINGTON, D. C.

Send me the new Magazine of Art for the next six months, for which I am enclosing two dollars, to be refunded if I am not satisfied.

NAME_____

ADDRESS_____

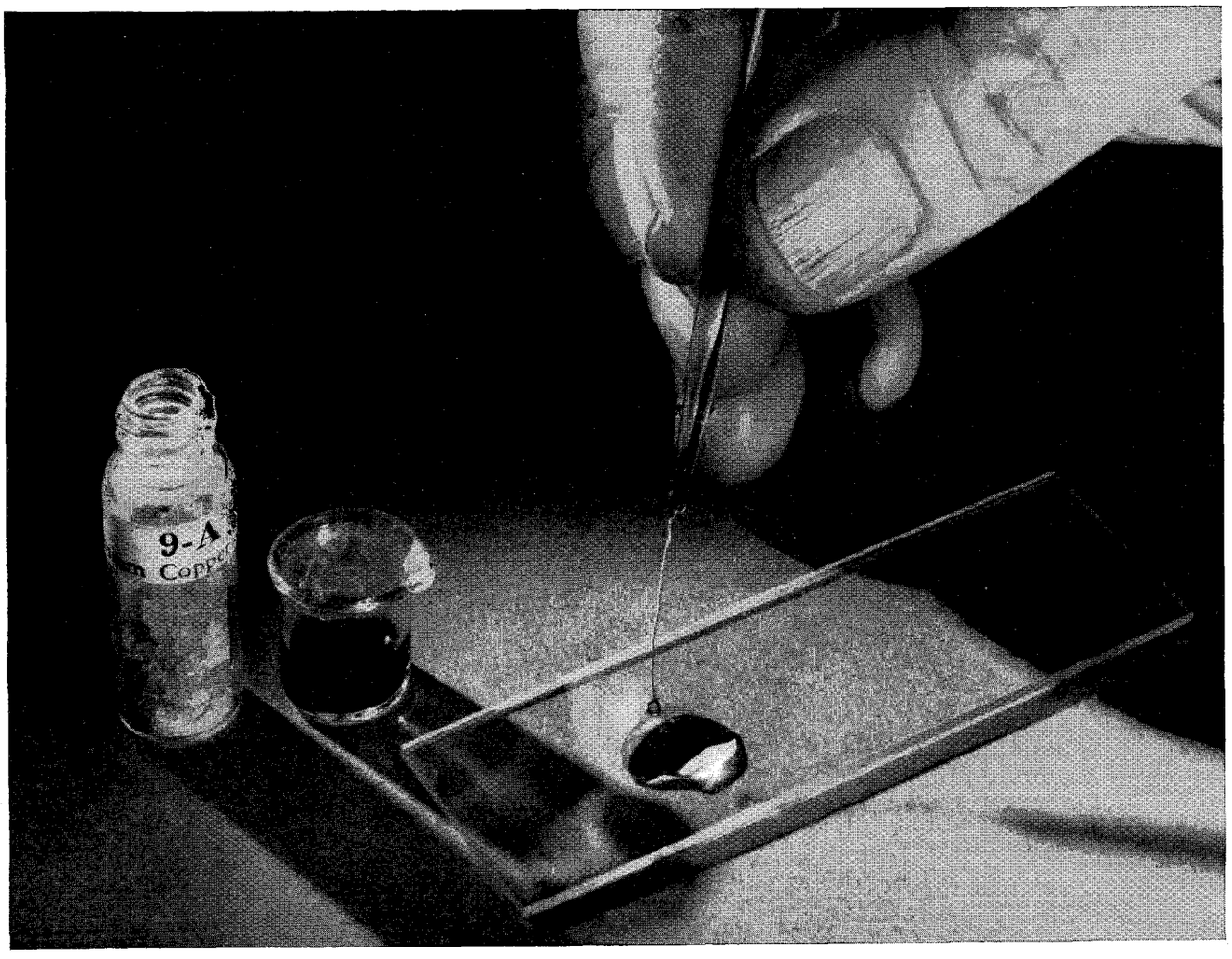
_____ SR1

MAGAZINE OF ART

America's Fastest Growing Art Publication

Published monthly by THE AMERICAN FEDERATION OF ARTS • Barr Bldg., Washington

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



50,000 GAMMAS

DIVIDE this drop into 50,000 parts. Each part is a gamma—1/28,329,000 of an ounce. Yet in such tiny units research chemists find the secrets of long life and efficient operation of electric machinery —of refrigerators and electric clocks, of lamps as small as a grain of wheat, and great turbines that supply electric power to a whole city.

A smear of oil, a chip of metal, a scarcely visible film on a polished surface—these are clues to improved designs. Working with drops on a microscope slide, General Electric scientists are able to detect even as little as 1/1,000,000,000 ounce of impurity. And so, in the Research Laboratory, in Schenectady, they check and examine, contributing of their skill and experience to the final perfection of the finished machine.

Scientific research requires attention to a thousand details, patience to carry out innumerable experiments, clear understanding of the fundamental principles of nature. And the results of this painstaking research in the world of the very small are longer life and lower cost of operation in the manufactured products that you use.

G-E research has saved the public from ten to one hundred dollars for every dollar it has earned for General Electric

GENERAL ELECTRIC

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Scribner's

MAGAZINE

Volume CI, Number 6 — June, 1937

Page		by
	SHORT STORIES	
23	I Can't Keep My Mouth Shut	MICHAEL FESSIER
39	Your Turn Will Come	LOUIS ZARA
44	SCRIBNER'S PRESENTS: False Front	WOOD KAHLER
	ARTICLES	
11	It Was a Nice Depression	HENRY F. PRINGLE
16	SCRIBNER'S EXAMINES: Grant Wood	THOMAS CRAVEN
27	Oktoberfest	THOMAS WOLFE
33	Fighting the Censor	WILLIAM P. CARNEY
	LIFE IN THE UNITED STATES	
49	Courtroom Lithographs	WILLIAM SHARP
52	Tourists on a Wooden Cross	MARJORIE NORTHROP
54	I Take Tourists	ROBERT E. PIKE
57	"Life in the United States" Contest	
	THE PEOPLE AND THE ARTS	
61	Screen and Radio	GILBERT SELDES
65	Theater	GEORGE JEAN NATHAN
69	Books	JOHN CHAMBERLAIN
73	Book Notes	KATHERINE GAUSS JACKSON
76	Music and Records	RICHARD GILBERT
	FEATURES	
4	Straws in the Wind	
32	American Painters Series — No. 4, Greenland Woman	ROCKWELL KENT
58	don herold examines:	DON HEROLD
82	The Scribner Quiz	IRVING D. TRESSLER
87	The Tall Walls of the Rockies	ARTHUR W. LITTLE, JR.
90	East-to-West — 3. Siam	GEORGE BRANDT
94	Wardrobe on the Range	KATHERINE KENT

Cover Photograph by HENRY WAXMAN

Published by CHARLES SCRIBNER'S SONS, 597 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK CITY

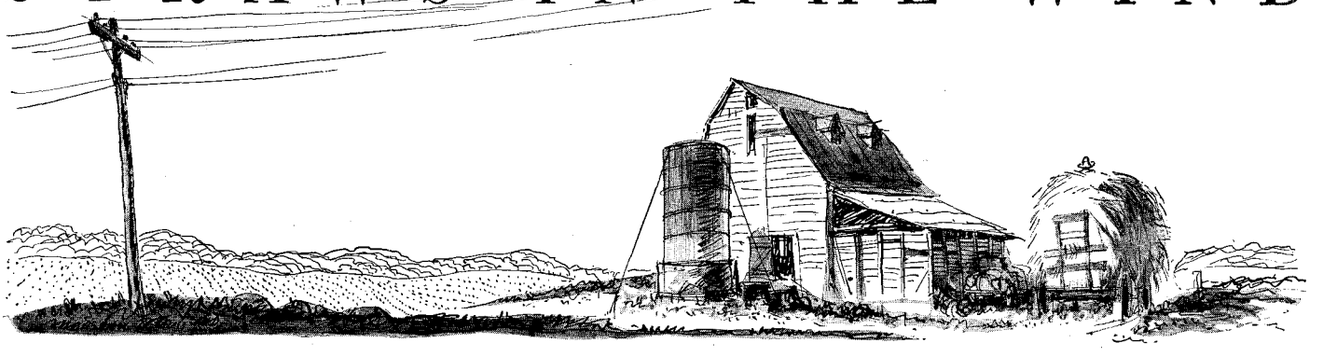
CHARLES SCRIBNER, *President*
GEORGE MCKAY SCHIEFFELIN, *Treasurer*

EDWARD T. S. LORD, WHITNEY DARROW, MAXWELL E. PERKINS, *Vice-Presidents*
JOHN HALL WHEELOCK, *Secretary*

Scribner's Magazine: HARLAN LOGAN, *Editor-Publisher;* JO H. CHAMBERLIN, *Managing Editor;* MARIAN IVES, *Fiction Editor;* ELMER LOEMKER, *Art Editor;* WARREN BOWER, KATHERINE GAUSS JACKSON, LOMBARD JONES, KATHERINE KENT, DON WHARTON, *Editorial Associates;* RUTLEDGE BERMINGHAM, *Advertising Manager.* Published monthly, 25 cents a copy; $2.50 a year; Foreign, $3.50 a year. Copyrighted in 1937 in the United States, Canada, and Great Britain by Charles Scribner's Sons. All rights reserved. No article in this issue may be reprinted in whole or in condensed form without express permission. This magazine will not be responsible for unsolicited manuscripts. All manuscripts should be accompanied by stamped, addressed envelopes for return. Scribner's Magazine is indexed in the *Reader's Guide to Periodical Literature.* Printed in Philadelphia. Entered as second-class matter December 2, 1886, at the Post-Office at New York, New York, under the Act of March 3, 1879. Additional entry at Philadelphia, Pennsylvania, September 10, 1936. Entered as second-class matter at the Post-Office Department, Ottawa, Canada.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

STRAWS IN THE WIND



Portrait of an Architect (*See cover*)

Beginning this month the editors of SCRIBNER'S inaugurate a new idea in covers. Each month they will select as a subject a man or woman, representative of a certain business, profession, or activity—and wherever possible, representative of the new trends within it. And as far as possible, we should like to represent some of the newer occupations or professions. Heretofore our photographic covers have presented people whom the editors considered interesting and whose stories were authentic. From now on there will be a definite professional or occupational theme to be followed in our selections, and people will again be taken from real life.

Already scheduled for coming months are cover portraits of a physicist, an art director, a teacher, a naval engineer. As in the present issue, these photographs will constitute the entire cover, along with the regular SCRIBNER name, date, and price per copy. Readers who have seen the advance proofs like the idea . . . probably another "first" in publishing.

Lois Weaver, whose portrait is reproduced on our cover this month, is an architectual draftsman. She is also an artist. She prefers the "artist" but we, however, apply the word to her in its broader meaning, as we discovered her at work in her father's office, laying out foundation plans for a large house on a ten-acre lot.

She contends that her job as chief assistant to her father, a consulting engineer who for the past ten years has been designing and building country homes, is the result of acting as understudy to draftsmen who fell ill at the peak of the building season. Her father, however, credits her ability to hold down her job to the fact that she is able to draw plans that are correct in details of construction, plus a feminine sense as to the arrangement of a home.

She has never been to school, which, her mother explains, has given her more time to learn how to do things. At seventeen she was designing wrought-iron lights and hardware, and supervising the blacksmiths who followed her plans in the making of them. At twenty she was capable of directing construction work on houses, and at twenty-four, in association with her father, she has designed complete houses, from cellar to attic. She thoroughly understands building and labor costs and how to deal with workmen. Ordinarily she works in old clothes, not the yellow sweater she wears on the cover. The sweater was the idea of Henry Waxman, the photographer, (and a good one, we think).

She lives in Connecticut, and does not care a great deal for New York City, except as a place to relax, or to see clients. Outside business hours, Miss Weaver finds her principal pleasure in painting. After that come tennis, riding, cooking, making her own clothes, and trying to put new life into the local Republican party.

Pancho Villa's Picture

In your April issue you print a picture on page 11 of Pancho Villa in a wheat field in Mexico. Your caption reads: "Cameraman McFarland outwitted Villa to get this picture."

It looks to me like you would check up on your stories before you print them. The Fox Film people, I am sure, know that I made these pictures, some 340 feet of the Villa story, and at the risk of my life. I was the only cameraman out of thirteen sent into Mexico to get any pictures and get out with them. The pictures were made at Canutillo Durango, Mexico, on the 7th of July, 1921.

I not only have a print of these newsreel shots, but still photos as well. Such magazines as *The Saturday Evening Post* printed the story and gave me credit for the work. Practically every newspaper in the U. S. ran wire stories on it, or used full-page features.

C. J. KAHO
Chief Staff Photographer
Daily Oklahoman, Oklahoma City Times

The information from which the caption was written was secured by SCRIBNER editors from Fox Movietone News. In answer to Mr. Kaho's letter, Mr. Truman Talley writes:

We are sorry we credited Mr. McFarland with Mr. Kaho's work. This was because our files of that period are a bit confused, and we resorted to memory. When we were picking our six best newsreel shots for SCRIBNER'S, six of us agreed that the Villa picture was taken by McFarland, who was the last staff cameraman covering Mexico for the old Fox (silent) News.

Such is fame for Mr. Kaho, whom we remember as a very competent operator. He was one of the first motion-picture men to operate in Mexico and the Southwest. It was a lively country in those days and there were plenty of things popping.

TRUMAN TALLEY
Producer, Fox Movietone News

Asked by the editors of SCRIBNER'S for additional facts about his "shooting" of Villa, Mr. Kaho gladly complied:

My first conception of a method for getting pictures of Villa came when I read a story in the Fort Worth *Star-Telegram* about a salesman for the Cleveland Tractor Company, who had been in Mexico, sold Villa two tractors, and had made some kodak pictures of him. I thought if he could photograph Villa, I could, too, although every newsreel in the United States had sent cameramen into Mexico for this purpose without success.

I wrote my suggestion to Herbert L. Hancock, director-in-chief of Fox News, and my boss. He gave me an O.K. on the first of June. I left the United States on the 18th of June, joining a West Texas Chamber of Commerce excursion in order to disguise my entrance into Mexico.

After spending the rest of June with the Chamber of Commerce group and getting my credentials at Mexico City, I proceeded to Chihuahua, where I contacted my salesman and a mechanic I was going to use. We got on the Villa ranch at seven o'clock on July 4th. We made our connection with Villa's guards, who immediately took charge of us, stripped us of most of our equipment, but left me my movie camera, the purpose of which they did not guess. I was housed in Villa's office. The office, by the way, had only a cot in it, with no cover.

Villa left early the next morning, and it was up to us to try to get some pictures, if possible. I spent most of the next three days making pictures secretly around the place. On the fourth day, we concentrated on a binder. I never had seen one work before, but we took it out of its crate and put it together and took it down to Villa's wheat field and started cutting wheat.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Step into these for a moment

And now that you are in a farmer's shoes, what will you want?

Above all, you will want practical, timely information about everything that has to do with your business of farming — soils, crop forecasts, market conditions, and the lastest technical farm information. Just as a manufacturer needs to know what lines his competitors are pushing, you will want to know what other farmers throughout the country are doing, what growing conditions are in other sections, what new developments are being made *today* that will affect your business *tomorrow*. And you will want all this information brought to you clearly, concisely, and *in time to be useful.*

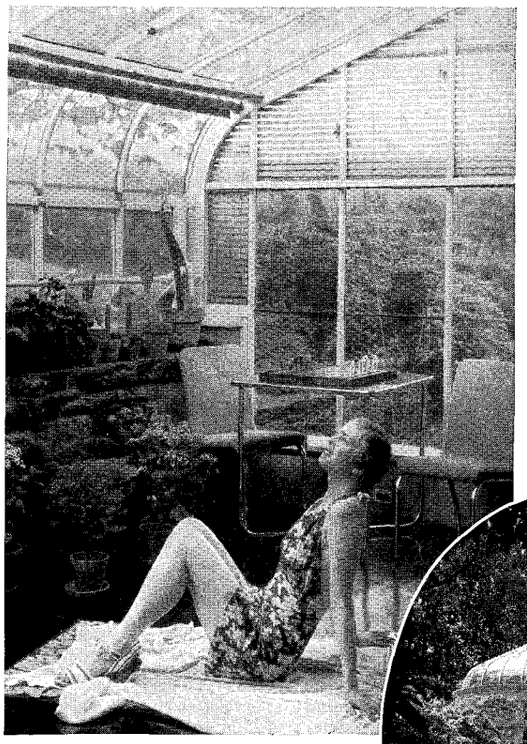
There are modern, successful farmers all over this country who find they need a magazine that can supply all these needs quickly and accurately — a magazine that can select the important information and bring it to them *in time to use.*

Farm Journal, with its "4-day writer-to-reader" service, does just that for 1,300,000 of the kind of farmer you would be if you were a farmer.

FARM JOURNAL

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Garden Rooms



If you can't follow your inclination to go South for your sun-bathing, then you can "follow the sun" at home, by stepping into one of our up-North Sunshine Rooms, Glassed-Over Patios, Courts or Terraces.

Living WITH THE Sun

the whole year round

Living with the sun all twelve months instead of six. That's what it means. Sun-bathing in the health-streaming sunshine. Entertaining your Wintertime guests amid the Summertime flowers of your Glassed-Over Patio, Court or Terrace.

Glass-overs for Patios, Courts and Terraces out in the sunny open, and still always on the protected inside.

Adding a delightful Garden or Sunshine Room — that's what it really means. A contenting, flower-surrounded room that is always

Being "bubbles of glass" these Glass-Overs of ours do not darken the rooms they open from. With the use of either inside or outside shades in Summer, the Glass-Overs are one of the coolest spots in your home. Sounds odd. But it's so.

Send for Catalog called "Living With The Sun." Or send for us.

Lord & Burnham Co.

IRVINGTON, NEW YORK
DEPT. S

DES PLAINES, ILLINOIS
DEPT. S

Branch Offices in Other Principal Cities

For Four Generations Builders of Greenhouses and Conservatories

Now was the time to send for Villa and have him come to the field and see how we were doing. (I had represented myself as an advertising man from the tractor company.)

When Villa came down to the field he was not wearing any guns. I made my first pictures of him as he followed the binder cutting his wheat. After making several pictures, I went in for a close-up. There I was discovered, and Villa ordered me taken off the field by his soldiers. General Machel was in charge. They threw me into their jail, which contained Villa's sixty private fighting cocks, all of which, I was told, were imported from England.

I spent from three o'clock in the afternoon until nine that night in the jail. Then Villa called a court martial. At the court martial, they tried me for making pictures against the wishes of Villa and decided to confiscate my negatives. I gave them sixty feet of raw stock and kept the pictures I had made. They burned the sixty feet and ordered me shot at sunrise, together with my companion, Jimmy Caldwell. We were returned to our jail, the chicken coop. For the rest of the night we were forced to listen to cocks crowing at intervals of about one minute. We were supposed to get some sleep. Of course that would have been impossible anyway.

At 1:30 in the morning, Pappa Juaretta came to our rescue. He was a confidential secretary to Villa, an English-speaking Mexican who seemed to like us. He got us out, got our equipment back, and put us in an old Ford and took us to the railhead, which was Roserio. We didn't lose much time getting out of Mexico after that, and finally arrived at El Paso, where I mailed the Villa pictures to Fox.

You might be interested to know also that I recently made the first pictures of the New London, Texas, school disaster. It was one of several scoops I have to my credit.

C. J. KAHO
Chief Staff Photographer
Daily Oklahoman, Oklahoma City Times

I don't know when I have read a story which interested me as much as Thomas Sugrue's story on "The Newsreels" in the April SCRIBNER'S.

STEVE HANNAGAN
New York City

I have just read the March issue of your interesting magazine and hasten to congratulate you for having published the story by Mr. Rion Bercovici, a story so delicate and still so true to its subject.

FERNANDO DE LOS RÍOS
Ambassador of Spain
Washington, D. C.

Never having thought of religion and war propaganda in the same breath, Mr. Calverton's article on "Our Hypnotized World" came as quite a shock. His is an interesting theme.

Suppose, for example, that Jesus of Nazareth had delivered his Sermon on the Mount into a microphone while the newsreel men (of Thomas Sugrue's article, in the April SCRIBNER'S) had their cameras mounted on tripods, taking close-ups of Jesus, shots of the listening crowd and of the scenery surrounding that historic place. Don't you think that the history of the world possibly might have been entirely different? Jesus might not have been crucified and the Christian religion would have been an entirely different thing.

I'd like to read an article by Mr. Calverton devoted to the propaganda in the World War. It would give us all food for thought to see how

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

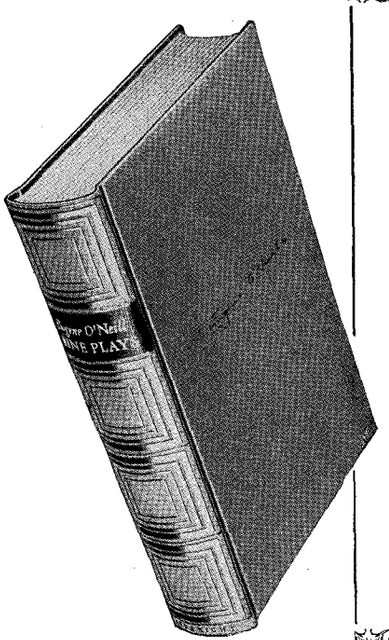
A **FREE** COPY . . FOR YOUR LIBRARY

of a volume containing *nine complete plays* by the winner of the

NOBEL PRIZE FOR LITERATURE

NINE PLAYS BY EUGENE O'NEILL

RETAIL PRICE FIVE DOLLARS



CONTENTS

Selected by the author,
with an Introduction by Joseph Wood Krutch

MOURNING BECOMES ELECTRA

STRANGE INTERLUDE

EMPEROR JONES

MARCO MILLIONS

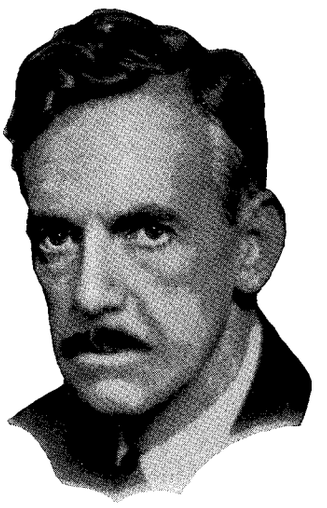
THE GREAT GOD BROWN

ALL GOD'S CHILLUN GOT WINGS

LAZARUS LAUGHED

THE HAIRY APE

DESIRE UNDER THE ELMS



EUGENE O'NEILL'S plays in recent years have marked him as the most significant figure in the contemporary American drama. The recent award to him of the Nobel Prize for Literature puts a foreign stamp of approval upon our own native appraisal. This volume of representative plays, selected by Mr. O'Neill, was a past "book-dividend" distributed, free, among Book-of-the-Month Club members. Why a free copy of this volume is now offered to you, is explained below.

WHY WE OFFER TO GIVE YOU A FREE COPY OF THIS BOOK

THERE is no reader of this magazine who will not find it in many ways to his advantage to subscribe to the Book-of-the-Month Club, and we make this offer to demonstrate that such is the case. What we propose is this: mail the coupon below, *and a copy of* NINE PLAYS *will immediately be put aside in your name,* and held until we hear whether or not you care to join. In the meantime, a booklet will at once be sent to you outlining how the Club operates.

No Compulsion to Buy Any Book—Study this booklet at your leisure. You may be surprised, for instance, to learn that belonging to the Club does not mean you have to pay any fixed sum each year. Nor does it mean that you are obliged to take one book every month, twelve a year (you may take as few as four). Nor are you ever obliged to take the specific book-of-the-month selected by the judges. You have complete freedom of choice at all times. More than 150,000 families—composed of discerning but busy readers like yourself—now obtain most of their new books through the Book-of-the-Month Club. What are the advantages that induce them to do so?

Books You May Have Missed—The principal one is that you really obtain *and read* the new books you promise yourself to read. Over the past few years there have undoubtedly been dozens of new books which you were very anxious to read at the time, but which you would confess sadly you simply never "got around to." *This would never happen if you belonged to the Book-of-the-Month Club.* The Club's unique system effectually insures you against missing the particular books you wish to read.

One Book Free for Every Two Bought—There are also very marked material advantages in belonging to the Club. Records over the past few years show that for every two books its members purchased, *on the average they received one book free.* Book-dividends alone (which represent a form of profit sharing) amounted to more than $1,250,000 worth last year.

Here is a remarkable fact: of the tens of thousands of families which use this service, *not a single one was induced to join by a salesman.* Every one of them joined upon the recommendation of friends who were already members, or after simply reading—as we ask you to do—the bare facts about the many ways (too many to outline fully in this space) by which membership in the Club benefits you as a book-reader and book-buyer.

If you are interested, simply mail the coupon, and a free copy of the NINE PLAYS will be reserved in your name, pending your reading of the booklet we shall send you.

BOOK-OF-THE-MONTH CLUB, Inc. A56
385 Madison Avenue, New York, N. Y.

PLEASE send me without cost, a booklet outlining how the Book-of-the-Month Club operates. This request involves me in no obligation to subscribe to your service. It is understood that if I decide to join the club, I will receive a free copy of NINE PLAYS, by Eugene O'Neill.

Name.....

Address.....

City..... *State*.....

Business Connection, if any.....

Official Position or Occupation.....

If eighteen years or under check here, and address envelope Dept. B. ☐

Books shipped to Canadian members through Book-of-the-Month Club (Canada) Ltd.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

$50 FOR A STORY

"I am glad to tell you that I have been progressing rapidly with my course and have been able to dispose of a few stories and articles. My last story was sold to Outdoor Life and brought me $50."

CYRIL E. GROZELLE
Box 418, Haileybury
Ontario, Canada

Why Can't You Write?

It's much simpler than you think!

SO many people with the "germ" of writing in them simply can't get started. They suffer from inertia. Or they set up imaginary barriers to taking the first step.

Many are convinced the field is confined to persons gifted with a genius for writing.

Few realize that the great bulk of commercial writing is done by so-called "unknowns." Not only do these thousands of men and women produce most of the fiction published, but countless articles on business affairs, social matters, domestic science, etc., as well.

Such material is in constant demand. Every week thousands of checks for $25, $50 and $100 go out to writers whose latent ability was perhaps no greater than yours.

The Practical Method

Newspaper work demonstrates that the way to learn to write is by writing; newspaper copy-desk editors waste no time on theories or ancient classics. The *story* is the thing. Every copy "cub" goes through the course of practical criticism—a training that turns out more successful authors than any other experience.

That is why Newspaper Institute of America bases its writing instruction on the Copy-Desk Method. It starts and keeps you writing in your own home, on your own time. And upon the very same kind of *actual assignments* given daily to metropolitan reporters. Thus you learn by *doing*, not by studying the individual styles of model authors.

Each week your work is analyzed constructively by practical newspaper men. Gradually they help to clarify your own *distinctive* style. Writing soon becomes easy, absorbing. Profitable, too, as you gain the "professional" touch that gets your material accepted by editors. Above all, you can see constant progress week by week as your faults are corrected and your writing ability grows.

Have You Natural Ability?

Our Writing Aptitude Test will reveal whether or not you have natural talent for writing. It will analyze your powers of observation, your imagination and dramatic instinct. You'll enjoy this test. There is no cost or obligation. Simply mail the coupon below today. Newspaper Institute of America, One Park Ave., New York, N. Y.

Free

Newspaper Institute of America
One Park Ave., New York, N. Y.

Send me, without cost or obligation, your *Writing Aptitude Test* and further information about writing for profit as promised in Scribner's, June.

Mr. }
Mrs. } .....
Miss }

Address .....

(All correspondence confidential. No salesmen will call on you.) 55F597

gullible we were — and how gullible we'll be again when the trouble starts.

MARIAN W. LANGFORD
New York City

On page 12 of the April, 1937, issue you show "First newsreel shot of Pope Benedict—taken in 1920." I am very anxious to secure an enlarged picture of this for myself as I happen to be the man sitting next to the Pope wearing glasses and holding a high hat. If you will advise me in regard to cost, will forward you check immediately to cover.

MATTHEW J. FITZPATRICK
Philadelphia, Pennsylvania

For some time, in fact ever since reading your March issue, I have been trying to find or make an opportunity of mentioning Judith Kelly's superb short story, "Welcome, Hanny," in my literary column. As the enclosed page shows, the opportunity arose last week. I can only congratulate her on writing it and you on publishing it. And my sincere thanks to you both. No one who is interested in American letters should miss it.

ELIZABETH HUGHES
The Tulsa World

Enclosed card is an introductory offer. I have had SCRIBNER'S off and on ever since there was any SCRIBNER'S. I was reading stories in it before that chap who sends out the subscription notices, Don Cabot, was born—maybe. This is no reflection on him.

So, Mr. Don Cabot, are you a sport? I was 73 years old yesterday. I enclose $15 for a life subscription. You take a chance on my living more than six years; I take a chance on your going broke before we have another Republican landslide.

How about it? Do I totter out into the sunshine with an ever more interesting SCRIBNER'S under my arm; or do you send the money back?

THE HONORABLE MAYNARD D. FOLLIN
Dunedin, Florida

The editors gladly accept The Honorable Maynard D. Follin's sporting offer with thanks, and call the attention of other septuagenarians to Mr. Follin's example. The circulation director says that what with automobile accidents, and modern life being as harried as it is, he will give any adult a lifetime subscription for $25.

"American Painters Series"

Several readers have inquired as to the method of reproduction used in the "American Painters Series." This process is owned and controlled by Bernard Metal of New York City. One or two readers asked if the process used was that developed by Max Jaffe of Vienna. The answer is that it is not. Mr. Jaffe's process is known as the Color Collotype Process, while Mr. Metal's is known as Lithotex, a process developed by him, which is, to state things perhaps a bit more simply than they really are, a variation of the offset process. Much of the success of the reproduction is due to the high degree of skill exercised by the printer, Mr. Metal.

In This Issue

When Henry Pringle began telling us what a nice depression it had been, we demanded that he put it on paper. Result: we have our first article from him since his series on old-time newspaper editors. For years Mr. Pringle has been one of the best-known and most versatile magazine writers in the land. Practically everyone knows that he won the Pulitzer Prize with his biography of Theodore Roosevelt, that he is now writing the life of Taft, and that one day of his week is spent teaching Columbia University boys how to turn out a newspaper. The only fresh item we have about him is fifteen years old. Still it's news to us—that his first published work was a short story for the *American Magazine*. Unlike most authors, Mr. Pringle does not recall very clearly what his first story was about. Had something to do with a train wreck, he thinks.

*

After writing "I Take Tourists," Robert E. Pike wrote us a few things about himself. "I am thirty-one," he revealed. "Raised on a Vermont farm. Have been a college professor of romance and other languages; a miner, a surveyor, and a steward on a cattle boat. Have contributed scholarly tripe to all the leading journals in America and France dealing with modern languages . . . have traveled a good deal . . . have sold human-interest stuff to various Boston and New York newspapers . . . have almost no money to show for my misspent life but have had a lot of fun."

*

Marjorie Northrop, author of "Tourists on a Wooden Cross," lives in Connecticut, in an attractive house which was once a roadside inn. Her life, she says, has not been very interesting, but she would like the readers of SCRIBNER'S to know, in case they doubted it, that she comes from a long line of Republicans.

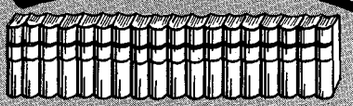
*

After high-school graduation Michael Fessier, author of "I Can't Keep My Mouth Shut," worked in various capacities on daily papers in California. His first story was sold to *Esquire* in 1934, and he is still writing short stories when he gets the chance. He went to work for Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer in 1934 and is now a producer. One novel by him has been published—*Fully Dressed and in His Right Mind*. We are informed that he is red-headed, about 34 years old, likes horse races, prize fights, rare steaks, pitches a first-rate game of horseshoes, and has a very young daughter named Josephine.

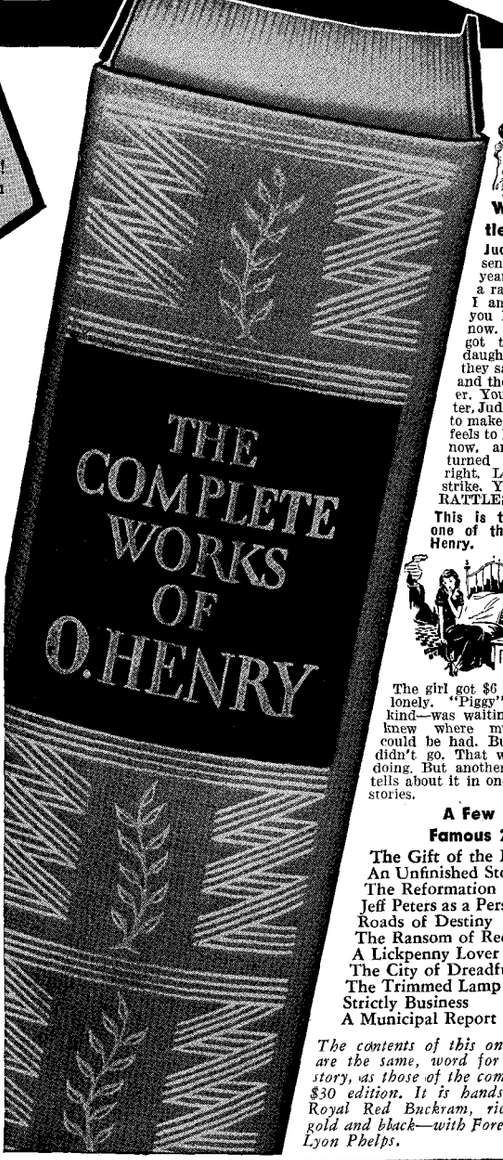
PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Let us send you FREE

The COMPLETE Works of O. HENRY



18 VOLUMES IN ONE!—Everything He Ever Wrote! Completely reset in large easy-to-read type. Over one million words. 1653 pages. Formerly Sold as a Set at $30.00.



This GIFT Volume Will Show the Kind of Great Books (Formerly $5 to $25) You Can Now Get for ONLY $1.50 EACH!

ABSOLUTELY FREE! ALL the works of this supremely great writer whose pen could pack into one surprising sentence more dynamite than most authors can pack into whole chapters!

From New York to California; from our own "States" to the turbulent politics of Central America; from hall bedroom to arrogant mansion; from the depths of human misery to the heights of achievement; no other writer has ever put his finger so surely, so understandingly, on the very quick of life. His tears are *real,* for he himself knew despair. His *wit* is brilliant, for he had a civilized sense of humor. His stories grip you as no others can, for they are about *you, your* neighbor, the people *you* pass on the street!

Why You Get It Free

Why do we offer you this beautiful volume—containing 287 fascinating stories—*without cost?* Because it will convince you, *as nothing else could,* that the members of The De Luxe Editions Club are getting bigger bargains in *worthwhile* books than anyone else in America today! For the unbelievably small sum of $1.50 per month—these members receive, each month, a superlatively bound volume of *permanent* worth formerly costing from $5.00 to $25.00!

Typical of the titles and savings enjoyed by members in recent months are: "Stories of the Great Operas," *formerly $10.50;* Chaucer's "Canterbury Tales," in modern English, with 25 full-page drawings in color by Rockwell Kent, *formerly $25.00;* "The Book of Old Ships," illustrated by the great marine artist, Gordon Grant, *formerly $20.00.* Yet each month's selection costs members ONLY $1.50, plus a few cents postage. NEVER more!

How These Savings Are Possible

The average Club selection contains from 600 to 1,000 pages or even more. ("The Complete Works of O. Henry" contains 1653 pages.) Many are lavishly illustrated with photographs, drawings, paintings by acknowledged masters. Each volume is *complete, unexpurgated.*

There are three reasons why membership in the De Luxe Editions Club can save you from $3.50 to $23.50 on every volume you obtain through it. *First,* America's leading publishers permit us to use the *original* plates in printing these new specially bound De Luxe Editions. *Second,* contemporary authors lend their support by accepting smaller royalties. *Third,* by grouping the purchases of many Members at a time, the Club is *assured* of editions sufficiently large to avoid unnecessary costs.

SEND NO MONEY

Mail the Gift-Book Coupon below, *now,* without money, for your free copy of The Complete Works of O. HENRY. With it will come the *current* month's De Luxe selection, and your copy of The Folio, the Club's monthly magazine issued for members *exclusively.* The Folio reviews both the current month's selection and also that of the coming month. Thus you always know *in advance* what the next month's selection will be.

Do not lose this opportunity to obtain The Complete Works of O. Henry FREE. Do not miss this limited offer of free Charter Membership. Accept this invitation by mailing the coupon, without money, NOW.

THE DE LUXE EDITIONS CLUB
Dept. 6-S., GARDEN CITY, N. Y.

When the Rattlesnake Struck!

Judge: When you sent me up for four years, you called me a rattlesnake. Maybe I am one — anyhow, you hear me rattling now. One year after I got to the pen, my daughter died of—well they said it was poverty and the disgrace together. You've got a daughter, Judge, and I'm going to make you know how it feels to lose one. I'm free now, and I guess I've turned rattlesnake all right. Look out when I strike. Yours respectfully, RATTLESNAKE.

This is the beginning of one of the stories by O. Henry.

The Unfinished Story

The girl got $6 a week—and was lonely. "Piggy"—you know his kind—was waiting downstairs. He knew where music and liquor could be had. But that night she didn't go. That was Lord K——'s doing. But another night—O. Henry tells about it in one of his inimitable stories.

A Few of These Famous 287 Stories

The Gift of the Magi
An Unfinished Story
The Reformation of Calliope
Jeff Peters as a Personal Magnet
Roads of Destiny
The Ransom of Red Chief
A Lickpenny Lover
The City of Dreadful Night
The Trimmed Lamp
Strictly Business
A Municipal Report

The contents of this one De Luxe book are the same, word for word, story for story, as those of the complete 18-volume, $30 edition. It is handsomely bound in Royal Red Buckram, richly stamped in gold and black—with Foreword by William Lyon Phelps.

FREE GIFT-BOOK COUPON

THE DE LUXE EDITIONS CLUB
Dept. 6-S., Garden City, N. Y.

Please enroll me free as a Charter Member and send me each month the members' exclusive publication "THE FOLIO," which reviews the current and forthcoming selections. My membership entitles me to receive each month for an entire year the Club's De Luxe Selection, a book that formerly sold for $5.00, $10.00, or even more—but which I am to have for only $1.50, plus the few cents postage.

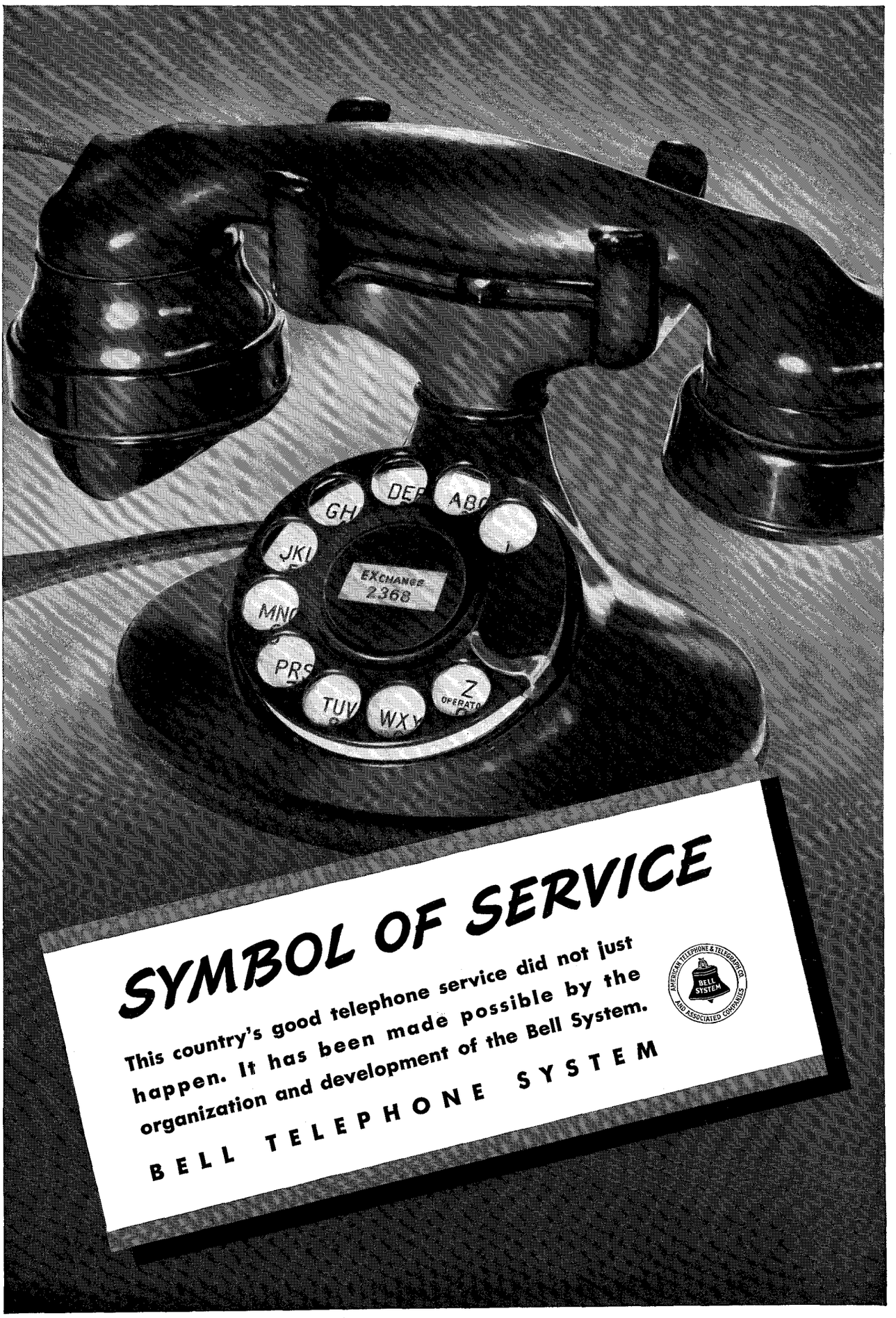
In consideration of my enrollment as a Charter Member at this time, you are to send me at once, *absolutely free,* my gift copy of "The Complete Works of O. Henry."

Name .....

Address .....

City ..... *State* .....

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED


EXCHANGE
2368
SYMBOL OF SERVICE
This country's good telephone service did not just happen. It has been made possible by the organization and development of the Bell System.
BELL TELEPHONE SYSTEM
AMERICAN TELEPHONE & TELEGRAPH CO.
BELL SYSTEM
AND ASSOCIATED COMPANIES

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Scribner's
MAGAZINE
Volume CI, Number 6 June, 1937

It Was a Nice Depression

HENRY F. PRINGLE

Fourflushers were driven into storm cellars, headwaiters learned some manners, landlords became humble—but now we're taking up '29 habits again

One night last winter a celebration seemed to be in order. The reason for it isn't important. But my wife and I decided that we would see the most extravagant Broadway hit and then dance at one of the better hotels. So we dressed as elegantly as our wardrobes permitted. She wore her most stunning gown. I sailed forth in opera-hat and white-tie glory.

The show came up to expectations, more or less. Afterward, we went on to a supper club where a charming and famous pair of ballroom dancers was appearing. Spoiled by the long years when no night club was crowded, we had not bothered to make a reservation. When we arrived, however, we found the place jammed. An imperious headwaiter stood behind a silken rope at the entrance to the room. The Milquetoast in me cringed as I watched him turn away the couple in front of us. It seemed an excellent idea to finish the evening somewhere else, but my wife was made of sterner stuff.

"We telephoned for a table at nine o'clock," she lied. "Please take care of us at once."

Emil or Karl or August or whoever he was bowed respectfully and vanished. In a moment or two he was back and waved us to an excellent table. So the rest of the evening was very satisfactory, too. We had some supper and a little champagne. I had paid my check when curiosity overcame me. After all, the headwaiter could not throw me out now, so I summoned him to our table.

"We didn't really phone for a reservation, and you must have known we didn't," I pointed out. "Why did you get us a table?"

The landlord, properly humbled

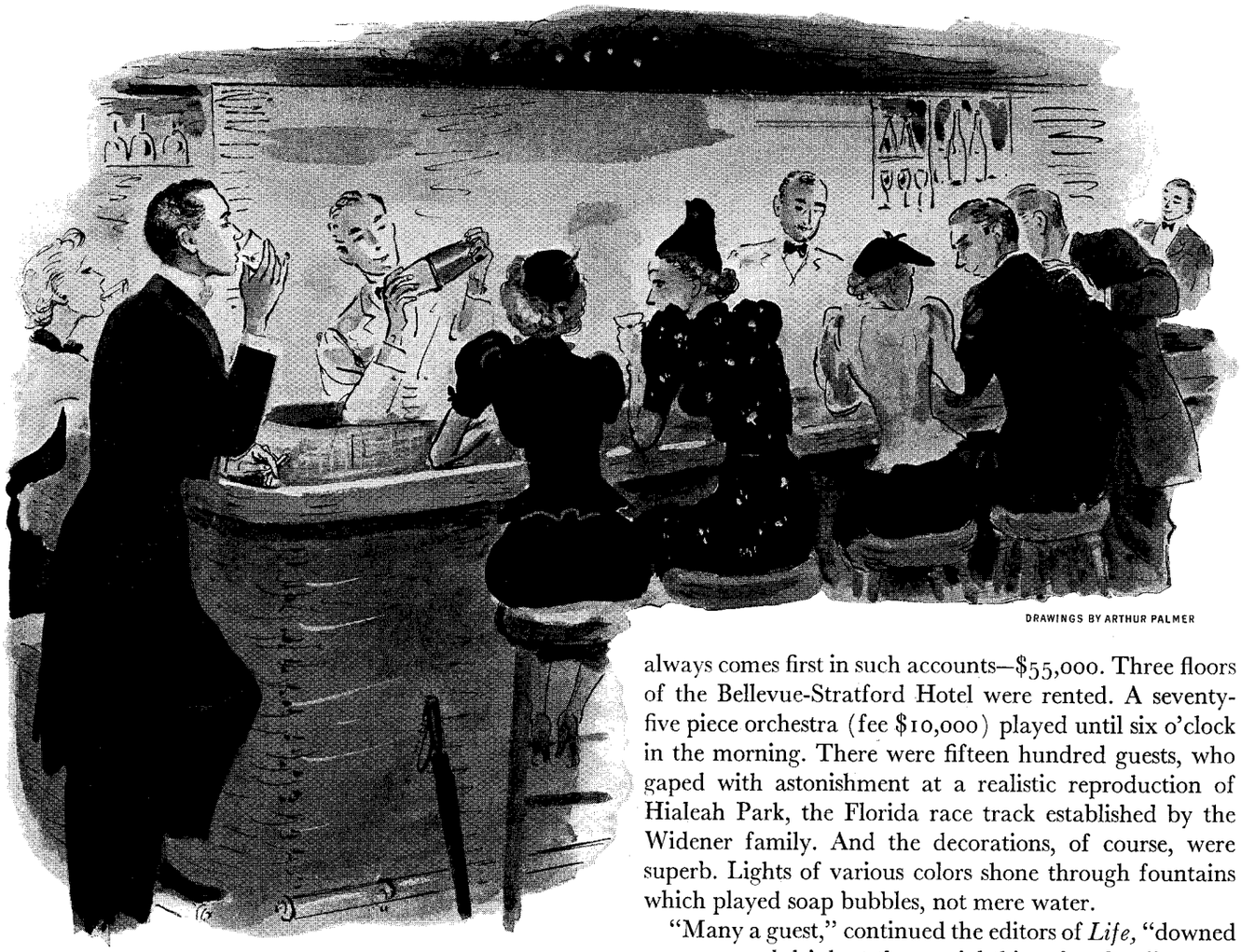
"Ah," he said in that curious foreign accent common to all headwaiters. "It was because you wore a white tie. So many just wear dinner coats!"

Such are the standards of returning prosperity: pearls, white ties, and the current quotation for Amalgamated Grapefruit, common. The incident recalled a dinner I had attended three or four weeks after the election last November. A banker, a lawyer, a publisher, and one or two other men were present with their wives. The conversation among the gentlemen, after the ladies had withdrawn, was expansive and expensive. Over excellent brandy, they talked of mergers and dividends. It was generally agreed that the recovery would be further accelerated if only Franklin D. Roosevelt would let things alone. It was obvious that most of those present had voted for Governor Landon. The publisher, however, was an exception. He said he had supported the President.

"But if the election had been a month later, I would probably have voted against him—on the ground that he had brought back prosperity," he said.

His remark, if satirical, made sense. For it was, in so many ways, a nice depression. In so many ways the world was a better place. The cheats and the fourflushers and the bounders were driven into storm cellars from which, too soon, they are now beginning to emerge. The financial gigolos called customers' men did not prey upon stout and foolish ladies, to cite merely one boon, for the ladies no longer had money to attract them. In business, the occupants of high places were more humble. Socially, there was no need for show, for keeping up with the neighbors. And the fact that most of us were suffering the same woes

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



DRAWINGS BY ARTHUR PALMER

Such are the standards of returning prosperity: excellent brandy, white ties, expensive éclat

and annoyances brought about a certain democracy of spirit that in the late twenties had become well-nigh extinct.

II

MR. ECCLES of the Federal Reserve Bank has voiced warnings against the peril of inflation and insists that the budget must be balanced. Mr. Roger Babson, who received credit for predicting the slump, is alarmed over the onrushing boom. Both gentlemen are probably right; I have no adequate knowledge of the mysteries of finance and economics. But I do know that many of the disagreeable features of 1929 are coming back.

In front of me, as I offer these gloomy thoughts, is an issue of *Life*, the new pictorial weekly which may, in itself, be a significant straw in the rising wind. The editors had sent their photographers to the debut of young Miss Joan Peabody, who is the daughter of Mrs. Peter A. B. Widener, II, of Philadelphia. "Not since the predepression coming-out parties of Eleanor Hutton and Estelle Manville," noted the editors, "has anyone launched a debutante with quite the expensive éclat" as that which marked the party staged for pretty Joan. It cost—the cost always comes first in such accounts—$55,000. Three floors of the Bellevue-Stratford Hotel were rented. A seventy-five piece orchestra (fee $10,000) played until six o'clock in the morning. There were fifteen hundred guests, who gaped with astonishment at a realistic reproduction of Hialeah Park, the Florida race track established by the Widener family. And the decorations, of course, were superb. Lights of various colors shone through fountains which played soap bubbles, not mere water.

"Many a guest," continued the editors of *Life*, "downed many a good drink at the special thirty-foot bar."

The return of prosperity will bring back from hibernation during depression's winter another phenomenon of the American scene. At Miss Peabody's debut in Philadelphia a strict guard had to be maintained against the gatecrasher. Secretaries were posted to examine the credentials of arriving guests. A huge board fence was erected to block the stairway leading to the floors where the party was going on. During the lush years of 1926 to 1929, if my recollection is correct, one or two harassed hostesses pondered the advisability of having their guests fingerprinted before being admitted to the sacred precincts. Such was the gracious hospitality of the boom years which, again, are hard upon us.

The gatecrashers, it may be assumed, are examining their tail coats and their white vests in preparation for next fall's season. In many a Middle Western American city ambitious mamas are urging tired husbands to redouble their business exertions so that, in due time, daughter may be brought to New York and be introduced with a party approaching in grandeur that of a Hutton, a Manville, or a Peabody. New fortunes are being built in the United States today, which is as it should be. A due share of the accumulated wealth of the new millionaires will go to the right hotels, the correct caterers, the jazz-band leaders and the social mentors who will guide tomor-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

row's heiresses through the complicated steps of a metropolitan debut. All of which, it will be argued with reason, is essential to recovery. For wealth, thereby, will be speedily distributed, and the new economic order will flourish.

Isn't there another side to it, though? I recall a conversation held in 1927 or 1928 with some undergraduates at Yale. They were extremely serious young men with very definite plans for success in the world. To them, Yale was far more than an institution of learning where quiet scholars stood ready to serve the seeker after knowledge. They did their work, after a fashion. They made acceptable grades. Their eyes strained for more practical goals, however. On Fridays, they told me frankly, they took the five-o'clock train for New York. They intended to go to parties where connections valuable in business might be made. They would spend the week end where similar "contacts" —the word was very popular in 1928–1929—could be achieved.

"The Yale campus," one of the young men observed, cynically, "now includes the best parts of Long Island."

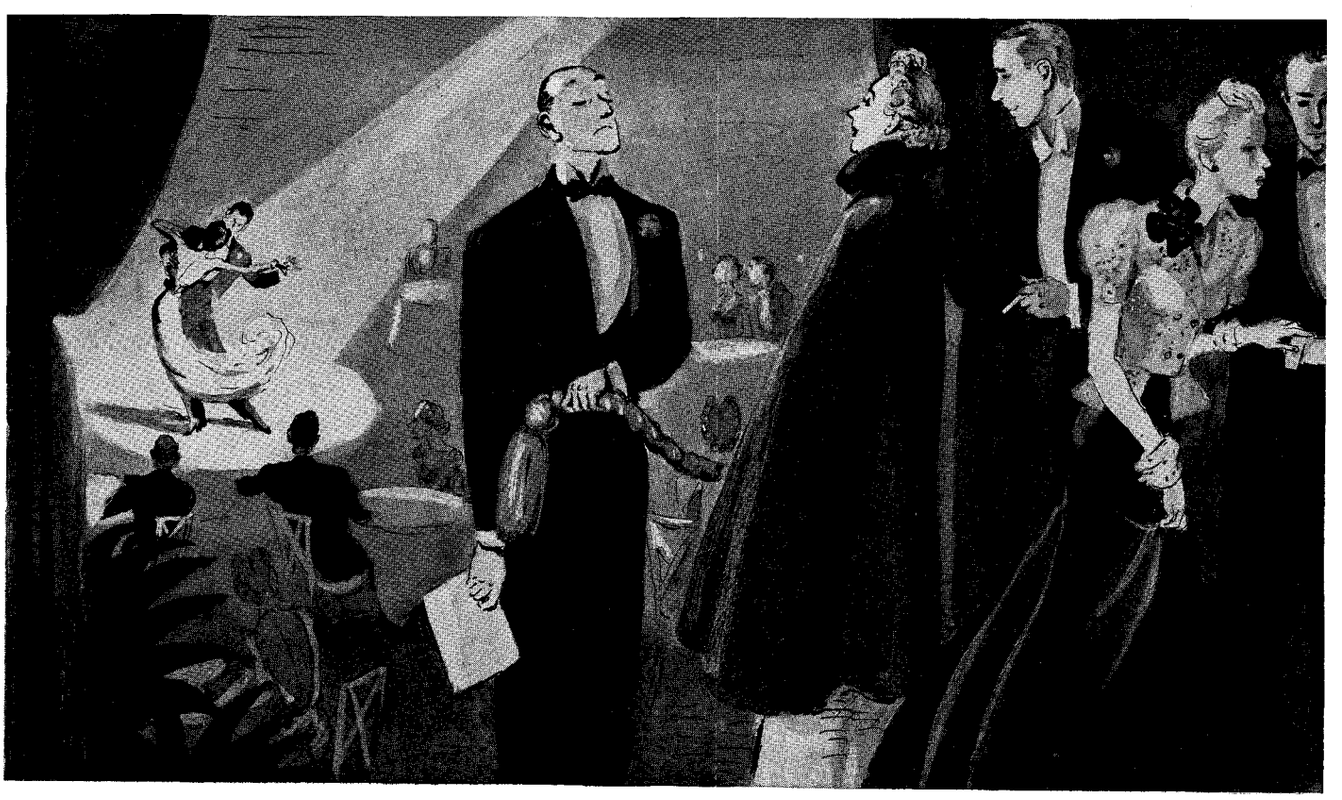
Other universities were transformed, more or less, into vast vocational schools. Courses in accounting, money and banking, and business law were jammed with eager young faces—eager to be out in the world making money. Infinitely more important than one's diploma was the selection of a job.

A friend of mine, who went to a large university in the Middle West, recalls a reunion held toward the end of his junior year. His fraternity held open house for the alumni brothers. They were affable gentlemen with hip flasks kept within convenient reach. But underneath their gaiety was an air of strain. A good many of them hurried away before the festivities had ended. They told of vital appointments in Chicago or New York which had to be kept. During the reunion the university's most renowned—financially renowned, at least—alumnus roared up to the fraternity house in a powerful motor. He was the president of a big bank. He addressed his brothers briefly, snatched some lunch, and roared away, promising to see one and all of them about jobs. But when the slump came, he was kicked out of the bank and ultimately indicted for income-tax evasion. Most of the brothers who had been given posts at the institution found themselves looking for jobs.

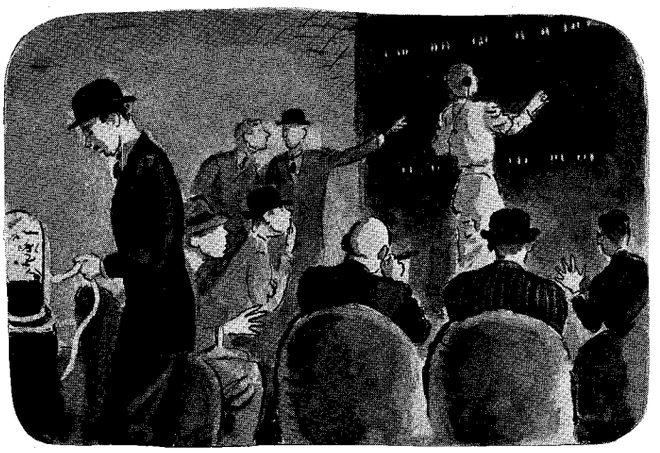
III

The boom, as we conceive it now, probably dates from the beginning of 1927. True, there had been a steady climb from the stagnation of 1921. It was in 1927 or thereabouts, however, that the pushcart peddlers on New York's East Side clubbed together to buy a share of General Motors and watched the stock quotations feverishly. The pace increased in 1928. It reached its maximum speed in 1929. Business, as Frederick Lewis Allen has wisely observed in his *Only Yesterday,* was the new religion of the United States. Its priests were the stockbrokers, the installment-plan specialists, the advertising writers, the salesmen, the automobile manufacturers. And the na-

Reservations must be made long in advance



PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



What's Amalgamated Grapefruit doing?

tion's men of God, who once heard voices calling them to spirituality, were now proud if they were hailed as business agents of the Church. They sold bonds for skyscraper cathedrals and talked loudly of convertible, refunding, transferable, negotiable mortgages.

Little Calvin Coolidge, quiet and cautious, sat calmly in the White House all this time and was regarded as the most perfect of American presidents. He did very little in any field, save to cut taxes on large incomes. He was, in fact, the perfect president for the boom era, and his canny decision, in 1927, that he did not choose to run again was regarded by many an industrialist and banker as a disaster. Meanwhile the oil and other scandals of the Harding years had been forgotten, by Democrats as well as Republicans. Herbert Hoover became president, after a campaign in which intolerance and religious hatred reached new depths. Mr. Hoover, far more intelligent than Mr. Coolidge, desired earnestly to cure the ills of the body politic. But he could not do so as long as prosperity lasted. When it ended, other complexities overwhelmed him, and it was too late.

My point, of course, is that progress in government ends when a boom begins. It seems to me probable that the first administration of Franklin D. Roosevelt will ultimately be interpreted as a race between reform and recovery. The two forces are definitely in conflict. The inescapable paradox of the President's first administration was that he had to work for reform and for recovery at the same time. No one can seriously suppose, however, that the Securities Exchange Commission could have been created in 1929. Nor could President Roosevelt have begun his experiments in soil control, housing, rural electrification, or agriculture. If stock prices continue to soar, along with commodity prices, the battalions of reform will find all roads blocked to them.

This will be true in the governing of the cities and states as well as the nation. Leaders of the old type will return to power. Four years ago New York elected a Fusion Administration, and one reason for the victory was the desperate plight of the city treasury. The grafters of Tammany Hall were driven out because the voters, hard pressed for money themselves, were tired of their thieving. But today the voters are again absorbed with returning prosperity, and the outcome, if Mayor LaGuardia stands for re-election in the fall, is dubious in the extreme. The power of Tammany, as some wise old New Yorker once remarked, has rested on the demands of the needy rich men and on the grateful poor men. That is, the rich men needed contracts and favors. The poor men were grateful for jobs and coal and baskets of food.

IV

It was a nice depression for reasons more personal than governmental reform or honesty.

I remember a trip to California, via the Panama Canal, made in the spring of 1935. The agents of the steamship company showed me room after room on their charts and were eloquent in their descriptions of the trip. We sailed from New York on a pleasant March day on a journey which will undoubtedly remain the enchanted voyage of our lives. The boat was by no means filled. The dining-room stewards were able to get us whatever we wanted, and the service was prompt. The deck stewards were equally attentive. In due time the golden hills of San

Luncheon talk is of mergers and dividends

Diego lay off our starboard bow, and next morning the trip was over. We left the ship at San Pedro with deep regret. In two weeks we had grown to know her well. The small passenger list had made it possible to become friends with officers and the other members of the ship's company. They are still our friends. We see them when the ship is in port. Such enchanted voyages are more difficult now. Of course, ship lines cannot operate indefinitely with empty cabins, but the fact remains that for us travel was more pleasant in the lean years. It is not anybody's fault particularly that things are not the same; there are just too many travelers for the individual to count for as much as he did before. When business was bad, the lines did their utmost to please the customers. Accommodations were often shifted. The purser on many a ship would

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

make changes on his own authority. This can't be done any more; there are too many passengers.

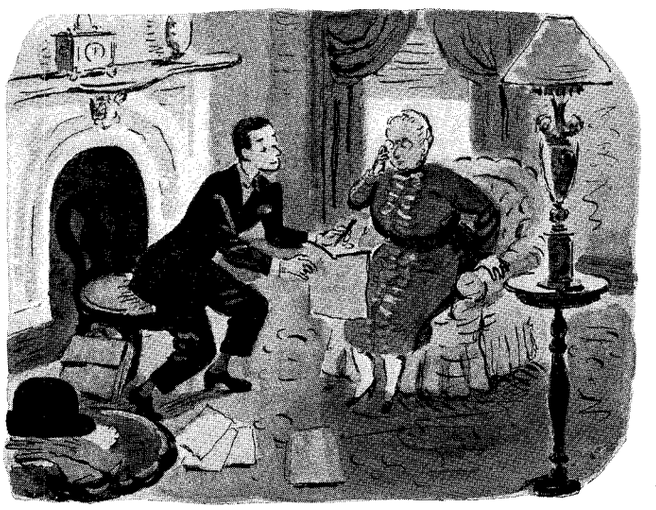
Travel, on land, was also more pleasant during the depression. You decided to go to Los Angeles, let us imagine, so you dropped into the railroad station an hour or so before your train was due to leave and got your ticket. That was all there was to it. They sold you a lower to Chicago, because there was never any shortage of lowers. You picked up the other reservations en route. The trip was pleasant and orderly. Sometimes, because of my trade, I found it necessary to take along a typewriter when I went on such journeys and I hesitated to annoy the other passengers with its clatter. The Pullman conductor would invariably permit me to occupy some unsold drawing room while I worked. The trains are faster now. The new streamlined ones have shortened many journeys, but like the boats, I find they are crowded.

Similar annoyances surround the hotels. Prior to a recent trip to Chicago I telegraphed three different hotels which replied, collect, that they had no rooms. The third, very graciously, obtained a reservation for me elsewhere. I had never heard of the hotel, and the room to which I was assigned was about as big as a closet, but it was a place to sleep. Finally, of course, going to the theater grows increasingly impossible as prosperity gains. The box-office treasurers, humbled for a time, snarl at would-be customers with all their 1929 virulence. The brokers and the speculators have the good seats; the box office sells the ones that are left. To attend a popular hit it is necessary to pay eight dollars a seat or make arrangements six weeks in advance.

Salesgirls are haughty when showing cheaper dresses

V

I HAVE already hinted that the depression, utopian as it may have been in many aspects, did not wholly abolish cant and pose. Certain of its victims, whose annual incomes had been cut from $100,000 to a paltry $50,000, went about with herioc expressions on their faces which said plainly: "Do not think that we of the upper classes cannot endure suffering, too! Do not suppose that we cannot restrict our rations of caviar!"



Customers' men will soon prey on foolish ladies

It became fashionable, among such befuddled individuals, to boast of their poverty. They would apologize loudly if they were seen in a motor less than five years old and would go to the opera in a Model-T Ford if they could find one. They announced virtuously that they had fired the second man and the third gardener at their country estate. One such lady, the wife of a banker, told me that she had gone to Europe that summer, as usual, but economy had forced her to do so without the customary services of her personal maid.

"I had to wash my own gloves," she said lugubriously, as she recalled the hardships of her trip. "I had to take care of *all* my clothes!"

That is to say, the phonies are always with us. There will be more of them, though, now that the lush days are coming back. They will hurtle up and down our highways in the latest, super-de luxe, supercharged motors. They will crowd the ocean liners, the hotels, the nice little bars which once were so gracious and pleasant. Worst of all, we shall find ourselves, on occasion, actually in the homes of these unpleasant individuals. For we shall deceive ourselves, never fear, into the old delusion that they are important. Then we shall listen, all over again, to their extravaganzas of profits in the market. They will tell us how M. Cartier, himself, waited on them when they dropped in, so very casually, to buy some little trinket costing $200,000. And some of them will grow confidential over too much champagne and will whisper obscenely to the little blonde num- (*continued on page* 75)

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

SCRIBNER'S EXAMINES *the amiable Iowan who has become one of our most distinguished painters . . . his career, methods, influence on American art*

Grant Wood

BY THOMAS CRAVEN

THE valleys of eastern Iowa are among the richest in America. The dense black earth, partitioned into large rectangular holdings, is inexhaustibly fertile. Contrary to the general impression of outsiders, the country is not flat but pleasingly varied in contour, with long smooth hillsides painstakingly cultivated, upland pastures, and hardwood timber bordering the watercourses. Along the streams, the rising ground sheers off into bluffs of exposed limestone with paved ridgeroads, as they are locally called, winding over the hogbacks and inviting speeding drivers to their doom. But the earth, for the most part, mounts leisurely, like ground swells of the sea, into stately undulations planted in corn.

There are no finer farms to be found anywhere in the world. In the winter, the country is dreary enough, Lord knows, but it has none of the Siberian bleakness of North Dakota. It has, instead, the appearance of snugness and frigid tranquillity—an icebound interlude in the occupational lives of thrifty people. The summers are unbearably hot, not with those spasmodic blasts which sear the Kansas farms like flame, but continuously and suffocatingly hot, day and night. The people do not seem to mind the heat. They complain of many things, but not of hot weather. They are used to it; they like it; they know what it takes to make the corn grow.

The farms are models of modern efficiency; they are also, in their neatness and diagrammatic precision, models of agrarian art. Near a slab roadway stands a house; sometimes, by good luck, a comely relic of the "Iowa Colonial" style, with a mildly Gothic window in the front gable; more often than not, a gimcrack dwelling freshly painted and in excellent repair. The houses, in importance and in design, are overshadowed by the barns—two, three, or four on every farm, Venetian red with white trimming, perfect examples of functional building. Nothing is slipshod or misplaced. The tall silos are made of tiles; the vegetable gardens are lush and weedless; the corn-fed hogs fat and sleek; the herds of Hereford stock in the pink of condition, ready for the slaughter in the Chicago yards. But the glory of Iowa is the cornfield. In the late summer, endless rows of corn, mathematically spaced for cross-cultivation, ripen majestically in the oppressive heat and fill the farmer's heart with joy. Nothing else, not even the returning predepression prices of land, arouses within him the stirring satisfaction that he has not lived in vain.

The farmers, in the aggregate, are transplanted Yankees who fell upon good ground. Hard of visage and inarticulate, they are clear-eyed, self-respecting, and independent to the point of reserved defiance. In contrast to the share-cropping whites of the Mississippi Delta, they are lords of creation in possession of all that a man requires—save the creative refinements of life. The people of the towns and cities are more than articulate; they are talkative, and their talk is not music to sensitive ears. They love to forgather in shops and clubs, and above all, to hold conventions in high-class hotels. They discuss politics, crops, prosperity; the wisdom, or stupidity, of Hoover, and the idealism, or crackpottery, of Secretary Wallace. And they boast about the absence of illiteracy—now that they have taught everyone to read and write, they consider, according to one of their best minds, the educational obligations of the state fully discharged. The Babbittry of Iowa is deep-seated and impregnable—founded upon a materialism so predominant, so desirable and accessible, as to fill to overflowing the lives of the people.

A remarkable state! A remarkable people—virtuous, law-abiding, uniformly prosperous, energetic in the languor of midsummer heats! A stable folk, they are by no means drab, but as certainly not gay nor glowing with color; nor are they bold-spirited and adventurous. They are complacent and methodical, planters of corn and makers of cheese and rolled oats. In such a background you would hardly expect art to flourish; yet Iowa has produced one of the most distinguished of living painters, a man of genius unquestionably, but first, a man and a respectable citizen with none of the eccentric attachments of genius, one who planted in his own state—as others planted corn—an art movement of the highest significance in our national life.

The drawings published with this article were done by Mr. Wood with black and white pencils on brown wrapping paper. They are three of nine illustrations he recently completed for the Limited Editions Club's *Main Street*. They are published first in SCRIBNER'S by permission of Mr. Wood and the Limited Editions Club. Mr. Wood's oil painting, *Woman with Plants*, on the opposite page, is published for the first time in colors, through the courtesy of the artist.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Grant Wood was born, in 1892, of Quaker stock, on a farm near Anamosa, a village thirty miles northeast of Cedar Rapids. From the beginning, he had his feet on the ground, a fact responsible for the direction and the distinction of his whole career. "I have always had a strong feeling for the ground itself," he says, "a feeling that goes back to the days when I walked in my bare feet to school across the warm ploughed fields. Trees and houses seem trivial and temporary compared to good solid ground." Life was hard and he was overworked, but he did not complain. He was not by nature a grumbler; he was steady and soft-spoken and constitutionally sound, with a liberal chest expansion, strong arms, and marvelous hands. You should see his hands today, shapely and unmarked by years of diversified toil, and with a touch as delicate as a billiard champion's. With equal facility and artistry, Wood repairs a watch, pitches hay, paints a picture, and dresses stone for his garden wall.

In his tenth year, adversity descended upon the family with a suddenness that would have driven most people to the poorhouse. His father died; the farm was taken away, and he moved with his mother and sister to Cedar Rapids to begin the struggle all over again. He remembers his father as a God-fearing man who returned to a neighbor an unread copy of *Grimm's Fairy Tales*, with thanks and the remark, "We Quakers can read only true things." His mother was a woman in a million, a woman with infinite forbearance and understanding, not given to long speeches, but accustomed to calling things by their right names. She kept faith in her son, encouraged him to make a man of himself and an artist, and to win the allegiance of people not precisely noted for esthetic tastes.

I talked with her two years ago in Wood's old workshop in Turner's Alley, in Cedar Rapids. She was very frail—fatally thin—and her days were numbered, but her wits were as sharp as ever. She was proud of her boy, but she kept her pride locked up within her; much of the time she sat alone in her room, wondering, perhaps, whether her boy should lose her before she lost him again. She was always losing him—so many times had he gone out into the world on wild-goose chases after art. But he was married now, and successful and settled down, perhaps.

His own master at ten, Wood was forced to meet the world on an adult basis. Henceforth he was to carry the burden of keeping the family alive, and he was equal to the responsibility. Essentially practical and in good health, he was adept at all forms of manual labor: he was a truck gardener, carpenter, and house painter; he mowed lawns, milked cows, and accompanied the doctor on his rounds—he is remembered by the old-timers in Cedar Rapids as "the boy who minded the doctor's horse." This went on for nine years.

But this period, he explains in his bland optimism, decided his career. "Unconsciously," he relates, "I learned to look at life from a workman's point of view. I had to—it was a matter of self-preservation. Everything I tackled I had to do better than any other boy could do it—jobs were scarce. At the same time, I had to make myself agreeable, to get along with my neighbors; and I formed the habit of studying people, their faces and their conduct. That was about the only fun I had, that, and my painting." Of nights he taught himself to draw and to paint with professional ease, as extant water colors made at fifteen amply witness. He painted methodically, with a certainty of touch and a perfection of craftsmanship astonishing in one so young.

There was no one to help him, and when painting got the upper hand, he was confronted with the old and inescapable question, "How to become an artist and make a living"—the age-long predicament that drove Daumier into journalism and Whistler to showmanship. Wood answered the question in characteristic fashion: he would depend upon the crafts for a livelihood until his art became self-sustaining—a wise decision but not so comfortable as he had reckoned. In 1910, he enrolled in the Handicraft Guild of Minneapolis, taking, at once, advanced courses in wood and metal work of every description. Experienced in such things, he soon distinguished himself, but living was a trial. Part of the year, he worked by day as a paid assistant in the forge and studied design in the night classes; the rest of the term he studied by day and worked at night as watchman in a morgue. Eighteen months of this, and he was in Cedar Rapids again with a handicraft shop of his own.

The shop prospered, and he had more time for painting, but his efforts displeased him. He needed more instruction, or thought he did, and one day turned up at the life class of the University of Iowa. The instructor was an absent-minded retainer—a defeated artist, but not without a few drops of the milk of human kindness. He asked for the ticket of admission, the academic passport—for credentials. Wood was not embarrassed. He searched his empty pockets and announced politely, "I must have forgotten my card."

"Bring it tomorrow," said the old man casually. He assigned a seat to his pupil, and told him to go to work. Wood painted, and the instructor blinked his sad eyes and mumbled something very generous. Next day Wood appeared again, but without his passport; he had none—he was ineligible. The old man fortunately did not remember the formal deficiency, and never referred to it again. For an entire academic year Wood came and painted and went away, the only student, I dare say, who ever attended the University of Iowa, or any other, without being enrolled or without paying a cent of tuition.

"You were a swindler," I said reproachfully, "a common cheat—getting education under false pretenses."

"I didn't get any education," he countered in that dry, dragging voice of his. "I figured that I didn't owe them a red cent. When you don't get anything, you shouldn't pay—that's the way to run a college."

That summer Wood obtained employment in Chicago in a shop specializing in handmade jewelry. He attended night classes at the Art Institute, sent money home, and saved a little to promote his own schemes. But his ambitions led him into disaster. He had always dreamed of a

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

shop, something analagous to the old guilds, where one might design and execute beautiful objects in the precious metals; and together with a partner who had capital, he hurried buoyantly into the realization of his dream. The two young zealots rented an abandoned farmhouse near suburban Park Ridge, invested all their savings in tools and machinery, and prepared for the regeneration of a declining art. But no sooner had they opened for business than the War broke out in Europe, and the last thing anyone cared to buy, it seemed, was handmade jewelry. Wood was up against it; he had a paid-up ticket to the night school of the Institute, and a bed in the farmhouse, but only a few dollars in cash. He tramped the streets of Chicago looking for work, and at night, after his art classes, walked back—miles away—to his dismantled shop, to eat sparingly and to contemplate his dwindling supply of food. Normally thickset, with plenty of meat on his bones, he grew haggard from undernourishment—and his shabby clothes did not improve his spirit.

"I was a little discouraged," he told me. "It was the only time in my life that I couldn't find a job of some sort. On a wild chance, I wrote to a man in Cedar Rapids who owed me money, and he sent me a small check. I went straight home again—a ragged failure—and my mother was glad to see me."

At home, hard luck pursued him, and the hand-to-mouth existence went on and on. He was now twenty-three and an artist, yet he was exactly where he had started—a handy man about town. In a moment of unaccountable opulence, he bought a lot on the edge of Cedar Rapids for a dollar down and a dollar a month, and here, in a shack ten by sixteen feet built by himself, he lived with his mother and sister for two poverty-stricken years. Wood will never forget their first Christmas in that cheerless shack.

"I wanted to paint pictures but I had no time and no materials; my sister Nan was at the age when a girl should have pretty things—she had none; and Mother, who was always ailing, wanted better health. We had been living on rabbit meat—I trapped the rabbits and roasted them in an outdoor fireplace. I could never look another rabbit in the eye. We longed for something more like Christmas, and Mother, who was blessed with a grand imagination and a sense of humor, had an idea: we would create a duck! I brought home a piece of round steak and a smooth, hard stick. She wrapped the steak around the stick and covered it with muslin, making the body neat and firm and carefully stitching the edges of the cloth together. Then I carved the end of the stick into a duck's head, carved it beautifully, gave it lots of style and design. After the meat was roasted and basted to a golden brown, I touched up the head with bright water color. We were all so amused and so merry—and so hungry—that we imagined we were eating a real duck."

For assisting a contractor in the construction of two houses, Wood received a suburban lot, a circumstance enabling him to live more decently. He borrowed money on the lot and singlehanded built a house of his own—not a shack, but a compact little dwelling seemly in design and not less excellent in workmanship. America entered the War, and he joined the army. At Camp Dodge an attack of anthrax nearly finished him, and in his convalescence he amused himself profitably by making portrait sketches of his fellow soldiers—two bits a head for a doughboy and a dollar for an officer. Today he is occasionally embarrassed by letters from some of the owners of these sketches: they are proud to have them, of course, but they would like to be informed of their market value.

After the Armistice, an art teacher was needed in Cedar Rapids, and Wood, an artist in uniform, was given the job. For seven years, he served as drawing master in the public schools, conscientious and successful, on good terms with his environment, a cog in the Rotarian machine. But inwardly he was troubled: there was nothing in Iowa worth painting! In this pedagogic interval, he passed three summers in France and Italy. In Paris he studied with that old mountebank, Julien, and had a fling at the Bohemian business, cultivating a ghastly fringe of pink whiskers and dressing like a clown. In Sorrento, he invited to his hotel a band of American troubadours, artists in jazz, whose music attracted crowds of paying guests and so warmed the heart of the proprietor that he hung an exhibition of Wood's paintings in the billiard room. The pictures, consisting of portraits and studies in local color, were marked at becomingly low prices, and most of them were sold. One, a bright-pink stucco house with fat, expectant, half-dressed girls peering and beckoning from the windows, achieved a *succès de scandale*.

In 1928, the Cedar Rapids post of the American Legion commisioned Wood to design a memorial window in stained glass—the largest window in the country, you may be sure—for the town coliseum. Having little knowledge of stained glass, he traveled to Munich to learn the technique of this difficult medium. After two years of backbreaking labor, the window was completed and ready for dedication. Whereupon some crank notified the Legion that the glass had been manufactured in Germany, an insult to the flag and to American workmen. The ensuing commotion was terrific. The Legion was rocked by intestine disputes, and to make matters worse, a ranking busybody of the D.A.R. incited the convulsive Daughters to defamatory gossip. Neither organization, however, registered a formal protest, and the Legion, to its credit, appealed to the artist to state his case at a public hearing. The more soreheaded jingoists were out to exterminate him, but Wood handed them a telling blow, explaining that the window had been made in Germany for reasons of economy of manufacture, and that his net returns from the commission were less than $800. The antagonism subsided, but the ceremony was postponed—and to this day the window has never been dedicated. A less controlled artist would long ago have riddled it with brickbats. Wood has never acknowledged the connection, but it is open to the critical to suspect that the incident inspired

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

him to delineate, as he did, the three aristocratic hussies in his celebrated painting, *Daughters of Revolution*.

Throughout this period of teaching and foreign travel, Wood painted many pictures, working leisurely in conditions favorable to reflection; but his work was of no significance, and oddly enough, almost totally lacking in originality and those indigenous qualities which today place him among the few authentic American artists. His position was not altogether unique; like most Americans, he had allowed himself to be snared by a popular fallacy. He had become a victim of that old and snobbish superstition that a man cannot become an artist without submerging his personality in European ideas, and conforming to the theories and practices prescribed by a colony of Bohemian esthetes. But Wood's case was not a straight parallel. By birth and training he was a workman; he had been schooled in the toughest of realities; and most important, he was at home among his own people, at one with them in their moral code and daily behavior. But when he went out into the world to art academies and to Europe, a great fear came over him—the fear that he was not proceeding properly, that he was a product of a new and raw environment, that he was not really an artist. This fear was confirmed when he returned to Iowa: at home he was not regarded as an artist—he was no different from anyone else—just a good-natured fellow with a knack for drawing and using his hands.

The Perfectionist

Thus he was moved to revolt against his people: not in externals, for his grievance was imaginary and he was too sensible to put on airs; but inwardly to nurse his illusions of art. Influenced by Mencken, who at that time was hilariously drubbing the yokels of the Bible Belt and the cornhuskers of the Middle West, Wood revolted against the Babbittry of his people, their arrogance and their indifference to the refinements of the spirit. Thus he was persuaded to separate art and life, to look upon painting as the special dispensation of a few fortunate souls, an attainment bearing no relation to the harsh realities of the Iowa farms. He would show his people that he was an artist in the European sense.

He was never taken in by the flummery of cubism or its concomitant fads, but he was a prey to the sleazy artifices of impressionism. He painted fragments of nature, old French doorways, and picturesque landscapes slumbering in veils of atmospheric tone. He sought out the old and mellow, preferably the European—such traditional subjects as: *Misty Day, Paris; Gardens, Versailles; Breton Market; Blue Vase, Sorrento;* and *Fountain of the Medici*. When he painted his native landscape, he altered the pattern beyond recognition, and Iowa took on the aspect of southern France. And his own people liked those pictures, liked them, perhaps, as an escape from humdrum digging, or because the paintings conformed to their own notions of art—something remote and romantic. They not only liked them, they bought them, hundreds of them, at prices running from ten to forty dollars. Furthermore, they began to accept Wood as a real artist—he must have been, since his series of doorways was exhibited in Paris—and an object of local pride. They also discovered that he had impeccable taste, and paid him two dollars an hour for advice on the improvement of their homes.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Good Influence

But a man of Wood's originality does not spend his life fiddling with a technical method designed to transform nature into vague posters. In winning the respect of his people, he had arrived at one of his goals, but by the time he had gained this objective, he had lost respect for the work he was doing. His practicality reasserted itself, and he saw very clearly that his charming little canvases were indistinguishable from the countless thousands of other pictures. He had never been secure in his conviction that an artist must paint like the European herd, but he had learned much in his travels, and had tasted the luxury of a little play—the fun denied him in his boyhood.

He belonged in Iowa; he knew that, and it was only a matter of recovering his old habits of work—his diligent planning tempered by a quiet sympathy with his fellow men. There was no need for physical readjustment—he had preserved his living habits intact—the problem now was to adapt his knowledge of his people to an artistic purpose. The immediate impetus came from Munich, where, in a museum, he happened to see the pictures of some early German masters—patient, detailed characterizations of simple folk rendered in successive coats of paint with intervening glazes. Fascinated alike by the technique and the subjects, which suggested the stern-faced farmers of Iowa, he returned to Cedar Rapids and painted his first picture of importance, a portrait called *John B. Turner, Pioneer*. The Turners were a family of undertakers who had befriended Wood, given him a studio above their stable, hung his first exhibition in the Turner Mortuary, and bought five of his paintings. The year before, they had lured him to Chicago to address the National Selected Morticians on "The Interior Decoration of Mortuaries"! "I had a jolly time," Wood says, "and the selected morticians bought a picture."

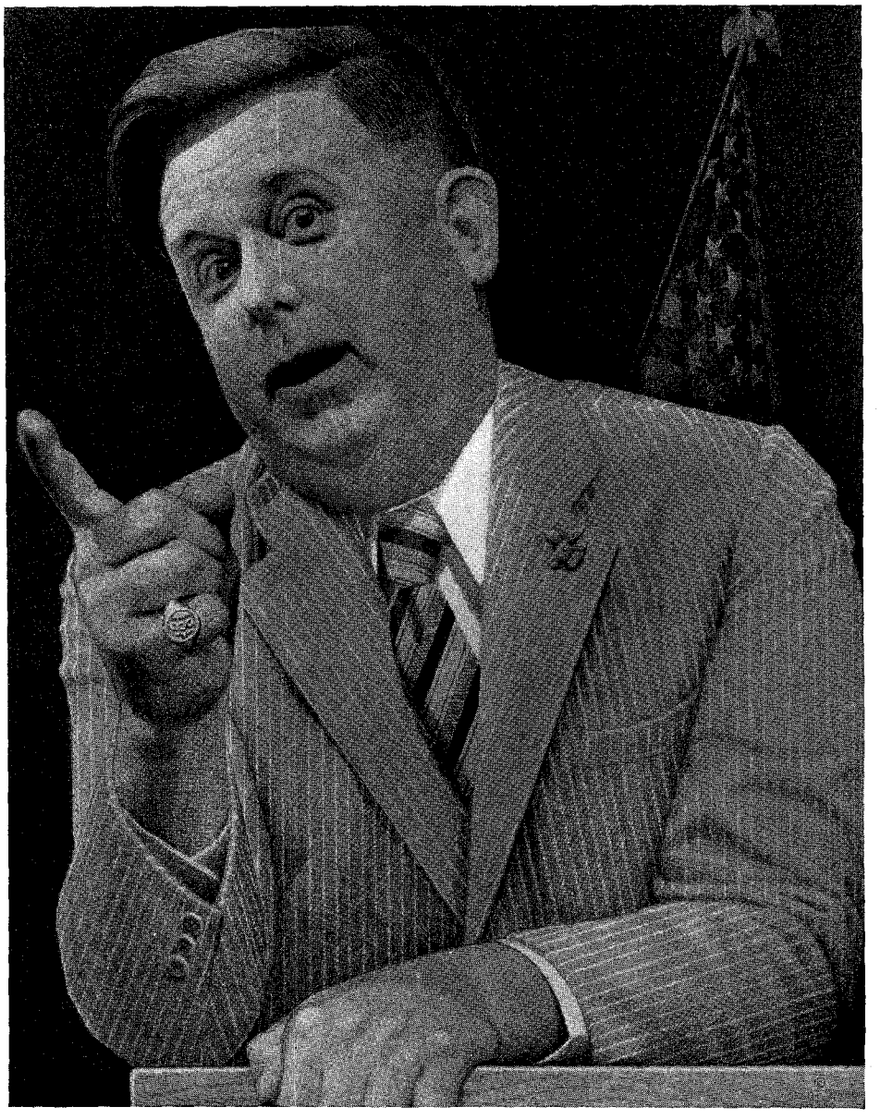
Next came a veritable masterpiece, a portrait of his mother entitled *Woman with Plants.* In draughtsmanship and in sheer control of the medium, this picture is superior to Whistler's *Mother;* and in vitality and the enduring substance of sacrificial devotion, it reduces the Whistler tribute to a fragile silhouette. Wood's reputation was spreading, and with *American Gothic,* he found himself famous. "In southern Iowa," he explains, "I saw a low, white farmhouse with a peaked gable and a single Gothic window, and I imagined American Gothic people with their faces stretched out long to go with this American Gothic house—and so I drew them."

The picture was exhibited in Chicago with sensational applause, and was purchased by the Art Institute for $300! At the Century of Progress, it was probably the most popular picture in that huge display. But it was far from popular in Iowa; in fact, those dear souls who had so lovingly patronized Wood as the painter of innocuous landscape cried out that he was no longer an artist but a traducer of Iowa womanhood! Wood had to laugh; his model for the young woman in the picture, as everybody knows, was his sister Nan. He had not held his people up to ridicule or made them effigies of homeliness; he had made them extraordinarily real and intelligible, and as a conscious designer had cunningly fittted them into the pattern of Iowa life.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

There is little irony in Wood's system, and less satire; he has a genuine affection for his people and is extremely sensitive to all shades of feeling, a consideration for others which amounts to a positive weakness. Only once has he given vent to satire: in the overbearing trio labeled *Daughters of Revolution,* a picture of which, incidentally, he has a very low opinion.

Thus, from a conventional painter of sweetened landscape, Wood had suddenly become an artist of national eminence. But the transition was not so precipitate as it appears on the surface. He had resumed his natural line of development; had returned to the crafts as the technical basis of his art; and had yielded, without esthetic fears, to the early conditioning influences which had made him a part of the environment he had temporarily dismissed as artistically useless. Since *American Gothic,* he has produced, not a large number of pictures, for he is a painfully slow and finical workman, but a substantial body of work in portraiture, landscape, illustration, and mural decoration. Thus far, his highest attainments lie in the field of portraiture and figure painting. Not since Copley has America seen his equal in the delineation of people, and in subtle analysis of character and inventive design, he surpasses the Colonial master. By dealing unreservedly with local psychologies, he has created characters which, though rooted in the Iowa soil, belong in the gallery of American types—men and women as native and as faithfully studied as those of Sinclair Lewis, and much more affectionately fashioned. His *Dinner for Threshers,* a design for a mural, indicates what may be expected of him in the future. This picture, original in conception and superbly planned, proves not simply his ability to handle and relate groups of figures, but also his genius for discerning in commonplace, rural properties "the decorative quality in American newness."



Booster

Some of his landscapes—*Midnight Ride of Paul Revere* and the *Birthplace of President Hoover,* for example—are avowedly humorous, and, as such, ingenious and enjoyable. In most of the others, the decorative machinery is too elaborate and too obvious. In short, the design half-consumes the subjects, and the trees and natural forms, arbitrarily forced into a fixed pattern, lose their specific character and become implements in a scheme of self-conscious "stylization," to use a studio term. His work in this vein, with its spongy trees, curlicue roadways, and miniature houses, has the charm of novelty and makes appropriate overmantel decorations for quaint drawing rooms, but it expresses little. What saves it from frivolity, and from being little more than the indulgence of a fantastic inventiveness usually exemplified by the makers of pictures of the never-never land, is the basic planning. It is to be regretted that Wood has lavished his powers of original design upon landscapes which, on the whole, are decorative in the lighter sense of the term.

He should paint a naked statement of the Iowa terrain, a closely studied, realistic job without frills or fantasy, a picture in which the trees and farms are as sharply characterized as the faces of his portraits. That would be something to look at, and he probably has it in him to do it. But his latest painting, *Spring Turning,* gives no hint of such an undertaking. Going to the other ex-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

treme, he has simplified the country into an abstraction, into immense and vacant and billowy protuberances which do not look like earth but like mechanical forms covered with green pigment, covered beautifully, to be sure, for his craftsmanship is phenomenal. The green folds suggest a figurative Mother Earth, leaving the impression that Wood, unconsciously perhaps, has aimed at something of "Universal Significance." The result, however, is a bit of vague symbolism.

Wood is the only American artist who is perfectly adjusted to his surroundings, who can meet people on terms of equality without condescension or forcing himself to be agreeable. At present he is living in Iowa City, where for three years he has been teaching in the University's art department. He moved to Iowa City, not only to be closer to the University, but also to escape the intrusions of the people of Cedar Rapids, who had finally embraced him as an attractive piece of town property.

He is a man of modesty and self-command, and though he has plenty of steel in his spine, he seldom stiffens, never antagonizes anyone, and avoids quarrels. Accustomed to economies and frugal in his desires, he lives well within his income, which ranges from five to ten thousand dollars a year. If he wants anything of a material nature, he makes it himself, and the product is usually a work of art. His one luxury is his hospitality: there are nearly always guests at his house, and to accommodate professors, farmer boys, old friends and patrons, visiting writers and artists, he has constructed a dinner table twenty feet long, a modern trencher board of three-ply masonite. But uninvited guests are few. His wife takes care of that—the artist must have time to paint.

Despite his reputation, Wood's aggregate returns from his pictures amount to a comparatively small figure. The reason is that he is neither greedy nor greatly productive —he paints, on the average, two pictures a year—and it is only within the last few years that his work has been accessible to a wealthy buying public. Some of his best paintings, which originally passed out of his hands for nominal sums, bring fancy prices when resold. *Dinner for Threshers,* for example, went for $5000 last year. For his recent landscapes he commands from one to three thousand dollars; for a portrait he can name his price.

If he should come to New York and place himself in the arms of a dealer in fashionable portraits, he would certainly have to pay a big income tax—but try to get him out of Iowa. He shrinks from all cities, and New York in particular. He has no need of New York, materially or spiritually; he won his fame, his markets, and his independence without the co-operation of seaboard exploiters, a unique achievement, and the practices and political squabbles of our metropolitan painters do not interest him. When pressed for money, he goes out on the lecture platform with a case of lantern slides—a salesman of his ideas, if not of his pictures.

Wood lives in an old red-brick house, the interior of which he has remodeled with all his craft and artistry in the use of modern materials. In his daily routine he resembles a business man, not the artist of fiction. In the mornings he paints at home; three afternoons a week are devoted to his classes and to his mural decorations in the University Theater; twice a month he conducts "art clinics," or classes in criticism attended by two hundred aspiring artists. On Sundays, accompanied by his wife, he drives about the country in an old Ford, not exactly in search of things to paint, but to visit and to observe types and faces. There is no formality in his teaching, and no nonsense. His pupils are put to work and trained to follow the old precept of trial and error. They are also initiated into the virtues of brown wrapping paper, which, he swears, is the best of all surfaces for drawing. "I use nothing else," he explains. "It has a fine tone, and it is free from impurities, and for the classroom, you can't beat it. My pupils use it by the roll—it is dirt cheap. Thus they form the habit of experimenting boldly, whereas the fear of spoiling an expensive paper would cramp their style."

It is customary to lump together three American painters: Wood, Benton, and Curry, as though these men were of the same mind and temperament. The three have one point in common: they have proved their ability to use American subject matter in an original fashion, but in approach and accomplishment, they are totally dissimilar. Benton deals with the driving, explosive forces of his country; Curry, with a rich vein of poetry, paints the storms and elemental terrors of Kansas; Wood confines himself to the quieter and more stable aspects of American life. He is the soul of tact, with a disarming amiability that makes aggressiveness unnecessary, a man who can rise to a state of ecstasy without getting excited. But at bottom he is a shrewd fellow, one with whom it would be unwise to trade horses or attempt to outwit in his own sphere.

Wood is a pioneer in the movement to enrich the cultural soil of America by establishing local centers of production in art. Long before the Federal Government entered the art business, he had experimented with a colony of students at Stone City, Iowa, the parent of regional art in this country. By his example as a painter and by his teachings, he has sent hundreds of artists back to the farm and to Main Street. The English highbrow magazines reproduce his paintings and discuss his philosophy; the Germans extol him; the French have not caught up with him. In the Middle West he is feebly opposed by a group of propagandists who deny him the title of American artist because he has not portrayed the farmer as the victim of some social tyranny or economic injustice. Wood, a liberal and an admirer of Secretary Wallace, does not mix art and politics. He is neither a propagandist nor a revolutionary; he believes in individualism, the artist's right to criticize any creed, system, or countenance. "The hope of a native art in America," he writes in his pamphlet *Revolt Against the City,* "lies in the development of regional art centers and the free competition between them. That is the only way in which we can win our independence."

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

I Can't Keep My Mouth Shut

So there's always a pair of boxing gloves, if not a good fight, to dodge

MICHAEL FESSIER

DRAWINGS BY J. W. GOLINKIN

LIKE to put them on with me?" he asked.

He was a former champion, now working at being a gentleman. We had been talking about boxing, and I told him I had done a little professional fighting. I suppose I bragged a little and gave him the impression I had been a ball of fire. This was not so, and I didn't want him to find out.

"Hell," I said, "I couldn't go a round. It's been years since I had a glove on."

"We'll just go easy," he said.

"I'm too soft," I said. "Look at the pumpkin I carry around with me. One poke there, and I'd fold up. I haven't any wind, either. Too many drinks and cigarettes."

"Oh, come on," he said. "We'll just spar. I'm bored."

"I'm not," I said. "I'm having a swell time. Drinking Martinis is the most interesting thing I know of."

"That's why you're soft and out of condition," he said. "A man's a fool to let himself get that way."

Trent Hart was in pretty good condition, all right. His skin was tanned and firm, and his waist was slim, and you could sense the hard muscles covering his stomach. He was practically unmarked, but you could tell he'd been a fighter. His eyebrows were slightly raised, and his lips were a little bit thicker than normal. One ear was a bit out of shape, but otherwise he appeared to be a prosperous, young stock broker.

"Oh, I don't know whether I'm a fool or not," I said. "You see it doesn't take much wind to run a typewriter, and my muscles usually stand up under a story so long's it's under four thousand words. But if I wanted to write a novel, I'd probably have to go into training."

He grinned.

"Oh, I didn't intend to be nasty," he said. "After all, if a fellow wants to let himself run down physically, it's his own business."

"That's the way I look at it," I said.

I never had been able to make up my mind whether or not I liked him. Now I was decided I didn't. I told myself the reason I didn't like him was that he was a bit too complacent. The real reason was because I couldn't help being jealous of his physical condition.

"Oh hell," I always told myself, "maybe I drink too much and smoke too much and maybe I haven't much wind, but if it came to a point of having to take care of myself, I guess I could do it."

When I saw him, I knew I couldn't and I felt sore about it. I included myself and him in the proposition. I was sore at him for making me feel sore at myself.

Janice came up to where we were sitting in chairs on the lawn. She drank what was left of my Martini and sat on the arm of my chair and started swinging her legs.

"What were you talking about?" asked Janice.

"Boxing," said Trent.

"I might have guessed it," said Janice.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

She swung her legs and twisted around and looked at me.

"You used to be a professional fighter, too, didn't you?" she asked.

"Oh Lord," I thought, "that's what comes of stretching a fact until it becomes a lie."

I could have cut Janice's throat then. But there had been a time when I liked her and, having no peacock feathers to spread, I'd told her what a hell of a guy I'd been. I'd only had four or five professional fights and I wasn't much good in them, but I'd given her the impression I'd been a holy terror in the ring.

"I was just trying to talk him into putting on the gloves with me," said Trent.

"That'd be fun," said Janice. "Why don't you, George?"

"Too much work," I said.

"Oh, go on," she said.

"I don't want to, damn it!" I said.

She swung her legs some more, and looked at me.

"You're a sissy," she said.

"O.K.," I said. "O.K. I'm a sissy."

"You sure are," she said.

"He's just lazy," said Trent. "Come on, how about just a few rounds? I need the exercise."

"I don't," I said.

"Oh, yes you do," he said. "You need a lot of exercise."

Some others came up, and Janice jumped off my chair.

"George's going to box Trent," she said. "Won't that be fun?"

And so I had to go through with it. Trent had some boxing gloves in his bag. We went into the house and stripped down to our shorts and put the gloves on. We walked out together, and all the house guests were sitting around on the lawn. They were drinking and laughing.

"I won't try to show you up, fellow," said Trent.

"Thanks," I said.

"We'll just spar," said Trent.

"O.K.," I said. "We'll just spar."

"You goddamned fool," I said to myself, "he can't help but show you up."

They marked off a ring with sweaters and tennis shoes and women's scarfs and things, and Trent and I stepped inside. Somebody held a watch, and somebody else clanged a spoon against a glass for a bell. We didn't have any referee. Trent came out of his corner crouched like a fighter and scowling. Then he touched gloves with mine and grinned and danced away. He came in again and touched me with a couple of lefts, then fell into a clinch.

"Thought you could box," he said. "Try using your left."

I had forgotten all about my left and my right, too. I found I didn't remember anything about boxing. I'd talked so much about my experience as a punk fighting a few mediocre fights in my home town that I'd managed to convince myself I knew something about the game. I realized I didn't know, but it was too late.

I thought hard about what the old professional had taught me when I was a kid, and a little came back to me. Trent came in, and I stuck out my left and it landed on his chin. He grinned.

"That's better," he said.

He feinted with his left and cuffed me alongside the jaw with his right. I was wide open. I crouched a little, kept my left in front of me, and tried to protect myself.

He was fast for his size and his punches came in without any warning. When I did hit him it was because he didn't want to bother brushing my glove aside.

One of his blows stung me, and I thought I heard somebody in the car laugh. I lashed out at him, and he caught the blow on his elbow. It felt as if I'd broken my arm.

"You swing like a ballplayer," he said to me.

He grinned and danced around me, cuffing my jaw and ears.

I began hating him then. It was my fault he was making a fool of me. If I'd kept my mouth shut, this wouldn't be happening. It was all my fault, but just the same I hated him. I wanted to smash his face so hard that the grin would come off.

The timekeeper banged his cocktail glass with the spoon, and we went and sat in our corners. There was a lot of feigned excitement, and they patted me on the back, telling me I looked great in there.

I knew they were all snickering at me. Most of them had heard my damned silly bragging and they were enjoying themselves immensely. I hated them, too.

The timekeeper banged the cocktail glass, and we started boxing again. He stung me with three straight lefts.

"Look out below," he said.

Then he poked a short, hard right into my stomach.

It doubled me up, and pain spread in widening circles from the spot where the blow landed.

He clinched with me and held me up.

"Sorry," he said. "Didn't mean to hit hard."

"O.K.," I said.

Two or three in the crowd yelled that I was going great. They laughed and asked me to knock Trent out.

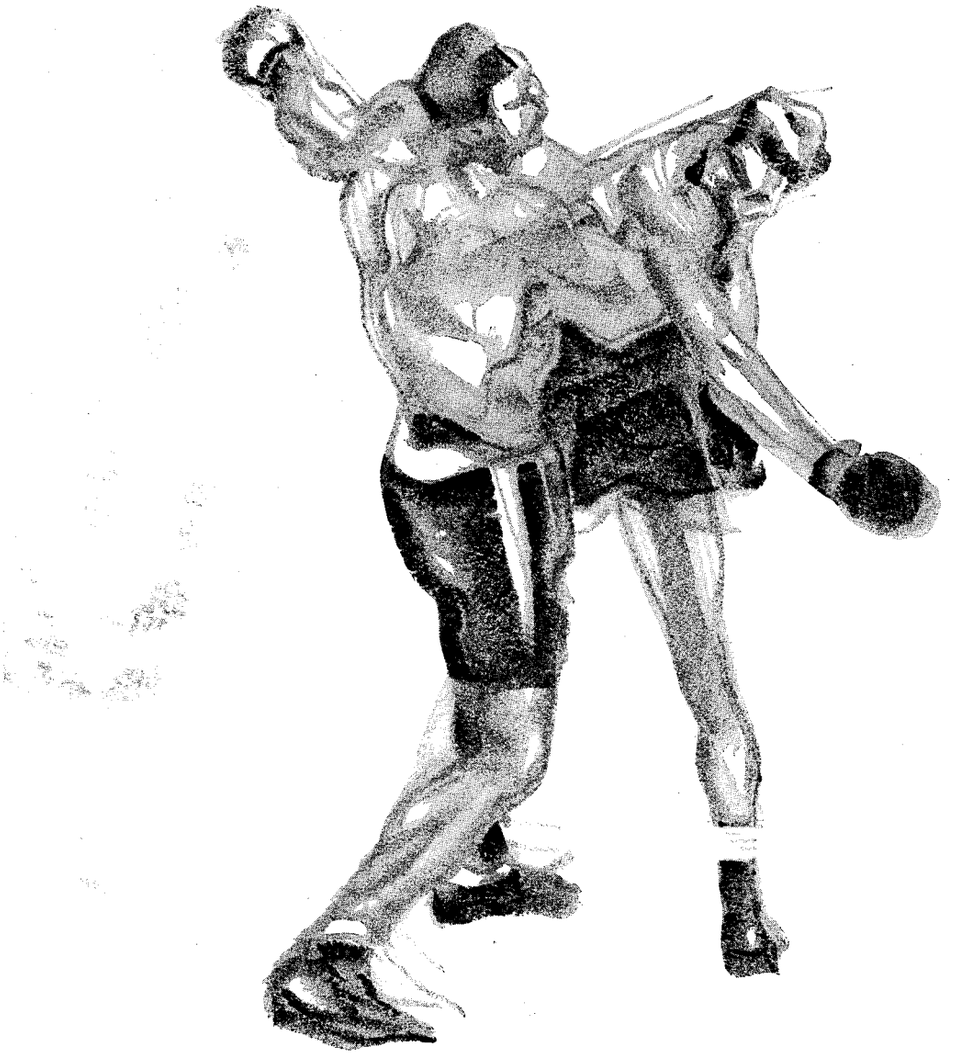
I wished to God I could, but I knew I didn't have much chance of even hurting him.

Then I thought, "Maybe I *can* hurt him. He's only flesh and blood. If I could hurt him just once, I'd feel better."

I remembered a little more of what the old professional had taught me. He had hung a small hoop on a string in front of me and made me hit through it. That was to teach me to hit straight. He'd taught me a short, straight right. You held your fist, knuckles up, and when you got a chance you turned it over and punched. It carried a lot of power.

I began carrying my right fist that way and waited for a chance. He danced around me and peppered me with light, stinging blows. My lips began to puff, and my nose was sore. I slipped and stumbled, trying to get close to him, but I couldn't touch him.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



He had been a champion, and a good one, and there wasn't much chance of a fellow who didn't know much about the business in the first place, and who was out of condition in the second place, making anything but a fool out of himself trying to box him.

The bigger fool I made of myself, the more I hated him.

I got in close, and he tied me up, then danced away. I tried to reach him with a left, and he brushed my blows away and pecked at me with lefts and rights. I was beginning to get a little dizzy and I found it hard to breathe.

He came in close, grinning, and started slapping my face with his open glove and ducking my blows or catching them on his gloves and shoulders. I kept my right cocked, and he got careless for a minute. I let it go. I put everything I had into it, shoulders, body, and all. It landed full on his mouth, and the grin went away, and blood came.

I could tell by the look in his eyes what he was going to do. His eyes were squinted and they looked small and mean. He snapped my head back with a left, and I could see his right poised. I tried to duck or back away, but I couldn't move.

When I came to, they were pouring water on me from a garden sprinkler and trying to pour whiskey down my throat. Trent had his gloves off and he was sitting on the lawn near me. He was wiping blood off his lips with a woman's handkerchief.

That made me feel better. I took a good slug of whiskey and sat up.

"You did pretty good, fella," somebody said.

"Aw, I'm out of condition and besides I haven't had on a pair of boxing gloves for years," I said.

I was dressing when Trent came in.

"I'm sorry as hell," he said.

I could see he meant it.

"O.K.," I said. "How's the lip?"

He took the handkerchief away and I saw his lip was only a little swollen and the bleeding had stopped.

And that's about all there is to it, except that when I get tight I forget all about what a boob I made of myself and I tell people how I used to be a professional fighter and only a little while ago went a couple of rounds with Trent Hart, the former champion, and cut his lip up pretty badly.

I still can't keep my damned mouth shut.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

PIX

"Trink, Trink, Brüderlein, Trink!"

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Oktoberfest

THOMAS WOLFE

One Sunday afternoon, at the end of September, I made my way, accompanied by Heinrich Bahr, to the Theresien Fields, on the eastern edges of Munich, where the October fair was going on. As we walked along past the railway station and towards the carnival grounds, the streets, and all the streets that led to it, began to swarm with people. Most of them were native Müncheners, but a great number were also Bavarian country people. These Bavarians were brawny men and women who stained the crowd brilliantly with the rich dyes of their costume—the men in their elaborately embroidered holiday shorts and stockings, the women in their bright dresses and lace bodices, marching briskly along with the springy step of the mountaineer. These peasants had the perfect flesh and the sound teeth of animals. Their smooth round faces wore only the markings of the sun and the wind: they were unworn by the thought and pain that waste away man's strength. I looked at them with a pang of regret and envy—their lives were so strong and so confident, and having missed so much they seemed to have gained so greatly. Their lives were limited to one or two desires—most of them had never read a book, a visit to this magic city of Munich was to them a visit to the heart of the universe, and the world that existed beyond their mountains had no real existence for them at all.

As we neared the Theresien Fields, the crowd became so thick that movement was impeded and slowed down. The huge noises of the fair came to us now, and I could see the various buildings. My first feeling as I entered the Fields was one of overwhelming disappointment. What lay before me and around me only seemed to be a smaller and less brilliant Coney Island. There were dozens of booths and sheds filled with cheap dolls, teddy bears, candy wrappers, clay targets, etc., with all the accompanying claptrap of two-headed monsters, crazy houses, fat ladies, dwarfs, palmists, hypnotists, as well as all the elaborate machinery for making one dizzy: whirling carriages and toy automobiles that spun about on an electrified floor, all filled with people who screamed with joy when the crazy vehicles crashed together and were released again by the attendant.

Heinrich Bahr began to laugh and stare like a child. The childlike capacity of all these people for amusement was astonishing. Like children, they seemed never to grow weary of the whole gaudy show. Great fat fellows with shaven heads and creased necks rode on the whirling and whipping machines, or rode round and round, again and again, on the heaving wooden horses of the merry-go-rounds. Heinrich was fascinated: I rode with him several times on the breathless dip-and-dive of the great wooden trestlelike railway, and then was whipped and spun dizzy in several of the machines.

Finally Heinrich was content. We moved slowly along down the thronging central passage of the fair until we came to a more open space at the edge of the Fields. Here from a little platform a man was haranguing the crowd in harsh, carnival-barker's German. Beside him on the platform stood a young man whose body and arms were imprisoned in a sleeveless canvas jacket and manacled with a chain. Presently the barker stopped talking, the young man thrust his feet through canvas loops, and he was hauled aloft, feet first, until he hung face downward above the staring mob. I watched him as he began his desperate efforts to free himself from the chain and jacket that fettered him, until I saw his face turn purple, and the great veins stand out in ropes upon his forehead. Meanwhile a woman passed through the crowd soliciting contributions, and when she had got all the money that the crowd would yield, the young man, whose swollen face was now almost black with blood, freed himself very quickly and was lowered to the earth. The crowd dispersed almost, it seemed to me, with a kind of sullenness as if the thing which they had waited to see had now happened but had somehow disappointed them, and while the barker began his harangue again, the young man sat in a chair recovering himself, with his hand before his eyes. Meanwhile the woman who had collected money stood by him anxiously, looking at him, and in a moment spoke to him. And somehow just by their nearness to each other and by no other outward sign there was communicated to me a sense of tenderness and love.

My mind was reeling from all the clamorous confusion of the fair and this last exhibition, coming as a climax to an unceasing program of monsters and animal sensations, touched me with a sense of horror. For a moment it seemed to me that there was something evil and innate in men that blackened and tainted even their most primitive pleasures.

Late afternoon had come; the days now were shortening rapidly, and the air was already that of autumn—it

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

was crisp and chill, meagerly warmed by a thin red sunshine. Over all the fair there rose the dense and solid fabric of a hundred thousand voices. Heinrich, whose interest in the shows of the fair had been for the time appeased, now began to think of beer. Taking me by the arm, he joined in the vast oscillation of the crowd that jammed the main avenue of the carnival in an almost solid wedge.

The Germans moved along slowly and patiently, with that tremendous massivity that seems to be an essence of their lives, accepting the movement of the crowd with enormous contentment as they lost themselves and became a part of the great beast around them. Their heavy bodies jostled and bumped against one another awkwardly and roughly, but there was no anger among them. They roared out greetings or witticisms to one another and to everyone; they moved along in groups of six or eight, men and women all together with arms linked.

Heinrich Bahr had become eager and gay; he laughed and chuckled to himself constantly; presently, slipping his hand through my arm with a friendly and persuasive movement, he said: "Come! Let us go and see the Roasted Ox." And immediately at these words an enormous hunger woke in me, a hunger for flesh such as I had never known: I wanted not only to see the Roasted Ox, I wanted to devour great pieces of it. I had already noticed one characteristic of this fair that distinguished it from any other I had ever seen. This was the great number of booths, large and small, given over to the sale of hot and cold meats. Great sausages hung in ropes and festoons from the walls of some of these places, while in others there was a constant exhalation from steaming and roasting viands of all kinds and sizes. The fragrance and the odor were maddening. And it seemed to me that above this dense mass of people that swayed along so slowly, there hovered forever in the thin cold air an odor of slaughtered flesh.

But now we found ourselves before a vast long shed, gaily colored in front, and bearing above its doors a huge drawing of an ox. This was the Oxen Roastery (Ochsen-Braterei), but so dense was the crowd within that a man stood before the doors with his arms out, keeping back the people who wanted to enter, and telling them they must wait another fifteen minutes. Heinrich and I joined the crowd and waited docilely with all the others: to me there was communicated some of the enormous patience of this crowd, which waited and which did not try to thrust past barriers. Presently the doors were opened and we all went in.

I found myself in a vast long shed at the end of which, through the dense cloud of tobacco smoke which thickened the atmosphere almost to the consistency of a London fog, I could see the carcasses of two great animals revolving slowly on iron spits over troughs of red-hot coals.

The place, after the chill bite of the October air, was warm—warm with a single unmistakable warmth: the warmth of thousands of bodies crowded together in an enclosed place. And mingled with this warmth, there was an overpowering odor of food. At hundreds of tables people were sitting together devouring tons of flesh—ox flesh, great platters full of sliced cold sausages, huge slabs of veal and pork, together with the great stone mugs that foamed with over a liter of the cold and strong October beer. There was a heavy and incessant rumble of voices full of food, that rose and fell in brittle waves. Down the central aisles and around the sides, moved and jostled constantly another crowd looking restlessly over the densely packed area for a vacant place. And the brawny peasant women who acted as waitresses plunged recklessly through this crowd, bearing platters of food or a half-dozen steins of beer in one hand, and brusquely thrusting human impediments out of their way with another.

Heinrich and I moved with the crowd slowly down the central aisle. The feeders, it seemed to me, were for the most part great heavy people who already had in their faces something of the bloated contentment of swine. Their eyes were dull and bleared with food and beer, and many of them stared at the people around them in a kind of stupefaction, as if they had been drugged. And indeed the air itself, which was so thick and strong it could be cut with a knife, was sufficient to drug one's senses, and I was therefore glad when, having arrived at the end of the aisle and stared for a moment at the great carcass of the ox that was turning brown as it revolved slowly before us, Heinrich suggested that we go elsewhere.

The sharp air lifted me at once from lethargy, and I began to look about me quickly and eagerly again. The crowd was growing denser as evening approached, and I knew now that the evening was to be dedicated solidly to food and beer.

Distributed among the innumerable smaller buildings of the fair, like lions couched among a rabble of smaller beasts, there rose about us the great beer halls erected by the famous breweries. And as thick as the crowd had been before the booths and shows, it seemed small compared to the crowd that filled these vast buildings—enormous sheds that each held several thousand people. Before us now and from a distance, I could see the great

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

red façade of the Löwenbrau brewery, with its proud crest of two royal lions, rampant. But when we came near the vast roaring of sound the hall enclosed, we saw that it would be impossible to find a seat there. Thousands of people were roaring over their beer at the tables, and hundreds more milled up and down incessantly, looking for an opening.

We tried several other of the great beer halls of the breweries with no better success, but at length we found one which had a few tables set about on a small graveled space before the hall, screened from the swarming crowd outside by a hedge. A few people were sitting at some of the tables, but most of the tables were vacant: darkness was now approaching, the air was sharp and frosty, and there was almost a frantic eagerness to join the fetid human warmth, enter the howling tempest of noise and drunkenness that the great hall contained. But both of us were now tired, fatigued by the excitement, by the crowd, by the huge kaleidoscope of noise, of color and sensation we had experienced. "Let us sit down here," I said, indicating one of the vacant tables before the hall. And Heinrich, after peering restlessly through one of the windows at the smoky chaos within, through which dark figures pushed and jostled like spirits lost in the foggy vapors of Valhalla, consented and took a seat, but with a disappointment he was unable to conceal.

"It is beautiful in there," he said. "You cannot afford to miss it." Then a peasant woman bore down upon us, swinging in each of her strong hands six foaming steins of the powerful October beer. She smiled at us with a ready friendliness and said, "The light or the dark?" We answered, "Dark." Almost before we had spoken she had set two foaming mugs before us on the table and was on her way again.

"But beer?" I said. "Why beer? Why have they come here to drink beer? Why have all these great sheds been built here by the famous breweries when all Munich is renowned for beer and there are hundreds of beer restaurants in the city?"

"Yes," Heinrich answered. "But—" he smiled and emphasized the word, "this is October beer. It is almost twice as strong as ordinary beer."

Then we seized our great stone mugs, clinked them together with a smiling "Prosit," and in the frosty sharp exhilaration of that air we drank long and deep the strong cold liquor that sent tingling through our veins its potent energy. All about us people were eating and drinking—near by at another table some peasant people in gay clothes had ordered beer and now, unwrapping several paper bundles that they were carrying with them, they set out on the table a prodigious quantity of food and began to eat and drink stolidly. The man, a brawny fellow with thick mustaches and white woolen stockings that covered his powerful calves but left his feet and knees bare, pulled from his pocket a large knife and cut the heads from several salt fish, which shone a beautiful golden color in the evening light. From another paper the woman produced several rolls, a bunch of radishes, and a big piece of liver sausage and added them to the general board. Two children, a boy and a girl, the girl with braided hanks of long blond hair falling before her over the shoulders, both watchful and blue-eyed with the intent and focused hunger of animals, stared silently at the food as their parents cut it and apportioned it. In a moment, with this same silent and voracious attentiveness, all of them were eating and drinking.

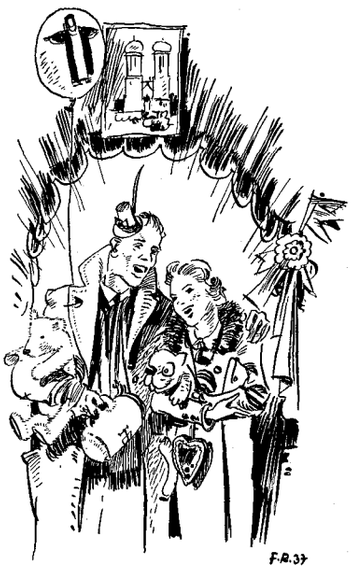
Everyone was eating; everyone was drinking. A ravenous hunger—an insane hunger that knew no appeasement, that wished to glut itself on all the roasted ox flesh, all the sausages, all the salt fish in the world, seized me and held me in its teeth. In all the world there was nothing but Food—glorious Food. And beer—October beer. The world was one enormous Belly—there was no higher heaven than the paradise of Cram and Gorge. All of the agony of the mind was here forgotten. What did these people know about books? What did they know about pictures? What did they know about the million tumults of the soul, the conflict and the agony of the spirit, the hopes, fears, hatreds, failures, and ambitions, the whole fevered complex of modern life? These people lived for nothing but to eat and drink—and they were right.

The doors of the great hall kept opening and shutting constantly as the incessant stream of beer drinkers pressed patiently in. And from within I heard the shattering blare

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

of a huge brass band and the roar of five thousand beer-drunk voices, rocking together in the rhythms of "Trink, Trink, Brüderlein, Trink!"

Our savage hunger was devouring us: we called out loudly to the bustling waitress as she passed us and were told that if we wanted hot food we must go within. But in a moment she sent another woman to our table who was carrying an enormous basket loaded with various cold foods. I took two sandwiches, made most deliciously of onions and small salted fish, and an enormous slice of liver cheese, with a crust about its edges. Heinrich also selected two or three sandwiches, and, having ordered another liter of dark beer apiece, we began to devour our food. Darkness had come on: all of the buildings and amusement devices of the fair were now blazing with a million lights; from the vast irradiant murk of night there rose and fell in wavelike nodes the huge fused roar and mumble of the crowd.



When we had devoured our sandwiches and finished our beer, Heinrich suggested that we now make a determined effort to find seats within the hall, and I, who had heretofore felt a strong repulsion towards the thick air and roaring chaos of the hall, now found to my surprise that I was ready and eager to join the vast crowd of beer-fumed feeders. Obediently now I joined the line of patient Germans who were shuffling slowly through the doors and in a moment more I found myself enveloped by a cyclone of drunken sound, tramping patiently with a crowd that moved slowly around the great room looking for seats. Presently, peering through the veils and planes of shifting smoke that coiled and rose in the great hall like smoke above a battlefield, Heinrich spied two seats at a table near the center of the room, where, on the square wooden platform, forty men dressed in peasant costume were producing a deafening noise upon brass instruments. We plunged directly for the seats, jostling and half-falling over unprotesting bodies that were numb with beer.

And at last, dead center of that roaring tumult, we seated ourselves triumphantly, panting victoriously, and immediately ordered two liters of dark beer and two plates of schweinwurstl and sauerkraut. The band was blaring forth the strains of "Ein Prosit! Ein Prosit!" and all over the room people had risen from their tables and were standing with arms linked and mugs upraised while they roared out the great drinking song and swung and rocked rhythmically back and forth.

The effect of these human rings all over that vast and murky hall had in it something that was almost supernatural and ritualistic: something that belonged to the essence of a race was enclosed in those rings, something dark and strange as Asia, something older than the old barbaric forests, something that had swayed around an altar, and had made a human sacrifice, and had devoured burnt flesh.

The hall was roaring with their powerful voices, it shook to their powerful bodies, and as they swung back and forth it seemed to me that nothing on earth could resist them—that they must smash whatever they came against. I understood now why other nations feared them so; suddenly I was myself seized with a deadly fear of them that froze my heart. I felt as if I had dreamed and awakened in a strange barbaric forest to find a ring of savage barbaric faces bent down above me — blond-braided, blond-mustached, they leaned upon their mighty spear staves, rested on their shields of toughened hide, as they looked down. And I was surrounded by them, there was no escape. I thought of all that was familiar to me, and it seemed far away, not only in another world but in another time, sea-sunken in eternity ages hence from the old dark forest of barbaric time. And now I thought almost with warm friendliness of the strange dark faces of the Frenchmen, their cynicism, and dishonesty, their rapid and excited voices, their small scale, their little customs; even all their light and trivial adulteries now seemed friendly and familiar, playful, charming, full of grace. Or of the dogged English, with their pipes, their pubs, their bitter beer, their fog, their drizzle, their women with neighing voices and long teeth—all these things now seemed immensely warm, friendly and familiar to me, and I wished that I were with them.

But suddenly a hand was slipped around my arm, and through that roar and fog of sound I realized that someone was speaking to me. I looked down and there beside me saw the jolly, flushed and smiling face of a pretty girl. She tugged at my arm good-naturedly and mischievously, spoke to me, nodded her head for me to look. I turned. Beside me was a young man, her companion; he too smiling, happy, held his arm for me to take. I looked across and saw Heinrich, his sallow, lonely, pitted face smiling and happy as I had never seen it before. He nodded to me. In an instant we too were all linked together, swinging, swaying, singing in rhythm to the roar of those tremendous voices, swinging and swaying, singing all together as the band played "Ein Prosit." Ended at length the music, but now all barriers broken through, all flushed and happy, smiling at one another, we added our own cheers to the crowd's great roar of affirmation when the song was ended. Then laughing, smiling, talking, we sat down again.

And now there was no strangeness any more. There were no barriers any more. We drank and talked and ate together. I drained liter after liter of the cold and heady beer. Its fumes mounted in my brain. I was jubilant and happy. I talked fearlessly in a broken jargon of my little German. Heinrich helped me out from time to time, and

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

yet it did not matter. I felt that I had known all these people all my life, forever. The young girl with her jolly pretty face eagerly tried to find out who I was and what I did. I teased her. I would not tell her. I told her a dozen things—that I was a Norwegian, an Australian, a carpenter, a sailor, anything that popped into my head, and Heinrich, smiling, aided and abetted me in all my foolishness. But the girl clapped her hands and gleefully cried out, "No," that she knew what I was—I was an artist, a painter, a creative man. She and all the others turned to Heinrich, asking him if this was not true. And smilingly he half inclined his head and said that I was not a painter but that I was a writer—he called me a poet. And then all of them nodded their heads in satisfied affirmation, the girl gleefully clapped her hands together again and cried out that she had known it. And now we drank and linked our arms and swayed and swung together in a ring again. And presently, now that it was growing late and people had begun to leave the hall, we too got up, the six of us, the girl, another girl, their two young men, and Heinrich and myself, moved out among the singing, happy crowds again, and arm in arm, linked all together, moved singing through the crowds.

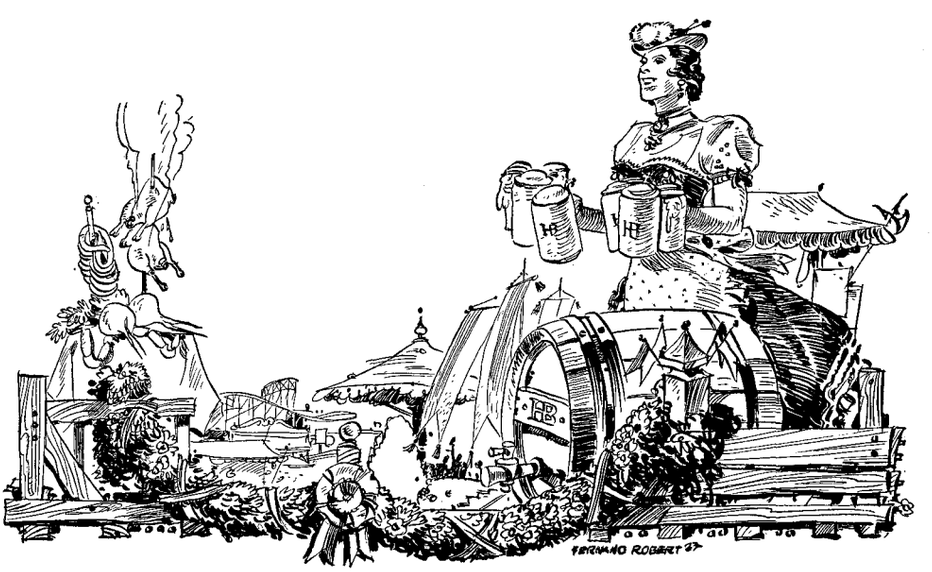
And then we left them, finally, four young people from the mass of life and from the heart of Germany, whom I should never see again—four people and the happy, flushed and smiling face of a young girl. We left them, never having asked their names, nor they our own; we left them and lost them, with warmth, with friendship, with affection in the hearts of all of us.

We went our way, and they went theirs. The great roar and clamor of the fair suffused and faded far behind us, until it had become a vast and drowsy distant murmur. And presently, walking arm in arm together, we reached again the railway station and the ancient heart of Munich. We crossed the Karlsplatz and at last we reached our dwelling in the Theresien and Louisen streets.

And yet we found we were not tired, we were not ready to go in. The fumes of the powerful and heady beer, and more than that the fumes of fellowship and of affection, of friendship and of human warmth, had mounted to our brains and hearts. We knew it was a rare and precious thing, a moment's spell of wonder and of joy, that it must end, and we were loath to see it go.

It was a glorious night, the air sharp, frosty, and the street deserted, and far away, like time, like the ceaseless and essential murmur of eternity, the distant, drowsy, wavelike hum of the great fair. The sky was cloudless, radiant, and in the sky there blazed a radiant blank of moon. We paused a moment at our dwelling, then as by mutual instinct walked away. We went along the streets and presently we had arrived before the enormous, silent and moon-sheeted blankness of the Old Pinakothek. We passed before it, we entered on the grounds, we strode back and forth, our feet striking cleanly on clean gravel. Arm in arm we talked, we sang, we laughed together. "A poet, yes," he cried, and looked exultantly at the blazing moon. "A poet, ja!" he cried again. "These people did not know you and they said you were a poet. And you are."

And in the moonlight, his lonely, scarred, and pitted face was transfigured by a look of happiness. And we walked the streets, we walked the streets. We felt the sense of something priceless and unutterable, a world invisible that we must see, a world intangible that we must touch, a world of warmth, of joy, of imminent and impending happiness, of impossible delight, that was almost ours. And we walked the streets, we walked the streets. The moon blazed blank and cold out of the whited brilliance of the sky. And the streets were silent. All the doors were closed. And from the distance came the last and muted murmurs of the fair. And we went home.



PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Scribner's American Painters Series

No. 4 —"GREENLAND WOMAN," BY ROCKWELL KENT

ART," Rockwell Kent once wrote, "is a by-product of one's enthusiasm for life." It is this powerful drive for experiencing things that is the keynote to the life of the man who is today one of the healthiest influences on American art. His work is very definitely the result of experiences that are both physical and intellectual, never purely esthetic. As he himself has pointed out, "no artist ever *looked* for material, whether it was mountains for a picture or a love affair for a book."

Born in Tarrytown, New York, in 1882, he received his early training in the plastic arts under such men as Chase, Robert Henri, Kenneth Hayes Miller, Thayer, and at the Columbia School of Architecture, but Kent is one of the few outstanding American artists who owes nothing to the current French tradition.

Very early in life he was drawn to the sea. The desire to want what he did not have and to do what was most difficult brought him to the crude life of the New England fishermen of Monhegan Island. He began to work with his hands, carpentering, lobstering, and going down to the boats in the icy dawn of our northeastern fishing waters. Gradually he ventured farther, as this life grew upon him, and we find him in Newfoundland in 1915. Shortly afterward he went to Alaska and recorded his experiences in one of his famous illustrated books, *Wilderness*. His next book, *Voyaging*, describing his journey to Tierra del Fuego, is the story of a man who wants to do the most difficult things. He went there, he tells us, because he "had read that it was the worst place in the world." Kent says:

"Everywhere I have been I have had enthusiasms and excitements. I have stood in spots where I have known that I was the first white man who had ever seen that country. . . . And because I have been alone so much and have been moved so much by what I have seen I have had to paint it and write about it. And by virtue of that need to paint and write I am an artist."

It is this series of emotional and physical incidents that have made the work of Rockwell Kent so powerful and direct. Since very few artists have undergone the unusual experiences that he has had, it would appear fruitless to make comparisons, but it is certain that the primeval and immense quality of nature with its clear skies and virginal expanses of snow has been accurately and sincerely rendered by him.

The water color that is reproduced in this issue, "Greenland Woman," is a sketch made by the artist during his recent visit to that country, described in *Salamina,* one of his finest illustrated books. Salamina is the name of the native housekeeper who looked after Mr. Kent's party during their year-long stay in the North, and the story is an almost epic appreciation of the natives of Greenland.

This sketch, like most of Mr. Kent's work, is characterized by simplicity of subject matter, tightness of composition, and a monumentality of effect that would be just as successful if used as the basis for a larger painting or fresco. To achieve a "large" quality in such a small area is the thing that this artist does best, as witnessed by his impressive illustrations for such books as *Moby Dick, The Canterbury Tales, Beowulf,* and *Leaves of Grass.*

When we survey the range of Kent's interests: painting, illustration, lithography, exploration, murals, writing, music (he plays the flute), lecturing, and editing, he begins to emerge as one of those "complete" men of the Renaissance that one reads about. Mr. Kent has built himself a beautiful house in the Adirondacks, containing a marvelous collection of pictures, books, and music. These "civilized" activities are only one side of his being, for he has a keen business sense, and has distinguished himself in advertising, publishing, magazine illustration, and book-plate design.

"Scribner's American Painters Series" is edited and supervised by Bernard Myers.

Picture, courtesy Weyhe Gallery, New York.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Fighting the Censor

WILLIAM P. CARNEY

It's a struggle between American correspondents, intent on giving their readers unbiased news, and censors who suppress unfavorable reports

World censorship of news is in a bull market in 1937. On practically all fronts, the dispatches which keep American readers in contact with world affairs are being snipped, slashed, or held up until valueless. London is the only great date line on a foreign dispatch which guarantees the American reader that what he reads is what the correspondent set out to send. Most of the others—Berlin, Rome, Madrid, Istanbul, Moscow, Bucharest, Belgrade, Athens, Sofia, Budapest, Lisbon, and Warsaw—mean simply this: the meat of the story may have been slashed out with the censor's pencil.

War-born in 1914, censorship in open or undercover form now covers all European and Asiatic countries, with the exception of the British Empire, Holland, Switzerland, and Scandinavia. Only the world war, which Europe foresees and dreads, could send it to a higher level. While censorship in each country varies in accordance with the political situation prevailing at the moment, an absolute censorship on cables and radios now obtains in Russia, Japan, Germany, Italy, Rumania, Yugoslavia, Bulgaria, Greece, Turkey, Hungary, Portugal, and Poland. Spain endeavors to censor every dispatch, including those for telephone transmission.

Undercover censorship, or censorship in modified form, obtains in China, France, Belgium, Czechoslovakia, Lithuania, Latvia, Esthonia, and Finland. And although the countries of South America and Africa are less important in a news way than those of Eurasia, they too come under the blue pencil. Censorship varying between modified and absolute prevails in all the important countries of South America. Africa, with the exception of that part under the British flag, is governed by the rules of censorship obtaining in Europe.

Only in England, her colonies and dominions overseas, and Holland, Switzerland, and Scandinavia may an American correspondent get what news he can and write and transmit it as he pleases. In those happy countries there is no one looking over his shoulder or saying, "You must not send this."

For more than ten years I have been a foreign correspondent of *The New York Times*. I know what this censorship means, for I am constantly fighting it abroad. On vacation in New York recently I checked through a weekday issue of *The Times* to see what it came to. There were fifty-two foreign dispatches, of which thirty-two were from countries under absolute censorship, seven from countries under modified censorship, and sixteen from capitals where there is no censorship at all. On the same day—one picked at random—*The New York Herald Tribune* carried forty-seven stories under foreign date lines. Twenty-three of these came from countries where absolute censorship is in force, twelve from capitals where undercover censorship prevails, and twelve from cities where correspondents are free to send what they choose. What happens to a dispatch after it reaches the home office in America is no part of this article. It may be rewritten, changed, edited out of its original shape by some tool of a prejudiced newspaper proprietor. But assuming that a correspondent has honest editors in the home office, Americans can hardly expect honest foreign news from day to day when the censors are working overtime.

In the countries where absolute censorship is the rule, all news dispatches destined for American newspapers, whether sent by cable or radio, are studied by the censor and approved by him before they are sent. Spain is at war, and a military censorship necessarily prevails. Both the Loyalists and the Rebels require that all dispatches be submitted to the censor before they are telephoned or presented to the cable or wireless agencies for transmission. In most cases a translation of the dispatch from English into Spanish is required. This translation must be made by the correspondent, if he is familiar with Spanish, or, if he is not, by some native assistant. One might think that here is a chance to outwit the censor, by concealing in the translation salient passages in the English script. Theoretically, the censor knows no English, but he might know enough to make this an extremely precarious practice. A correspondent might get away with it, but he might not, and that would be very embarrassing.

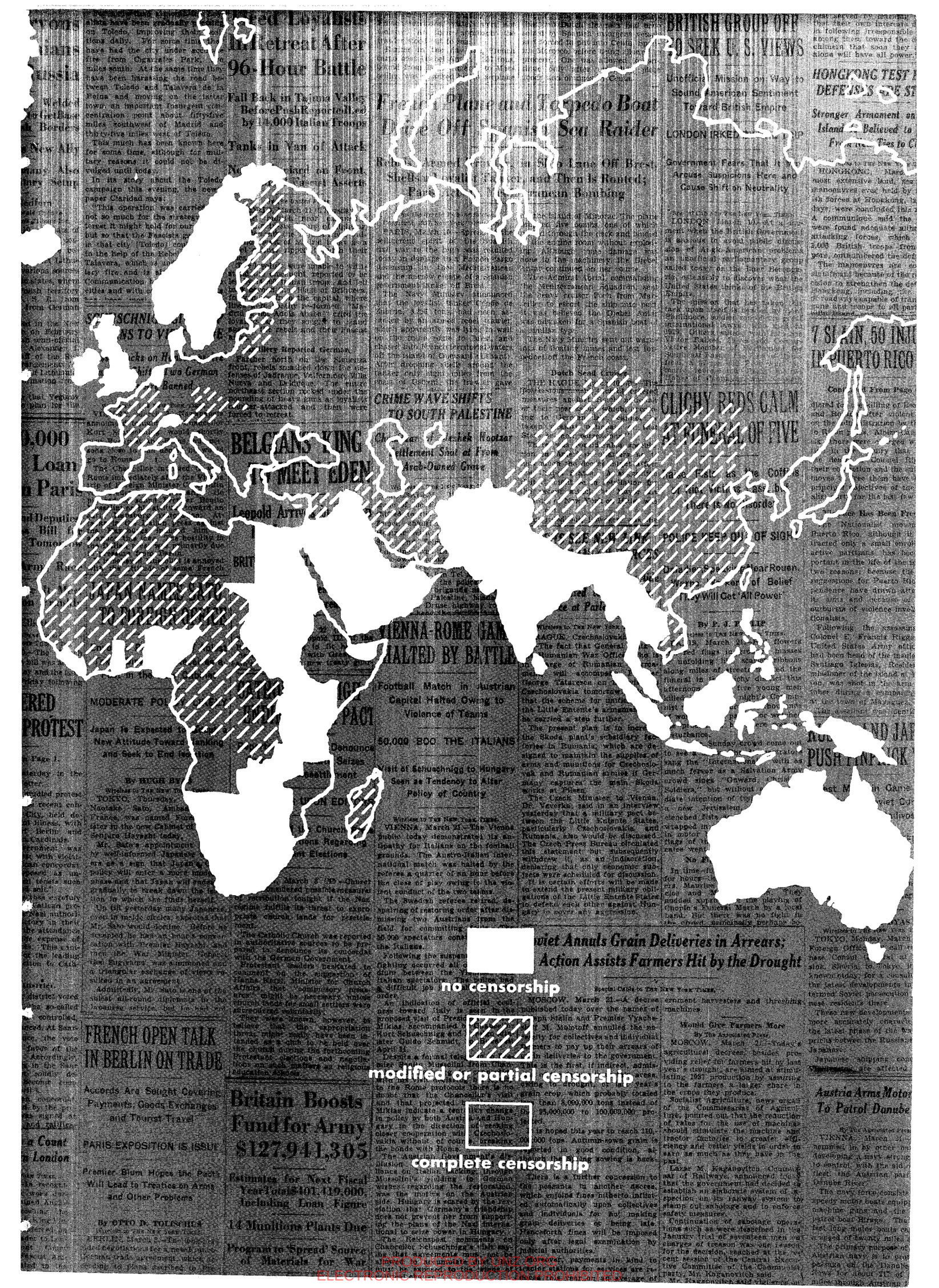
Of the major European powers, Russia, Germany, and Italy today impose the tightest censorship on American correspondents. The reason for censorship in Russia is admittedly to prevent world criticism of the government. Walter Duranty, *Times* correspondent in Moscow since the establishment of the Soviet régime, tells me that censorship there originally professed to have no purpose be-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Censor's Blue Pencil

In the world outside the United States live 1,850,000,000 people. News concerning two-thirds of them must pass through foreign censors' hands before it gets into American newspapers. Only in England, her colonies, and Holland, Switzerland, Norway, Sweden, and Denmark may an American newspaper correspondent get what news he can and transmit it without government approval of some sort. While the degree of censorship varies according to current political situations, this map indicates the approximate conditions prevailing throughout the world

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

yond preventing the publication of untrue statements about the U. S. S. R., but that this was speedily extended to include "malicious" statements, and finally what the authorities termed "maliciously unfair" statements, meaning any marked tendency to dwell upon the less favorable factors of Soviet life. Duranty, of course, does not use the telephone from Moscow. All his cable dispatches must be submitted to the censor before he hands them in for transmission. Rigid rules have to be complied with, and it is necessary often to confer with the censor about sentences or paragraphs or, sometimes, even the question of whether the dispatch in its entirety could be passed.

"Tendentious," says the censor.

He means that the phrase, sentence, or entire dispatch has a tendency to put his country or its government in an unfavorable light. The correspondent may present his reasons for believing that the matter in question is not "tendentious." But the chances are that he loses, and out goes that part of his dispatch, or all of it. The censor has the whip hand.

In Germany, *The Times,* as well as other New York dailies and the American press associations, uses the telephone, perhaps more than the cable or radio. Correspondents telephone to London or Paris, whence their dispatches are relayed by cable or wireless to the United States. Whenever American correspondents resort either to direct cable or wireless transmission, their dispatches are handed in at the general post office for inspection by press censors under Paul Joseph Goebbels, Minister for Propaganda and Public Enlightenment.

When dispatches are telephoned to Paris or London, the correspondent must always bear in mind the many topics he knows would offend Minister Goebbels. His telephoned conversation may or may not be listened to. It nearly always is. I have no record of a telephone conversation being interrupted, but there is good reason to believe that a stenographic record of important telephone dispatches is made either on a dictaphone or other automatic recording machine. Correspondents have been called up by the Ministry for questioning about a dispatch a few hours after it was telephoned and long before it possibly could have appeared in print.

Any report that Jews or anti-Nazis had been sent to concentration camps without benefit of trial would bring a quick call from the Ministry. So would the report of any "purge," or removal by the firing squad of those who opposed Führer Hitler. If the correspondent's explanation did not suit the Ministry, or if he had a record of previously offending the censor, he might be kicked out of Germany. This happened to Edgar Mowrer, *Chicago Daily News* correspondent now in Paris, and to Dorothy Thompson several years after she got her celebrated interview with Hitler.

Sometimes the roar-back is delayed. It might take Goebbels a week to learn that the dispatch which seemed innocuous at the time it was sent was not as innocent of Nazi criticism as was thought. Perhaps the American reaction to a dispatch could not be gauged immediately. The cabled report of the German Embassy in Washington, followed by more details by letter, might lead to questioning of a correspondent, or his ejection from the country.

Censorship barriers were let down almost completely during the Olympic Games. Special correspondents who were in Germany to cover the games and to get a first-hand impression of the Nazi régime found they could file any dispatches they wanted. The presumed intent of this was to create in the minds of these special correspondents the impression that censorship in Germany was just a myth. That, and the understandable wish that the Olympics in Germany would produce a greater volume of news reports all over the world than any previous Olympic meet.

Correspondents of years of experience and unquestioned wisdom get away with much that their younger and more callow confreres could not attempt. The censor hesitates to lay a profane pencil on their copy, and their dispatches nearly always come through unscathed. Of course, they know their limits.

Italy is similar to Germany. Dispatches designed for cable or wireless transmission are passed through the post office, which controls all mail, telegraph, and wireless. Before transmission of any dispatch is authorized, a censor of the staff of the Foreign Ministry goes over it. It must suit him before it can be passed. Sentences or paragraphs may be objectionable. "Tendentious," says the censor. In that event, the censor will get in touch with the correspondent, and with the correspondent's help the offending matter will be changed or deleted. Woe betide the correspondent if he has gone to dinner or the theater without announcing his destination. His dispatch may not move at all. In fairness to the Italian censor, however, I should say that the provocation must be great—from his viewpoint—for him to hold up a dispatch indefinitely when he cannot locate the correspondent.

Wording of dispatches is never changed by the censor without consulting the correspondent, although minor deletions are made and the dispatch hurried on. This is generally true in all the countries where absolute censorship prevails. Italy's surveillance of telephone news is not, however, so close as Germany's. There is no indication of listening in or of recording the conversations, and the reaction to a dispatch telephoned out of Italy is by no means as instantaneous as in Germany.

Nevertheless, the Italians can move quickly on one point: Mussolini's fiery speeches. Some of them are meant for home consumption only, which means that accurate reporting is indiscreet. David Darrah of *The Chicago Tribune* reported one such speech made by Mussolini in Sardinia during the Ethiopian campaign. Darrah left Italy within twenty-four hours, without even time to pack. His clothes were sent after him.

Hitler and Stalin do not put this restriction on their speeches. When they talk, they talk for world consumption. But while the tactics vary in these three dictator-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ships, the main strategy is the same: to prevent criticism. Censorship is an inevitable means to that end. There can be no free press in a state ruled by a dictator, and it naturally follows that a state dictating what is published within its boundaries is not going to overlook dispatches headed for the world outside. The dictator's objective is to prevent as much criticism as possible, whether within or without his domain. My own opinion is that the news, on which criticism feeds, is only delayed, that eventually American readers of the best American newspapers learn what is happening abroad.

I base this opinion on my own recent experience in Spain with the Madrid Government's censorship. Over a period of five months I was prevented by the censorship from saying much that I wanted to say in my dispatches. Then one day my paper ordered me to leave Spain and write a long, uncensored piece in Paris about what was happening in Madrid. I believe the effect in America of that one long article, containing all that I had not been allowed to say in five months, was far more harmful, or at least produced more unfavorable criticism of the Madrid Government, than would have resulted if from day to day I had been allowed to say the little in my dispatches that the censors objected to.

Censorship in the Far East, from what I have learned from my newspaper's cable editors, is similar in many ways to censorship in Europe. In Japan, an American correspondent must obtain a press card from the Ministry of Communications before he can do any work at all. But thereafter he can write his dispatches and hand them in with his press card at the cable or wireless offices for immediate transmission. His messages need not be submitted first to a censor. However, if he writes anything that the government may object to strongly, after it appears in print, the correspondent may have his press card withdrawn immediately or be warned that it will be withdrawn if the offense is repeated. The Japanese Government objects, above all, to certain types of references to the Emperor. There must be no levity or facetiousness in any reference to His Imperial Majesty, and no treatment of communism in Japan as a serious movement.

These are the conditions under which American correspondents work in normal times in the Land of the Rising Sun. Naturally, when martial law is declared, there is a strict military censorship. But ordinarily the correspondent is not hampered or penalized until after he has offended. In times of military censorship, American correspondents get around it by telephoning to Shanghai, where the Chinese censor will gladly pass anything indicating trouble in Japan.

The outwitting might take this form: The Tokio correspondent calls the Shanghai correspondent of his paper and opens the conversation with pleasant inquiries as to the state of the latter's health. In the course of a seemingly personal and trivial conversation, he remarks, "By the way, old Sourpuss was bumped off today." Sourpuss might be the nickname these two had agreed upon for an outstanding figure in Japanese life. The Shanghai correspondent would not need any further instructions.

In China, on the other hand, correspondents hand in their dispatches at the cable or wireless offices, but they are never sent until the censor has read and approved them. There have been frequent cases of American correspondents having their cables mutilated without their being consulted at all. Dispatches have been held up indefinitely, and more than one American correspondent has been thrown out. The Chinese are extremely sensitive to any criticism. Military operations are almost continual, and the correspondent is handicapped by not being able to report troop movements.

One way of outwitting the censor in China is to mail dispatches to Hongkong, which is British territory. Another dodge is to telephone to fellow correspondents in Tokio. Thus important Chinese news is apt to be datelined Tokio, while important Japanese news is datelined Shanghai. (Here and elsewhere I have referred to some of the dodges used by correspondents in getting news through which otherwise would have been nailed by the censor. I have not told all of them for the sound reason that I am still a foreign correspondent and these dodges are still good in getting by the censor.)

A perfect example of undercover censorship is provided by France, where I served for eight years in the Paris Bureau of *The New York Times* before becoming correspondent in 1933. As in Italy, the French postal, telephone, and telegraph services are controlled by the Ministry of Communications. News from France nearly always is transmitted by cable or wireless, quickly and just as it is written. Dispatches are sent to the cable or wireless office, but as a matter of course must pass through the general post office where they are rapidly scanned by an unofficial censor (who never is designated as such and is not supposed to exist at all).

There is no delay in transmission unless some correspondent, intentionally or unintentionally, reveals important military secrets or includes some information which might vitally injure French commerce. Usually such dispatches are mysteriously "lost" and found the next day, when the correspondent is notified from the post office that the dispatch "unfortunately" was not sent and in looking it over they found that some bureau of some ministry would like to question the correspondent about it before it is sent.

Sometimes the French Embassy in Washington finds in a dispatch from Paris a statement which it does not approve. Then, some weeks later, the correspondent is questioned, ever so politely, by a French dignitary. The dignitary might even cloak his wish for further information by an invitation to lunch.

But occasionally a dispatch gets by with news which causes an international situation. The result is something more unpleasant than lunch with wines. Witness the case of Harold J. T. Horan, who was Paris correspondent for Universal Service in 1929. Obtaining a copy of a secret naval agreement between France and Great Britain, Horan telephoned it to London, whence it was cabled to

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

America. Its publication in the United States naturally reverberated across the Atlantic. Horan was called in for questioning by the Sureté Générale—the Scotland Yard of Paris—and asked to leave the country. William Randolph Hearst then stepped in. As Horan's employer he tried to save his man by saying that he and not Horan had gotten the copy of the treaty and had telephoned it to London. For his pains Mr. Hearst was also banned from France. The ban was later lifted, but Hearst has never taken advantage of this second thought. "It still sticks as far as I'm concerned," he says.

Great Britain deserves more than a small cheer for its preservation of the freedom of the press. It is the one major power which abolished the censorship at the conclusion of the World War and has not since restored it—in any form. The American correspondent working in London enjoys practically the same measure of freedom that he would working in his own country.

Of course there are points on the Empire's life line where the authorities are on guard: Gibraltar, for instance. If a correspondent stationed there wished to report the movement of British ships in and out of the Mediterranean, and if the movement had military significance—then he would naturally be governed by the rules applying to war correspondents. The situation would be exactly the same as in the movement of American battleships through the Panama Canal. If such a movement came at a critical time, news of it might well be stopped as by a military censorship. British naval intelligence is controlled by its Admiralty, just as naval intelligence is in any other navy.

The Suez Canal is owned by a French company in which British interests have a large holding. On one side of the canal is Palestine, a British protectorate. On the other is Egypt, nominally independent. This seems to indicate a complex situation, but the fact is that news, unless of military significance, is freely passed—as the result of British influence.

As Madrid correspondent for *The Times* since December, 1933, I have an intimate acquaintance with censorship in Spain, both before the civil war and throughout its first five months. From early 1934 until the Socialist-Catalan Separatist uprising in October of that year, only a covert or modified censorship was exercised. I could write my dispatches and then hand them in to the cable or wireless offices, or at the general post office, and expect them to be transmitted immediately. Later they would be perused by the press bureau of the Foreign Office, and if anything objectionable was found in them, I would be politely invited to visit the Ministry for a discussion of just what I had in mind when I wrote my piece. If I could convince them that the dispatch had no malicious content and did not discredit Spain or its government in any way, that was the end of that.

Sometimes, however, the Spanish Embassy in Washington would find even stronger objections to my stories and would write to the Foreign Ministry complaining about a certain dispatch. Then I would again be called around to the Foreign Office and warned that "this sort of thing must not happen again." Any reflection on the ability of the government to maintain order might very well be construed as matter which the press bureau of the Foreign Office did not think fit for consumption in America.

My first experience with a military censorship was during the October, 1934, uprising, when I was obliged to go first to a military censor installed at the Telephone Building or in the post office, and submit my copy with a full translation in Spanish before I was allowed to speak by telephone or to send it by cable or wireless.

This was relaxed after the rebellion was put down, and the same conditions as prevailed before were restored until the civil war broke out in July, 1936. From this date on, of course, a strict military censorship was established, and all news which came out of Spain was read carefully before it was transmitted. If it did not suit the military censors, it was changed to suit their taste, or killed entirely.

But there are ways to outwit the censor in Spain, too. After my dispatches were passed by one censor, another censor, equipped with a telephone headset, would sit beside me at a long-distance switchboard in the telephone building. He listened in as I talked with my Paris Office, and his job was to see that I read nothing over the phone that the first censor had stricken from the paper in front of me. One Sunday night a press censor in Madrid struck out of my dispatch a sentence saying there had been no religious service in any church that morning. Just before I submitted my dispatch to the censor, he had been warned not to allow any foreign correspondent to mention the forced omission of Masses in the capital. However, a friend of mine, an English correspondent, had said in his dispatch that there had been no Masses, and had obtained the censor's rubber stamp of approval earlier in the day, before orders came through for the deletion of this news. I inserted the British correspondent's dispatch among the censored sheets of my own copy and read from it over the telephone, just as though it was all my own story. The trick was undetected.

One day last fall I was arrested by militia guards and detained for a few hours because my visit to a big dam on the Alberche River north of Madrid was regarded with suspicion. The militiamen thought I might be a foreign spy working for General Franco, notwithstanding my credentials as an American correspondent and a safe-conduct pass stamped by the War Ministry.

When I submitted my dispatch to the censor that night, after my release from jail, a paragraph describing my detention and questioning was deleted. However, when I came to that part of the story, pretending to pause to give a rest to the man in Paris who was taking down my dispatch, I asked in friendly fashion how his health was. He said he was "all right" and then asked how I was.

"Okay," I replied. "I was in the Big House for a few hours this afternoon but got everything straightened out."

The correspondent at the other end got it, if the censor didn't. My dispatch in *The Times* next day reported that I had been in jail, and correctly stated that my arrest was in connection with my visit to the Alberche Dam.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Your Turn Will Come

Miss Homan's Little People are bound to get theirs

LOUIS ZARA

DRAWINGS BY DON FREEMAN

THE sudden hissing application of the air brakes and the resultant forward jolt of the trolley car threw Miss Homan off her balance and sent fluttering into the aisle the pack of long spelling papers she had been marking. She struck her shoulder against the bronze ear of the seat ahead and her pince-nez flew from the bridge of her nose and dangled from their chain. The car ground to a dead halt. A woman cried, "What happened, what happened!" Several other passengers were jarred, and a male voice swore loud.

If Miss Homan felt an imprecation, she did not utter it. A sensation of numbness spread in her shoulder; she felt the dull hurt stretching to an elliptic shape. As she sat back rubbing the bruise, hoping it wouldn't turn blue and linger for days, she saw a green truck blocking the trolley car's right of way; a short stop to avoid hitting it must have been imperative. Quickly, the pain still throbbing, she stooped to pick up her papers. They had spread like a fan of streamers on the ribbed floor. A large Negro woman across the aisle helped her cheerfully.

"You ain't hurt, lady?" the thin-faced man on the seat ahead inquired timidly, touching her arm.

"Quite all right, thank you!" she said a little more tartly than she had meant to, for she had seen his eyes wander appraisingly to the gray streak at her temple. She jerked her arm away and adjusted her pince-nez. "*Quite* all right," she added in a kinder tone.

With a rattle the sliding door to the front platform opened.

"Anybody hurt?" The motorman, also the conductor on these one-man cars, scrutinized the passengers sharply. He ignored the shower of condemning and inquiring remarks that greeted him and began to pass out blank cards. "Just write your names and addresses down. Company'll take care of everything. That's what they got insurance for." An older man appealed for an account of what had happened. "Militia truck swung out on the track in front of me."

"Militia truck!" a half-dozen voices exclaimed, and heads craned to look through the windows.

"Yep! Governor's sending the troops in," the motorman smacked his lips. "Declaring martial law in a big hunk of the city, right about here. 'Count of the sit-down strikers in National Motors."

"Do you think there is likely to be a long delay, motorman?" Miss Homan asked him, worrying about her class.

"Can't say, lady. Soon's those tin soldiers get off my track——"

"I'm a teacher at the Robert Owens Grade School. I wondered——"

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"Why, Joseph Horn!" she declared

He tipped his hat. "Yes, ma'am. I bet we won't be five minutes."

She disdained staring out the windows, particularly since every vantage point seemed hidden by a broad back. Instead, she began to sort her papers into alphabetical order. Several had been stepped on, and the heel prints of men's shoes with the patterns of round suction cups were hard to erase. On a corner of a sheet she penciled a note on the commonest error in this spelling lesson: "judgement" with two e's or one e: the word "judge," children, with the suffix "ment," remember that. Then she snapped a rubber band about the sheaf.

The motorman lumbered back to his cab, counting his witness cards. Miss Homan tried not to worry, to concentrate instead on some favorite lines from Tennyson's *Idylls of the King*. She thought of King Arthur on the barge in *Guinevere,* beautiful speech as he says, "The old order—" But the tramping of feet outside and sudden shrill whistles from somewhere would not let her recall the rest of the passage. Resolutely she got up and walked to the front of the car and stood on the platform. The motorman sat on his stool, one mittened hand on the controller arm, and waited passively.

She was shocked—soldiers in the streets, a cordon of them along the gutter. But mere youths, she thought, and stared hard at the polished steel helmets they were wearing; and there were sharp bayonets fixed to the barrels of their rifles! She recalled reading in last night's *Journal* that the governor had been asked for state militia to protect the plants of National Motors, but she had not thought state militia meant such smooth-faced children in khaki uniforms and armed with such ugly weapons.

Another truck came by, and she thought she saw small cannon on it. Or were those some new kind of machine gun? As she passed the troopers stepping by, she thought with regret of the passing of the mounted cavalry. The class in history had just been discussing the glorious rôles played by Morgan and Forrest and Sheridan in the Civil War. She thought how much more inspiring the boys must have looked in the blue of the sixties and bent her mind to absorb the details of the soldiers' garb for retelling to the class. The children would be delighted; even the dullest lads brightened when they went over the story of Gettysburg and Pickett's charge or of Sherman's march to the sea.

Someone whistled for the trolley car to proceed. The motorman rose and released the air brakes. Miss Homan hurried back inside. As she returned to her seat, she thought her appearance cut short a discussion among her neighbors of trolley car accidents and collectible damages. They began to move along slowly, entering the area occupied by the huge boxlike buildings of National Motors, walled with hundreds of windows. On both sides of the street the militia was lined up. Officers wearing shiny puttees and Sam Browne belts moved here and there with military crispness. Beyond the barbed-wire fence that surrounded the plants, through open windows, dozens of men, young and old, in work clothes, in sweaters, in leather jackets, looked out silently, watching the soldiers below.

The car halted. Two youthful troopers boarded and began to walk the length of the car, peering into every face.

"Oh, Miss Homan!" one of the soldiers suddenly cried, and stopped before her.

She looked up in surprise. "Why, Joseph Horn!" she declared. "And in uniform!" He removed his helmet, and straightened up, and his reddish hair bristled. He took the hand she offered and shook it in an awkward masculine way.

"They just called me out last night," he explained eagerly, turning the helmet around in his fingers. "I had night school to attend——"

"You're going to night school!" She smiled.

"Yes, ma'am. In June I'll have enough credits to enter law school. My dad says I'm a pretty good mechanic at the garage, but I guess I'd like to be a judge anyway."

She could make no response. Her eyes filled, and she could only shake her head and look at him. "Joseph Horn!" she repeated.

"Come on, Horney!" his companion shouted.

" 'By, Miss Homan," he seized her hand and pumped it again. "Take care of yourself. I'll see you when I'm a judge!" He grinned at her and hurried to join his comrade. "That was a grade-school teacher I used to have. A grand old gal," she heard him say, and flushed, pleased and yet annoyed because several other passengers had heard him and had turned to stare at her. The two soldiers

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

said something to the motorman and hopped to the street.

Joseph Horn. It was every bit of ten years since he had been in her sixth-grade class. He must be twenty now, or more.

She sat up erectly, as she thought of having taught the boy, of having helped instill ideals in him. He would, she was most certain of it, become a judge; he had the determination. She glanced up at the men looking grimly out of the plant windows, uncombed heads, unshaven faces, workshirts, and felt a faint contempt sweeping over her.

Come to think of it, she owned six shares of National Motors' common stock herself. She had purchased two of them five years ago when the price was low, and a good investment it had been indeed. Not a single dividend had National Motors ever passed. As good as her A. T. & T. stock. The other four shares she had bought later with half the proceeds of a matured insurance policy, but those four had cost twice what the first two had. Certainly, she thought, whatever the striking men might feel about National Motors, and from the *Journal* it seemed that they hardly knew themselves what they really wanted, she had no cause for complaint.

She thought of Eric Leyden, famous inventor and engineer for the company, who had been one of her first pupils in the old P. S. No. 31 on O'Brien Street twenty-seven years ago. Eric had been one for designing things even then. She had only been teaching a year, barely twenty-one herself, and as apt to giggle as any of the children.

She recalled, as the trolley car passed from the district occupied by the militia and gathered speed, that in 1927 she had invited Eric to attend the commencement exercises and talk to the graduating class at the John Brown where she was then teaching. He had not been able to come. But he had been very thoughtful. With his regrets had come a lovely box of long-stemmed roses. Only last year his name had been listed in a newspaper article as one of the National Motors executives who had drawn more than one hundred and fifty thousand dollars in salary alone. Closer to one hundred and sixty, if she remembered correctly. A self-made man if there ever was one, and one of her best pupils.

II

"Blair."

"Absent!"

As she made a mark after Samuel Blair's name, she asked: "Does anyone know why?" The boy had been out two days.

David Rock at the rear of the class waved his hand.

"Yes?"

"His old man—I mean his father's on strike."

"Is that an excuse for absence?" she asked of no one in particular. It was a question she habitually posed when an excuse for absence was offered.

"Aw, I guess they're afraid maybe he'll never come back," David answered seriously, "and his ma is keeping the kids home. He's a sit-downer, and they got soldiers after them now."

Confusion of pronouns, she thought mechanically, but Samuel Blair was a poor student anyway. A moment later she was calling, "Henderson." He, too, was absent for the second consecutive day now.

"His pa's sitting down, too," someone volunteered. "He got his head bashed in yesterday."

Instantly she was distressed. She hushed the buzzing that began in the room.

The cab was greeted by the hooting of people who milled on the pavement

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"Courage, children!" she said as she always did when she needed most to take hold of herself. "Courage, children."

Johnny Henderson was one of her best reciters. She hoped the episode would not stay his schooling.

"Tilden."

No one knew why Bobby Tilden was out. But Miss Homan recalled that Bobby's father was an ignition expert at National Motors. Arthur Tilden—she felt very old thinking of him—had attended one of her elementary German classes before the War, when German was a part of the grade-school curriculum. She remembered him because he was the only lad of all her pupils that semester who could correctly pronounce the umlauted vowel. She wondered if he were among the men occupying the plants, and suddenly it came to her that this strike which had before been so remote, except that it might be the reason for the passing of a dividend, was much closer now, much closer.

During the history lesson there was less than the usual enthusiasm, although the biographies of Grant, Sherman, and Lee were discussed. Miss Homan ignored the children's apathy and decided to call for no recitation today. She spent the period talking on the history assignment herself.

Several of the girls who had attended school in the morning did not appear for the afternoon session. Miss Homan wondered whether their fathers, too, were employed in the strike-ridden plants, but she did not inquire of the class. It seemed as though every other person in the city was in some way involved with National Motors. Although, of course, the manufacture of automobiles and accessory products was almost the only industry of importance here.

The evening paper contained a page of photographs of the militia guarding the strike area. In the faces peering from the besieged plants she tried to place Arthur Tilden and among the troopers she sought to find Joseph Horn, but she could with certainty locate neither. There was, however, on a page facing a large advertisement calling the men back to work, a series of pictures of the executives of National Motors, and among them was Eric Leyden. "Inventive genius," it read under his picture. She was thrilled. He certainly was.

Of all the thousands of pupils he stood out the clearest in her mind. Thousands of pupils—she must have had thousands. That had never occurred to her before. Why, teaching for twenty-eight years and she had never had less than thirty-six pupils to a class, two classes a year. Seventy-two by twenty-eight, sixteen six carry one fifty-six fifty-seven, five seventy-six—she ran a forefinger over the paper as she calculated: more than two thousand by a conservative estimate. Considering that she had for several years taught singing to all the lower-graders at John Brown, the number swelled to perhaps four thousand.

The figure staggered her. But she was proud of it. In each pupil she had tried to plant her own firm faith in the goodness of God and the beauty of life and her conviction that truth was always better than falsehood, that right would in the end, however long the delay, triumph over wrong. She knew there were people these days who held such articles of faith old-fashioned and she pitied them from the bottom of her heart. Her eyes misted. She had loved to see them coming to her, class after class, boys and girls, faces bright and eyes clear, heads up, starting out in life like swimmers in strange waters, eager to brave the currents. That was why she persisted so in instilling hope and perseverance with her little stock remark: "Courage, children, courage. Your turn will come!" Nowadays children did not learn the things at home parents used to teach a generation ago. Quietly she had taken it on herself to supplement the lessons, in those intervals when the class was abreast of its assignments, with such gems as she cherished privately, the Twenty-third Psalm, Longfellow's "Psalm of Life," the story of David and Goliath and, it always surprised her how few knew them, Jew and Gentile alike, the Ten Commandments. To perhaps four thousand, unbelievably large number, had she given these, cream of the wisdom of the ages.

So content did she feel that when, on her way to school the next morning, the trolley car once more halted abruptly and sat upon its track for longer than the usual pause, she was surprised. This time there was no grinding halt and turmoil. The car stopped in an ordinary fashion, losing speed smoothly, and simply did not start up again. From where she sat she could see the street sign: "Bishop Avenue," which invariably made her think of Robert Browning's "The Bishop Orders His Tomb at Saint Praxed's," with the dying prelate's last wishes, his yearning for a choice site for his sarcophagus, where a sunbeam might lurk and he could hear the muttering of the Mass. . . . But the car was not moving.

They were a mile this side of the strike area. Suddenly she realized that they were at the end of a long queue of trolley cars that occupied the track ahead. No, not at the end, for another car had arrived behind them. Motor traffic inched along and turned off into side streets. More trouble, she thought, and wished that she could get to school without passing through the industrial section. But the New City, where she lived, had always been separated from the Old City, where her school was located, by factories, mills, and railroad yards, and there was no other way to get there.

Several motormen deserted their cars and fraternized on the curb. One man rolled himself a cigarette from a little sack of tobacco in his hand. They seemed to be prepared for a long wait. But she must at least call the office to say she was delayed again. She had been late yesterday, and tardinesses counted against her even more than they did against the children. As she left the trolley car and went toward the motormen, a series of queer snaps like the sound of whips cracking came from far down the street. It startled her.

"Would there be any use waiting?" she appealed to the men. "I want to get to the Robert Owens Public School."

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

They shrugged. "That was rifle-fire you heard, lady," one said soberly, " 'less I've forgot what it sounds like. They'll probably reroute us before long. But it may be a half-hour or so."

She blanched when he said rifle-fire. Rifle-fire! . . . She made the call to the school from a grocery telephone and then resolutely deposited another nickel to call a taxicab. The expenditure was not entirely unwarranted, she rationalized, part of her job after all.

She tried not to watch the meter. The fare would ordinarily be about a dollar, but now the driver had to skirt the beleaguered areas. She heard sirens wailing in the distance and calculated they could be either police, fire, or hospital sirens. Probably not police or fire— The ticking of the meter jarred her nerves—beat after beat——

Courage, children, she said to herself

The cab prowled down a street on the edge of the National Motors land. It was greeted by the hooting of people who milled on the pavement. Miss Homan sank back into a corner of the seat. Through the barbed-wire fence she could see broken windows, gaping holes in the glassed walls of the plants. There must have been rioting, fighting here, or perhaps only sabotage. Bricks and heavy pieces of wood lay in the gutter and on the walk. The air was somewhat acrid, or she thought it was and wondered whether that was tear gas and how with a breeze blowing anyone could be certain of hitting the right target.

There was a dark pool on the walk at the far end of the block. She tried resolutely to think of all the substances it might be instead of what she was almost certain it must be. A siren wailed again somewhere. When the cab passed the pool she saw it was only water and gasped relief and surprise.

At the end of the street a file of troopers hailed the driver and made him detour farther south. The meter ticked on, the white figures jerking away hurriedly. A patrol wagon came out of a side lane and lumbered on. Two burly policemen rode on the back step. She thought she heard profane cries from inside.

She felt dizzy and suffered a moment of terror that she might have inhaled a breath of that gas. She wondered whether Joseph Horn had thrown any of it and whether he had been hurt and whether Arthur Tilden or Bobby Henderson's father or Samuel Blair's father or any of them, any at all of those she knew personally or through their children had been hurt—or killed. She wondered where Eric Leyden was today and if he had known they were shooting and throwing deadly gas.

Suddenly she felt weak and leaned back against the seat. It would be in the papers in the morning. If he didn't know now, he would know then. It flashed across her mind that perhaps even if he knew, and when he knew, he wouldn't care. Her hands hung limply at her sides. She heard the meter ticking but could not locate the sound in the little space about her.

It seemed to her that moment that all her work, all her striving, all her teaching, and all everyone's work and striving and teaching had been in vain, that everything that she had taught to all these who had passed through her classes had been learned and absorbed only for the sake of the day's grade and then promptly forgotten. The cream of the wisdom of the ages——

She did not know how long she sat this way, swamped by a wave of futility, her mouth open a little, her eyes tired, and her fingers leaden. But the cab had stopped, and the man came out to open the door for her. The bill was two dollars. She paid it without a gasp. She climbed heavily up the flight of granite steps, through the Ionic columns at the entrance, and into the school building.

III

Her face was white when she took her place at the head of the room. In her eyes the empty seats were like gaping holes now, gaping holes in the tapestry of little eager heads and bodies. She called the roll in a low voice, accepting each volunteered "Absent!" with a little cringing, but she asked for no explanations, wondering only how many, present at this roll call, would not come back for the afternoon session. . . . She opened her assignment book. "History: Civil War: Name and discuss the most important battles."

Courage, children, she said to herself. Courage. Your turn will come.

She drew a deep breath and smiled weakly at the class.

"I think we'll have our English lesson first this morning," she declared. "Everyone sit up now. Shoulders back. Chest out. Inhale through the nose, exhale through the mouth. One, two. Again, one, two. . . . Now who can name all the parts of speech and tell how we use them?"

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

SCRIBNER'S PRESENTS *this month Wood Kahler, author, and Peter Hurd, illustrator, whose works have never before appeared in a magazine . . . see page 56*

False Front

WOOD KAHLER

LILLIAN was looking at him and laughing. He knew he cut a ridiculous figure in his cowboy hat, but he did not mind. He liked to have her laugh at him like this, showing her nice teeth. He hung his polo coat on a hook at the foot of the kitchen stairs and put his cowboy hat on top of the coat, thinking of the old days out on the range.

He set the paper bags on the table that stood against the street wall between the door and the only window in the little basement kitchen. The house had been modernized many years after it had been built; and now, along apple-green walls and ceiling, steam pipes, gas pipes, hot-water pipes, cold-water pipes, flue pipes, sewer pipes, and flexible electric cables crossed and recrossed in almost every direction.

Lillian was standing in front of the gas stove, making buckwheat griddlecakes on a frying pan. He watched her bare arm as she flipped over a cake and set the frying pan back on the stove. It was a strong, rounded arm, and to look at it gave him a pleasant sensation, mingled with a consciousness of security. And yet on occasions such as this the sight of Lillian, effectively at work over a hot stove, reminded him of his own inabilities. Perhaps he should try to get some kind of commercial job that would enable them to have a servant. He couldn't let his wife go on cooking and washing dishes forever.

He sat down at another table in a small alcove next to the stove. It was an Early American sawbuck table, and drawn up to it were six arrow-back chairs. Lillian poured him out a cup of coffee, and he began to eat his favorite breakfast of buckwheat griddlecakes and country sausage. He liked the idea of eating what he felt was a typically American breakfast. Lillian sat watching him eat. "I must say, Francis, no matter what happens, I've never seen it spoil your appetite." How little she really understood him. He shuddered slightly, recalling the shadow of the little tree running over the snow along the block toward the corner. He had seen it that morning on his way home with the paper bags from the grocery store, the shadow of a leafless tree, wrapped in a tight spiral of burlap, running along the snowy sidewalk past the Chink's red-lettered laundry window—the Jew tailor's—the Italian shoemaker's—the Czech barber's—almost to the Irish saloonkeeper's on the corner. The city seemed full of shadows these days. Yesterday he had seen a shadow thundering down Third Avenue. The sunlight, reflected by the windows of an elevated train, leaped and sparkled. For a moment the wide, gray sidewalk had looked like a brook dashing over rocks in the shallows. If only he could buy a little place somewhere in the country. He looked up from his plate of buckwheat cakes. "Lillian, let's sell this house!"

"Have you gone crazy?" she said. "I love our house—all except the living room, which is much too small. I'd like to have a living room big enough to give a party for seventy-five people."

He went on eating buckwheat cakes calmly. But underneath the surface he was trembling. What he disliked most of all about the house was its genteel brownstone front, which was continually flaking off here and there in granulated cocoa-colored blotches. He happened to know the veneer of brownstone concealed a solid wall of old red brick. Last night he had dreamed he was up on a ladder, scraping off the false front, revealing the true. He thought of Lillian's nephew, lolling in Florida sunshine, watching the waves raise their little ruffled parasols down at the edge of the beach where the sand is always hard and smooth. "Lillian," he said, "I don't like to say I told you so, but if you hadn't spent all that money sending Ted to Florida——"

Lillian clicked her coffee cup against the saucer. "Francis, you know perfectly well I had to get him away from Meriam Martin. I can't have my nephew marrying a torch singer."

Meriam Martin rented a bedroom and bath on the second floor. The windows of Meriam's room looked across to the rear of a school for boys, and Meriam was never one to bother very much about a small matter like pulling down the shades. Francis, who frequently practiced rope-spinning in the back yard, would notice little boys hanging out the school windows. From where he stood in the yard below, rope in hand, perfecting the "wedding ring" or the "butterfly," he could only guess what the little boys were looking at. "I don't think Meriam wants to marry your nephew. Why should she? He can't support her. He and work are perfect strangers." In his mind

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

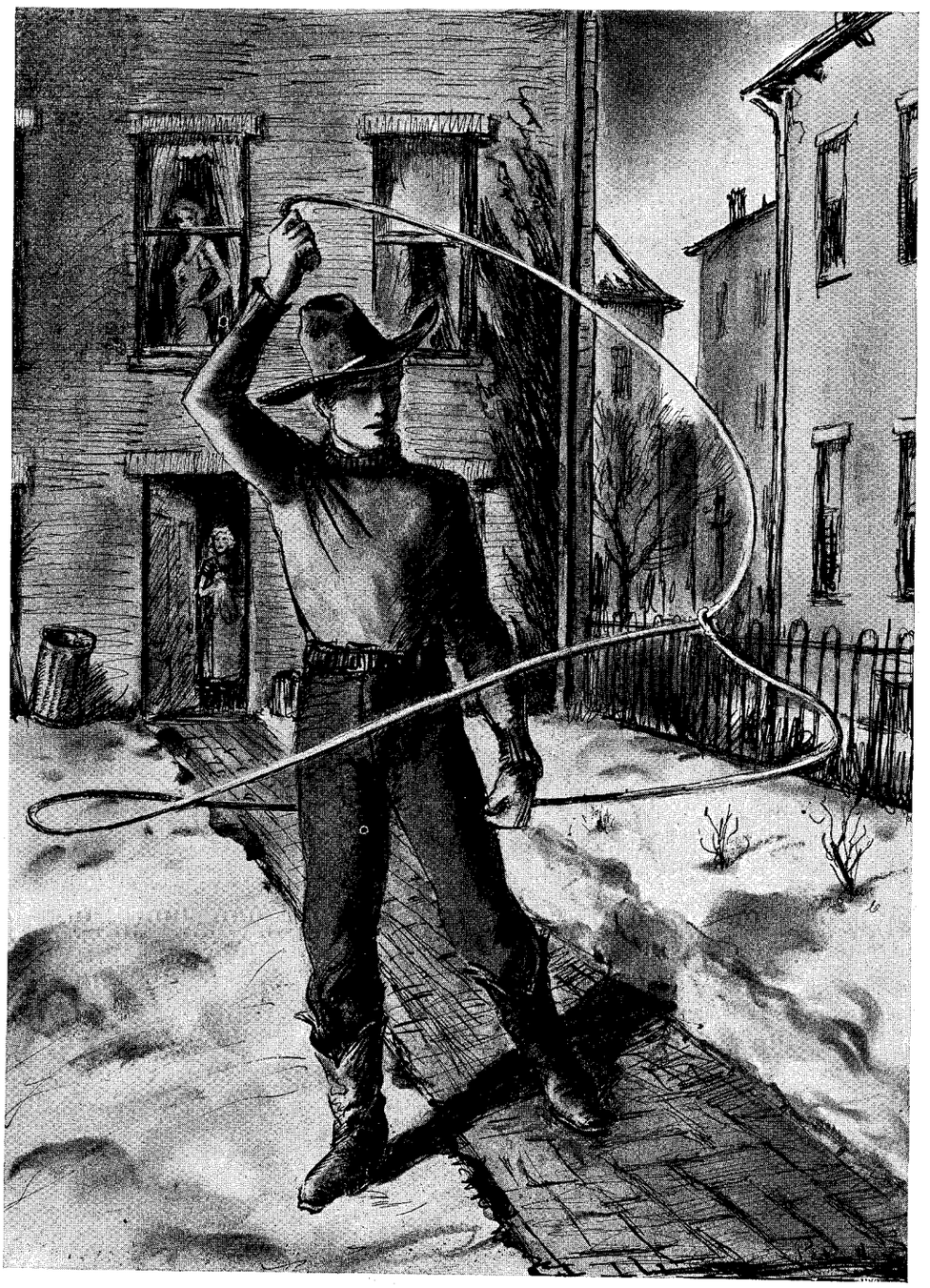
Francis could see Ted standing before a mirror, wrapping a silk bandanna, gypsy-fashion, around his unruly blond locks. Ted seemed to concentrate his thoughts on only two things in life: his hair and his invitations. Whenever the invitations happened to be from the right people Ted stuck them in his mirror, where they fringed his handsome reflection like lace around an old-fashioned valentine.

Lillian got up and walked over to the stove to make another griddlecake. "I've never seen you work very much either," she said, over her shoulder.

"But I'm an artist, Lillian. As artist I make my contribution of prophecy and salvation to all humanity." He went on eating.

"Artists are the worst humbugs in the world." Lillian was whipping the gray-grained buckwheat batter with a big white-enameled spoon. "Take yourself, for example. You sponged on your mother most of your life. And now you're living on your Aunt Mary's money."

He went on eating, outwardly calm. He thought of his mother, rich, smartly dressed, with a long cigarette holder in her mouth, making the waiters jump. He usually pictured her like that—making the waiters jump in all the fashionable European resorts, while he sat, the model



Francis frequently practiced rope-spinning in the back yard

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

child, dressed in black velvet like little Lord Fauntleroy, minding his p's and q's. At any rate, when he came into some money of his own from Aunt Mary, he had had courage enough to revolt and come back to America and buy a ranch in Texas, showing the true pioneer blood was in him, even if he had been born in a villa on the Côte d'Azur and had been taught to bow and kiss the ladies' hands. He picked up a white and apple-green checked dishcloth from the rack and began to dry the dishes as Lillian washed them. "I just got a letter from the Crosstown Gallery. They say on account of limited space they cannot keep my cow pictures any longer. They want me to come and take them away." He could see the tenderness in her eyes, and he was almost glad his paintings were being thrown out of the gallery. It was pleasant to have Lillian feel sorry for him. It made him seem important and somehow safe—like the times in his childhood when he was ill in bed and didn't have to go to school.

Clap-clop-clap on the stairs. He knew it was the sound of Meriam Martin's flopping mules. Every morning her mules made the same sound on the wooden stairsteps. In a green silk kimono, she now came shuffling across the brownish-crimson tiles. She smiled and said good morning on her way to the stove to pour herself a cup of coffee. There was always something set and artificial, like a cheap permanent wave, about Meriam's smile. And the way she regarded her own droopy-eyed blonde image in every mirror always made Francis feel excessively modest. She slumped down in one of the arrow-back chairs and gulped her coffee black. "My agent gave me an awful jolt yesterday. Torch songs are out, he said. Romance is coming back." While Meriam spoke she was trying to see herself in the kitchen windowpane. "Maybe it's a good thing for the morale of America, like my agent said, but it rings the gong for me. Unless I'm willing to go in for numbers like *Happy Days Are Here Again*. But what I really wanted to tell you was that I am so broke I don't see how I can pay this month's rent."

"Forget it!" Lillian waved her hand. "You'll get another break pretty soon and you can pay me then."

He looked blankly at the white, monumental electric refrigerator, which they were buying on the installment plan. It was easy enough for Lillian to say forget it with a wave of the hand, but how about the taxes and the interest and all the other bills past due? He couldn't blame the gallery for asking him to come and get his cow pictures. The cows had stopped selling, although he used to find a market for them. Was it because, as Meriam's agent had said, romance was coming back? Were people beginning to want to see pictures of contented cows? He didn't know. He had painted his cows from an esthetic point of view, unrelated to the common herd. Were his cows too snobbish and too ironical? He had asked himself this same question earlier that morning, as he listened to a steady, sinister scrape of snow shovels against the widespread city pavement. Something funny was happening in America. People seemed to have lost their appetite for tattooed countesses and Venetian glass nephews and all the sophisticated, disillusioned, erotic gonfalons of Poictesme. Why had a bum, leaning on a snow shovel, become so interesting? What prophecy lay in the bum's listless red eye, as he stood gazing off down the block? Francis wished he knew. Suddenly he said to Lillian: "I'm sorry, but I must sell this house. It hangs like a millstone around my neck!"

Lillian was looking at him and laughing. "They got your ranch in Texas away from you, Francis, but they are not going to get this house. Where would we live? In an automobile trailer?"

"Yes, if necessary. I'd rather live in a trailer than not be able to pay my debts."

"You're a funny kind of artist, Francis, worrying about paying bills. I never heard of a real artist doing that."

Francis did not answer. Maybe he wasn't a real artist. Maybe his art, like his house, was just another false front.

A young woman with enormous hazel eyes came down into the kitchen in a red-flannel dressing gown. Ethel Sipperly always said, "Gude Merning!" in a little baby voice that sounded as if she were taking off somebody else. But it was really her own voice. And she always stood with her stomach sticking out, as if she were trying to take off somebody with a little potbelly. But it, too, was her own. Francis took a pencil and began to make a few sketchy lines on the back of an envelope from the city tax bureau. The charm of the little potbelly was its unashamed integrity. Like a citizen of Utopia, it seemed to be a part of a harmonious whole, and yet to maintain a sincere individuality, leading its own life.

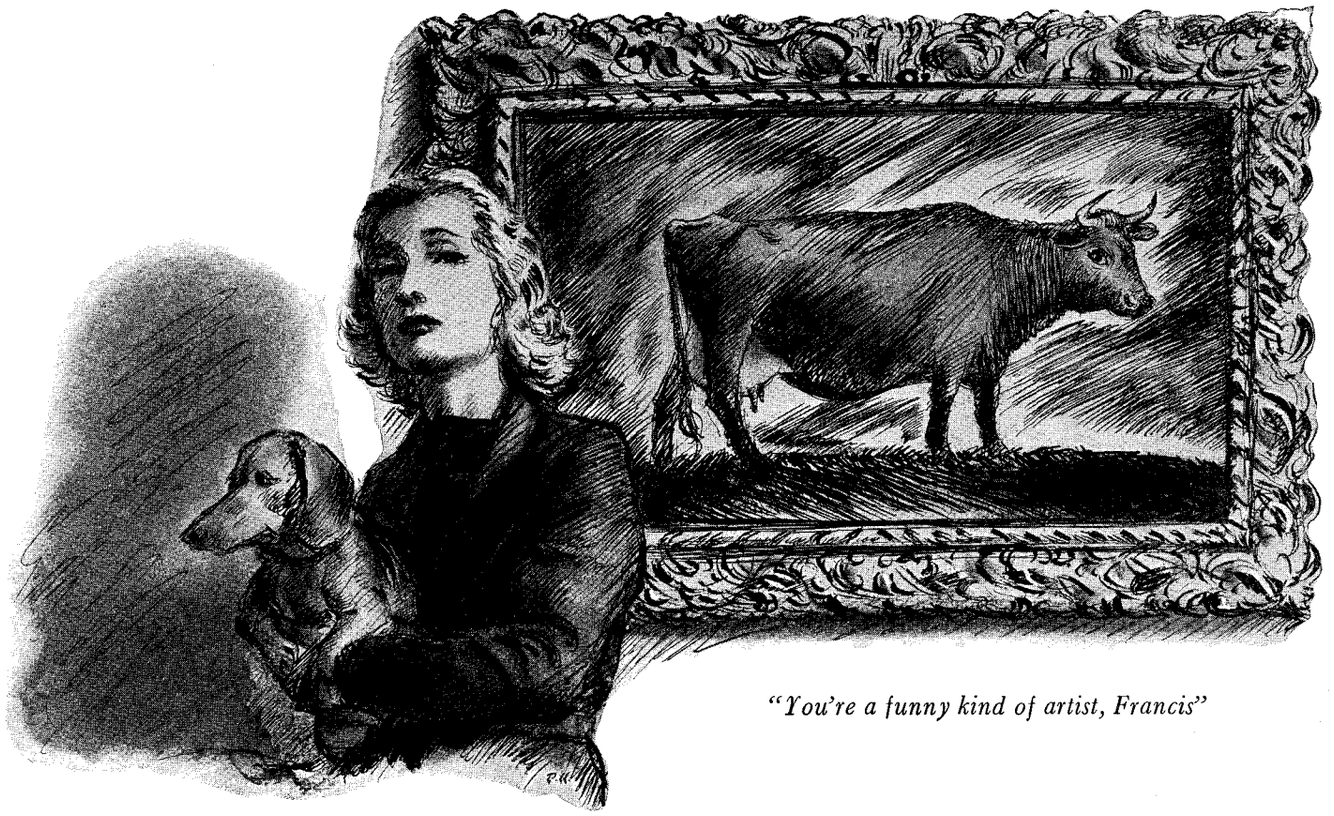
The Bunyards came down. Mr. Bunyard read the morning paper close to the window to catch the daylight, while Mrs. Bunyard set the kitchen table for breakfast, and Thelma, their little daughter, walked aimlessly about, hugging Wadsworth, the dachshund, in her arms, saying to him over and over again in a singsong voice, "No, no, no, no, no, no, no——"

Next Impy Chase came down. Impy was small and vivacious. She had dark hair and big round eyes and a round button nose and round lips. She always hurried into the kitchen, dressed smartly for the street, and she always managed to chisel in on somebody else's breakfast. Afterward she would dash off somewhere in a taxicab.

Everybody began to walk about the little basement kitchen, turning the water on and off, scraping plates, putting away silverware, emptying coffee grounds into the apple-green garbage can, talking over the extension telephone, grinding the legs of the arrow-back chairs against the brownish-crimson tiles, and frequently bumping into each other. Mrs. Bunyard slammed the icebox door at least a hundred times, and little Thelma, hugging Wadsworth, the dachshund, in her arms, said to him over and over again in a singsong voice, "No, no, no, no, no, no, no——" until Francis had to put his fingers into his ears.

"You might as well get used to it, Francis darling," Ethel Sipperly said. "You'll always have to live in a

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



"You're a funny kind of artist, Francis"

boardinghouse, because Lillian likes the atmosphere."

After all the boarders, except Meriam Martin, had gone upstairs, Francis sat brooding at the sawbuck table, wedged in between Meriam and Lillian. So this was a boardinghouse! He had never quite thought of it like that. He began to feel sorry for himself. Lillian was really more to blame than he. They could have afforded a servant and all the bourgeois comforts, if Lillian hadn't had such grandiose ideas. She had run him into debt and then played the heroic rôle by renting out rooms and washing dishes. He half rose from his chair. "Lillian, something's got to be done!" As he spoke, his eyes were shining. They were sky-blue eyes, deep-set under a high forehead.

"But Francis, everything has been arranged." Lillian was laughing at him. "Where have you been for the last five minutes? Haven't you heard a word Meriam and I were saying?" She leaned in front of him toward Meriam. "Let's see—we'd better have a signal. You can ask me how I like your hat. If I say I like it, that means Mr. Smally has possibilities. Otherwise, there's no use wasting any time on him. Get me?"

Francis listened in silence. Mr. Smally? A signal? A hat? What was it all about anyhow?

"I wonder if he really is rich," Meriam said.

"It's easy enough to find out," Lillian said. "All you have to do is ask him if he is related to the Smallys who have all those copper mines. Of course you could just as well say oil fields. Anything to start the ball rolling. Or you could say to him, for instance, 'Oh, Mr. Smally, I feel so undressed without a flower.' If he buys you orchids, he has dough."

Francis was disturbed. Where could Lillian have learned such nefarious technique? He began to think back. Had she tried in the beginning any of those tricks on him?

"Say he has invited you to Bermuda on his yacht—" Lillian was still going on—"you must wait until all arrangements are made and at the very last minute you say, 'Oh, Mr. Smally, I'm afraid I can't go after all. I haven't any summer clothes.' Well, if he says, 'Oh, Miss Martin, you're so pretty you don't need any clothes,' then you'll know he's a tightwad."

"But suppose Mr. Smally—whoever he is—doesn't invite her to Bermuda?"

Lillian looked at him and laughed. "That's easy. She takes him for a walk along Madison Avenue, and they stop in front of a travel-bureau window."

"I've always wanted a yacht," Meriam said.

Francis pushed back his chair. "I don't see why we can't work this thing out along more ethical lines."

"We can talk about that later," Lillian said. "In the meantime, Meriam is bringing Mr. Smally here this afternoon to tea."

"If she does," Francis said, "I warn you I'm going to let the cat out of the bag."

That afternoon when Francis walked into the living room, he found Lillian already there, placing Woolworth cocktail glasses on an antique Sheffield tray. The tray was long and narrow, in keeping with the room. Lillian's dark-blue afternoon dress was very becoming to her, he thought. Her rings and bracelet and brooch were beautiful, too, but he could not enjoy them fully, because they

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

cost so much to insure. And yet he was glad they at least were not false. "You look very voluptuous in that dress, Lilly," he said, running his hand up her strong, plump arm, bare almost to the shoulder, except for the wide, diamond bracelet.

"I'm really very fond of you, Francis." He could see warmth and amusement and tenderness in her eyes, and he felt good. She made him know he was alive—even if she had moved into his studio and was always hanging her silk stockings and underwear over his easel.

Meriam and a man in gray-striped trousers and spats and a cutaway coat came into the room. He was thin and sunburned and had a waxed mustache. Francis noticed that Meriam was wearing orchids on her shoulder. "This is Mr. Smally," she said.

Francis shook hands with him. "Well, how's the launch?"

"Pardon?" Smally said.

"My husband was asking about your yacht." Lillian smiled at Smally and frowned at Francis. "I wish your Aunt Mary had left you a yacht, Francis. Have a cocktail, Mr. Smally?"

"Thank you, no. I seldom touch liquor." He turned toward Francis again. "Although I happen to be in the wholesale-drug line, I guess I'm really what you'd call a dreamer."

"Are you by any chance related to the copper-mine Smallys?" Francis said.

"My husband has not been feeling well all day." Lillian turned to Francis. "Don't you think you'd better go and lie down, sweetie pie? We'll excuse you."

Francis was examining Meriam's hat. It was a large hat with red cherries on it. "I don't like your *hat*." He leaned toward Meriam, shielding his mouth with one hand. "Psss-t! It's a signal. Remember?"

"Don't listen to Francis," Lillian said. "It's exactly the kind of hat you need just now. If it starts to blow away, you hold on to him—it."

Francis shook his head. "I'd let it blow if I were you. I never did like waxed fruit."

Mr. Smally cleared his throat. "I don't like the hat either. I think she'd look much better without it." Francis and Lillian burst out laughing.

"You mustn't get Mr. Smally wrong," Meriam said. "He's really very generous. He bought me these beautiful orchids and he has wonderful taste in clothes."

Smally, looking pleased with himself, tested the sharpness of a waxed mustache tip against his thumb. "I've persuaded this little lady to join me on a cruising party to Palm Beach. The idea came to us both right out of the blue."

"He means right out of the travel-bureau window, doesn't he?" Francis winked openly at Meriam.

Meriam's smile did not waver. But she ran no more risks. Before Francis was able to let the cat out of the bag, Meriam managed to get Smally out of the house.

After they had left, Francis came back into the narrow living room and sat down on the sofa again beside Lillian. He felt it was no wonder his cows had an ironic look in their eye—the world being what it was.

"The dirty little hussy!" Lillian said. "Can't you see what she's after? She's using Mr. Smally just to get down to Palm Beach so she can be with Ted."

"I'm afraid there's nothing we can do about it."

"That's just where you're wrong!" Lillian got up and went to the telephone. "I'm going to call the garage and tell them to take the car out of dead storage."

"Oh, my God!" he said. He saw she was laughing at him again in her familiar, affectionate way.

"You wanted to live in a trailer," she said. "Our car is better than any trailer. And at night we can sleep in those tourist camps everybody is talking about."

Francis began to warm up to the idea. It would be nice sleeping with Lillian in a cozy little tourist cabin beside a babbling brook. He was already getting into the romantic spirit. If romance were coming back, why not be one of the first to greet it?

A couple of days later Francis and Lillian, in a long, racy, convertible victoria sedan, pulled out of East Sixty-second Street and turned down Park Avenue, heading toward Florida. Wadsworth, the dachshund, wearing an emerald-green sweater, sat on Lillian's lap, looking out the window. They went by a group of ragged men, standing in the gutter, listlessly shoveling slush. The men looked like bums from a Bowery mission, and yet in a way Francis envied them. At least they had struck bottom, while he on the other hand still had a great distance to fall. "If Meriam thinks she can marry Mr. Smally," Lillian was saying, "and keep my nephew as her gigolo, she's very much mistaken. I'm going to stay right in Palm Beach until I've got Ted engaged to some nice rich society girl."

"But we can't afford to stay in Palm Beach," Francis said. He had borrowed from the bank only enough money to cover their trip down and back.

"Don't worry, Francis. Mr. Smally gave Meriam a big check to buy clothes with, and she lent me six hundred dollars. I didn't dare tell you until now for fear you'd insist on paying the taxes or something."

"Do you mean you are going to use Meriam's money to stop her from having her own way? It doesn't seem quite honorable." But he was not in the mood to argue the point any further. He had already begun to think again about his cow pictures that nobody wanted. What did people want these days? He considered the question a moment. Mr. Smally, for example, wanted you to think he was a dreamer. Meriam wanted a yacht. Ted wanted his hair to lie flat. And Lillian wanted a living room large enough to accommodate seventy-five guests. What most people wanted was not the ironic twinkle in the eye of an esthetic cow, but the actual beef and hides. Those snow shovelers back there in the gutter—what could they do with the picture of a cow? They'd much rather have a hamburger and a cup of coffee. And what did he, himself, want? Slowly the truth illuminated his brain, burning out the artist, leaving the man. What he wanted most of all was Lillian.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Life in the United States

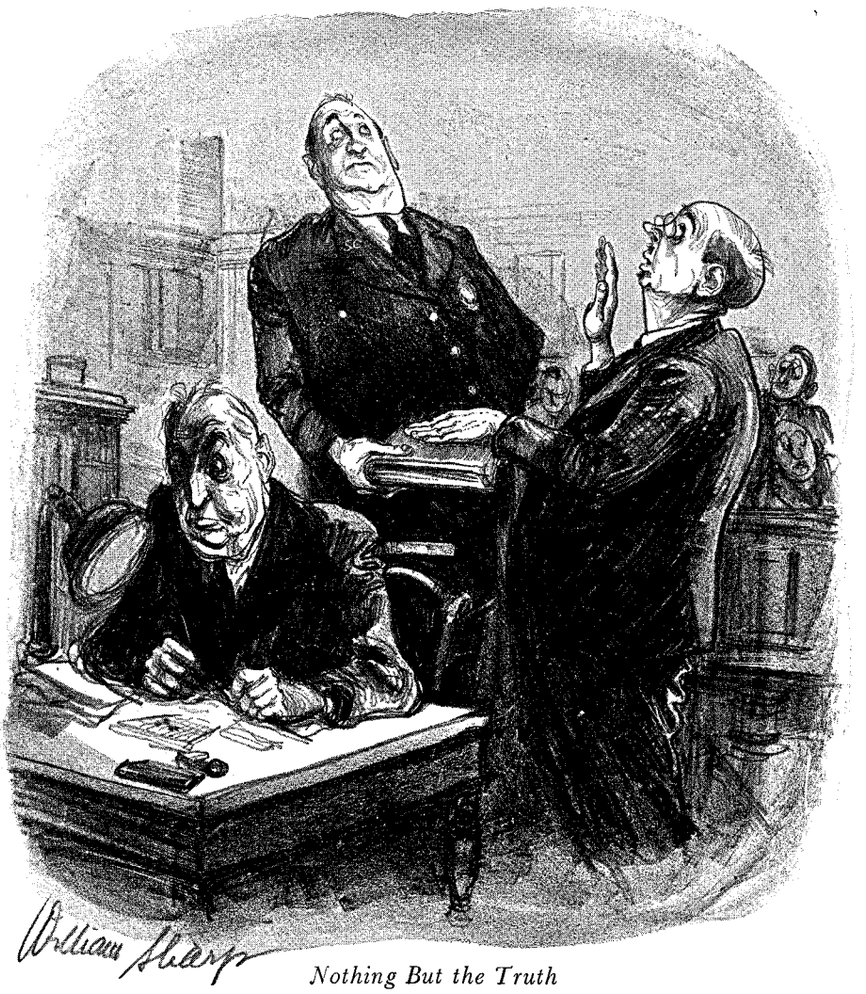
COURTROOM LITHOGRAPHS BY WILLIAM SHARP

A KEEN sense of drama and character, an unusual differentiation between types—these are the qualities which distinguish the work of William Sharp. The lithographs published here were executed by him from scenes in the courtrooms of New York. Somehow he has caught the legal spirit of a land to which he was a stranger until 1934. A German by birth, he served as a machine gunner on the Russian front during the War, studied at the Berlin Academy, and—until Hitler—was a cartoonist for German newspapers noted for their liberalism.

Shyster Lawyer

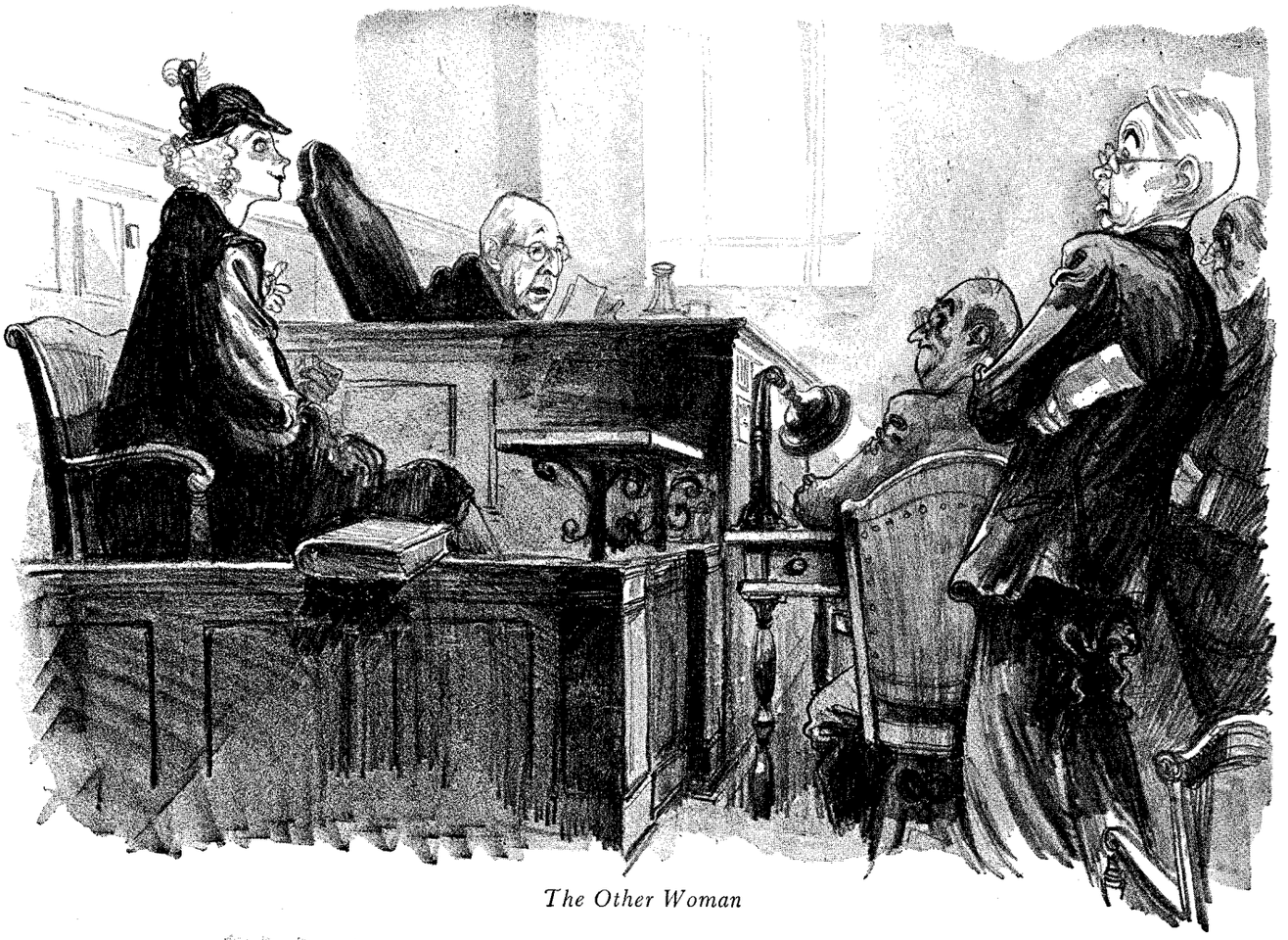
PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Gentlemen of the Jury



Nothing But the Truth

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



The Other Woman

A Fine Point of Law

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

LIFE IN THE UNITED STATES *is a regular feature of Scribner's Magazine containing short articles on distinctively American subjects and scenes*

Tourists on a Wooden Cross

MARJORIE NORTHROP

"DARLING, you'll have to stop. I can't *go* any farther," I complained. "Please—" Charles slowed down to twenty-five and looked at me, looked at me and slowed down some more. And I looked at Charles' weary eyes and I knew pretty well he was more so than I.

"No hotels in this Godforsaken country. Sleep on the ground?"

"No-o—but we could find maybe one of those tourists-for-the-night places."

"Oh, really!"

"I mean it, darling, I have to and so do you."

"All right," he said, just as we were rolling into a tiny village and the car was coming to a stop. Sure enough, there was "Tourists" on a wooden cross in the yard across the street.

"It looks kinda dingy," I said doubtfully, "but——"

"Let's go," he said wearily and opened his door. I followed him, stiff with too much sitting, up the walk.

A thin lady, in a gray dress, smiled at us before she opened the door—for the smile was there when we first saw her face.

"Room for the night?" Charles grunted.

"Yes, I have two grand rooms and you can take your choice and there's no one here but my husband who's lame and a bit deaf and you'll like it because it's nice and quiet and there's no one to disturb you. Come right this way."

Charles did not look at me going up the creaking stairs or down the musty hall or in the poor sickly bedrooms.

"You'll have to excuse a little dust. I usually dust every day but I had to do both my washing and ironing today and it's hard——"

"Oh yes, indeed," I said, feeling gingerly of the bed, flat and hard and dingy.

"You don't need to worry about the ease of the bed," she assured me. "Everyone who ever slept in it has complimented me on that. The springs aren't new this year but was good when I got them. I never used to buy anything but the best. Take a look in this other room."

We went along the hall, and the eyelids on me kept going shut so I could hardly see Charles' expression. All I knew was—Charles sagged. He wasn't his bright self.

"No one but nice people ever stayed with me. It always seemed to Eth and I we have awful good luck with our roomers. We've had some of the nicest people sleeping in our beds you'd ever want to meet. Now here's the other room. It's smaller but neater and lots of people prefers this wallpaper. It is nice, isn't it?"

I nudged Charles. I could see only some red-and-blue blotches every few inches and some frazzly curtains at the windows and a few peekholes in the shade.

"Yes, it is nice," I murmured and Charles said, "Yeh."

"Would there be a bath hereabout?" I asked.

"Oh my yes, right at the end of the hall. Hot and cold running water, too. We're the only place for ten—fifteen miles got hot and cold running water in the house."

"Let's stay," I said to Charles before I felt of the latter mattress.

"Yeh," Charles said.

We creaked down the stairs and the thin lady urged me to sit a moment while Charles went out to the car, accompanied by lame and a-bit-deaf Eth, and the car chugged for a few minutes, and the luggage was brought in. She asked Charles to sign our names and address in the curly-backed notebook as Eth limped up the stairs apuff with all the luggage. She was talking while my eyes were shutting and opening, but mostly shutting. I saw Charles making doggedly for the stairs and I arose.

"We're tired—we've come four hundred miles today and——"

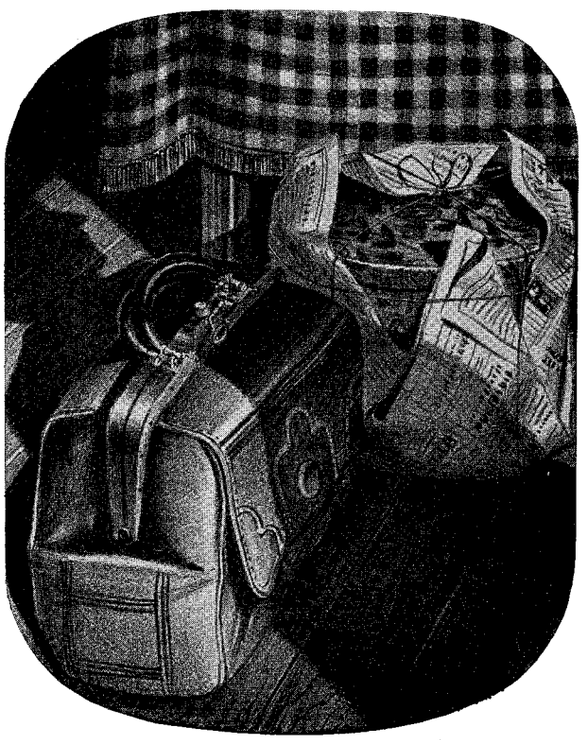
"Sit just a minute," she begged, and commanded, "and get your husband——"

"Charles—" I moaned.

He looked in at us silently.

"I just want to tell you about all the nice people who've stayed with us——"

I swayed into a chair helplessly and Charles started to speak or grunt, but she interrupted it.



PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"As I told you, we always have the nicest people stay here. I don't know how we get them. There was the Brundages, a man and his wife and two little girls from Athol, Mass. He was a business man, owned his own store there, men's store, and he was a good Republican—I hope you are, but no hard feelings——"

Charles tried to grunt, standing there in the doorway and looking sad as I ever saw him, what I could see of him with my eyes like slits.

"He had an older auto than some of them but he said when fall come he'd have him a new one. . . . I see you looking at that photograph, Mrs.—a—Isn't that a wonderful picture of him?"

There was a vague resemblance to someone, so I nodded affably as possible.

"Is—is he a relative?" I asked, low.

"Mr. Landon! my—no—I'd be mighty proud if he was. My!"

"Is—is that Mr. Landon?" I asked, squinting.

"I remember that name," Charles mumbled. "Not the face."

"That's Governor Landon who should be President of the U. S. now. I thought it was such a very good likeness."

"Oh, him," said Charles in an unusually loud voice.

"I never saw him but he would have been a wonderful President. This country would have been in different shape now if he'd been put in. None of them strikes and sit-downs we wouldn't have. This state did all *it* could——"

Eth thumped unevenly down the stairs.

"Eth," she called loud.

Charles moved into the room so Eth could get by.

"Eth," she shouted louder, "come in."

"Where you people from?" she inquired in an aside.

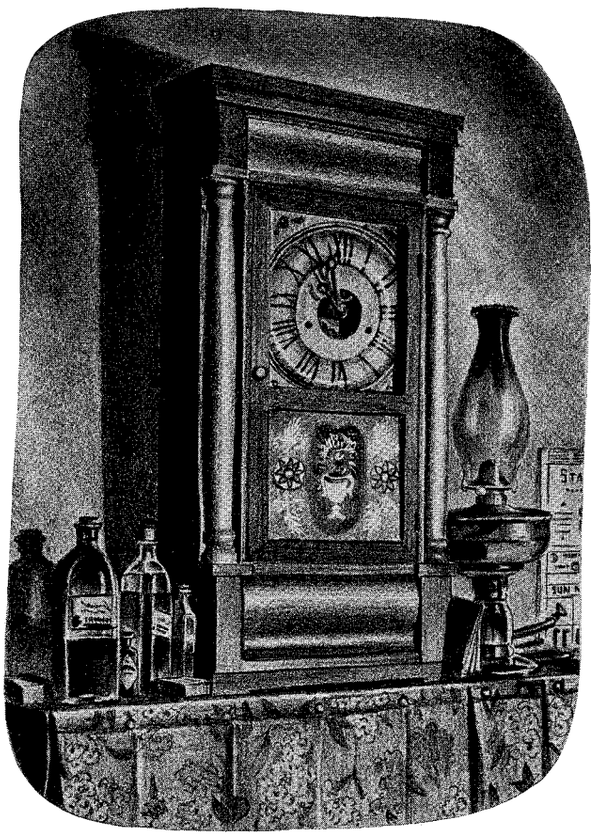
"Connecticut," murmured myself.

"Eth," she shouted, "these people are from Connecticut."

Eth, rumpled shirted and panted, came in and sat laboriously down.

"Good, good," Eth remarked.

"What's your business?" she addressed Charles, "and why don't you sit down and make yourself comfortable?"



LITHOGRAPHS BY WALTER DUBOIS RICHARDS

"Siddown," Eth commanded Charles.

"We best get to bed." I tried to rise.

"Yeh," said Charles, "Mrs. Siddon's tired."

"Oh my," shouted the lady. "Eth, their name's Siddon. You can't be related to James Siddon down to Troy, can you?"

"No, guess not," Charles said abruptly, and I made another move to rise.

"I wanted to tell you about the Bergens. They were nice people. Eth, I want to tell them about the Bergens," she announced. "Mr. Bergen was connected with—Eth, was it Sears Roebuck near Philadelphia?—I think that was it, and he was some kind of manager. Very important position and he had money all right. He left me a five-dollar bill. His wife was very nice too. She wore the nicest suit of clothes I ever see on a lady. She had real style, and her sister was with her and her sister had beautiful blonde hair but—Eth, wasn't it Mrs. Bergen's sister we thought bleached her hair?"

Eth nodded.

"But she was prettily dressed. They must of had a heap of money and—Eth—those Bergens were Repub——"

"The Mertons—tell 'em about the Mertons?" Eth helpfully suggested.

"Oh yes, the Mertons—you couldn't ask for nicer people than those Mertons. There were two sisters and a brother and they all had wonderful jobs in Boston. One sister was head of a tearoom—Eth, was it a tearoom or a beauty parlor that Merton girl was head of?"

"Hey?"

"Yes it was a tearoom. And the other one taught in a private school—I think she was the head, and the brother was an engineer— What was he, Eth, electric engineer?"

"What's that?" contributed Eth.

"He was an electric engineer. And they were Baptists and they knew my nephew, I found out by accident. Eth, wasn't Merton the one I said I heard whispering in his sleep and I went to his door and listened? The whispering stopped and soon as I got away I heard the whispering and low talking and I did that three times—stood listening. I wouldn't want anything to happen to my roomers and I'm always looking out——"

Charles got over to the doorway by inches, and I got up doggedly.

"What's your business——?"

"Coal miner."

"Coal miner! I don't know's I ever heard of a miner from Connecticut."

Charles and I staggered blindly up the stairs—and dizzily to bed. We were sinking immediately into unconsciousness when a loud knock on the door roused us. It opened a crack. The thin lady said, "Oh, I'm sorry— I didn't know's you were abed so soon. I just wanted to ask you did you know the Burnses of Hartford?"

What, I wondered, would Charles do! He was moving his body out of bed.

"No," he said ominously patient.

"Well, Mr. Burns must have been a drinking man. We found an empty gin bottle in his room the day after. We're Prohibitionists, you know, always have been, and they were the only people—they seemed so nice, too. They had a beautiful big new auto. And *she* might have been nice and it was just her husband. Well, I thought you being from Connecticut you might know them or heard of them . . . Burnses of Hartford—Arthur Burns, I believe. Insurance."

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Charles started for the door.

"Charles—" I gasped.

"Well, good night," she bade, and shut the door quickly.

Charles lost his sense of humor in that house. He turned over and over in that bed, and dead as I was, I couldn't sleep. The springs creaked and the bed lumped.

"Charles—please be still, lie quiet," I begged.

"Jeez—" he muttered and scratched.

"Nice people," he muttered.

Something like an owl hooted outside not far away. I shivered up to Charles and put my arm over his shoulder and he almost slung it back at me.

"The nicest people," he ground out.

Two dogs barked simultaneously beneath our windows. If we were both dozing, we both didn't doze again—not knowingly.

"Nice people—nice doggies," Charles said.

Footsteps padded down the hall once or twice and stopped at our door and padded away, and Charles was heard to remark "nice people."

Charles arose at five and impolitely insisted that I so do. I was helpless. He stamped down the hall to the hot and cold running water, but the hot water evidently did not run. I heard Charles knock on two different doors.

"Charles," I called futilely.

Charles knocked very very loudly and I started toward him. The thin lady opened one of the doors.

"There's no hot running water."

"What—what—" she whispered.

"No hot running water!" Charles shouted.

"Oh, you didn't say you were going to get up early. I'll go down and light the heater quick's I——"

"Never mind!" Charles shouted louder than ever. "We have to go. We're not nice people!" Charles shouted. "We come from a long line of saloonkeepers and bootleggers, Democrats——"

And on our way out I thought to blot out with all the ink left in the bottle our names and address. "My name's Tammany," he called up the stairs.

But I can never forget the thin lady's tragic face as I saw it in the half-opened doorway as Charles shouted. I've always been going to write her that occasionally Charles had an early-morning aberration and that she should never think of it a second time because we really were very wealthy and first cousins to the Hoovers, and that we both came from a long line of nice people.

I Take Tourists

ROBERT E. PIKE

Last June Dorothy and I received a letter from a friend who lives in northern New Hampshire. He said that he and his wife were leaving town for the summer and that if we wished to occupy their new Dutch-Colonial mansion, situated in the most lovely spot imaginable, we could have it.

Having nothing better to do, we accepted, and arrived there on the thirteenth of June. The lofty peaks of the White Mountains that encircled us were still covered with snow, but there was plenty of dry wood and we kept the fireplace roaring until at last summer arrived.

The favorite indoor sport in the North Country is taking tourists. Overnight cabins of varying degrees of comfort and pulchritude are to be found at every bend of the four roads that quadrisect the region, while practically every other private dwelling has a sign hung out to beguile the weary wayfarer. Some post the price: $1.00 per person; others offer special inducements: Cars Washed Free; and one shameless fellow announces in big, black letters: Rooms—$.50—Competition Did It!

My wife, after passing by these multifarious signs a few times, made up her mind to combine business with pleasure.

"While you're playing Micawber," is how she announced it to me, "I'm going to take in tourists. We've got one spare room, and if necessary, we can rent our bedroom and sleep on the back porch. So get busy, Elmer, and make a sign."

Well, I made it and hung it on a tree at the corner of our driveway and the road.

"You see," burbled Dorothy cheerfully, "the street light being right across the road, we won't have to rig up a light for it."

So we sat down and waited for a tourist. Pretty soon one came. It was a big car from New York and there were five full-grown people in it. But we only had room for four.

"I'm sorry," said the pleasant-voiced woman beside the driver, when we told her. "We came down by here, and after seeing all the other houses I told my husband to come back to this place, it was so pretty."

Dorothy nearly wept as they backed out of the driveway.

"Five bucks gone right there," she mourned.

But we did make a dollar that night on a fish peddler from Boston. He had intended to go up to an overnight camp but halted when he saw our new sign. He wasn't a real peddler, but a "salesman" who took orders, and he came back every Monday night throughout the summer.

Dorothy and I had some argument at first about the proper price to charge our customers. Nearly everyone down our street asked $.75. But Dorothy said:

"Our place is better than any of those, and our beds are better, and our rooms bigger. We'll stick to one dollar per each." Which we did, and everyone was satisfied.

I really believe I had more fun watching our tourists than I would have had in traveling myself. We had tourists who wanted the whole earth and a fence around it; we had tourists who took care to use only one pillow; we had tourists who threw fits at midnight, scaring us out of our wits; and we had tourists who told us how they had been cured of tonsillitis by the application of a live frog.

One day three people drove up in a smart Chrysler coupé and asked for rooms. They were two young men, well-mannered, well-dressed, and the prettiest golden-haired girl I ever saw. They took the back room and gave the girl the big room in front. Now, since a pair of tourists had stolen a pair of rugs from us, Dorothy had been accustomed to run

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

lightly upstairs in the morning, to see if everything was there, while our clients were backing out of the yard.

But this girl was *so* sweet, and her companions were *so* well-bred, that Dorothy didn't think to check up on them. Perhaps it was just as well, for when she did go upstairs she found that only the girl's bed had been occupied! My wife's New England sense of propriety was outraged and even my intended-to-be-soothing remarks about the laundering she was saved fell on deaf ears.

We did not miss moving-picture shows and other such forms of entertainment this summer. Our one-night guests furnished us with a liberal, if undisciplined, education that was both entertaining and instructive.

A young Italian-American employed by a wholesale fruit firm in New York came to New Hampshire to collect a bill owed to his company. To his surprise he got his money without any trouble. He told us how a butcher in Malden, Massachusetts, whom he had visited on a similar errand, had tried to carve him into two equal parts with a meatcleaver, and he exposed to us how the racketeers in New York have an unshakable grip on the food supply of that city.

There came two women from Kansas City who told us tales of the rapacity of their local political boss. Also a wealthy Norwegian from Boston and again a gentleman of the Hibernian nation, from Cambridge, lodged at our hostelry, and the tales these various average citizens related of their various local rulers would make an entertaining book.

One morning, after a tourist and his wife had departed, we found one white woolen blanket missing. But since our loss of two perfectly good rugs, we had always taken down the registration number of our guests' cars. There is only one road out of the town to the north. I phoned to a deputy sheriff in the next village, and our tourist was apprehended. His dishonesty cost him the humiliation of personally returning with the blanket, plus five dollars to cover the deputy's traveling expenses from and to his home—in the tourist's car.

We often found empty whiskey and beer bottles under the beds, but never any full ones. One woman left half of a pair of pajamas for which she wrote a week later and we returned them to her. Another woman left a pair of child's sneakers, worn through the soles. We thought she had thrown them away, but we kept them a month. Then we threw them out. A few days later she wrote to us from Florida and demanded them. We told her their fate. Her reply was a masterpiece of misspelled sarcasm.

Late one afternon two men, a woman, and a girl about eighteen years old stopped and rented our two rooms. The two men took one, the women the other. They registered from Connecticut. I was not at home. They took their bags and went upstairs. Suddenly a loud shriek came from the women's room—"No! No! No Sir!"—and the girl came flying down the stairs, slammed open the door, and bounded across the lawn. She leaped the road and headed for the woods.

Behind her, clad in his shirt sleeves, sped one of the men. The other two came clattering down, leaped into their car and started slowly down the road, waiting for the first man to catch the girl. This he soon accomplished, dragging her forcibly from the shelter of the trees and dumping her into the car. Her shrieks ceased abruptly. (Dorothy believes they gave her a shot of dope.)

Her usual capable aplomb considerably ruffled by these doings, Dorothy

THE FAMILY ALBUM

This is Uncle Guy and Aunt Susie. The picture was taken just two days after they were married—they went on a little trip to Niagara Falls. Uncle Guy, they say, used to gad around with the girls quite a bit. Seemed to have a flair for it. And then one Sunday afternoon, over Long Branch way, he met up with Susie Bostwick (that's Aunt Susie) and, as the saying goes, he met his match. Uncle Guy settled down and made her a good husband. She always said she had no reason for complaints.—LYMAN CLARK

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

went upstairs to investigate, instead of calling the police. In the girls room were the first man's coat, vest, and pocketbook. In the pocketbook were fifty dollars and a driver's license, so Dorothy figured someone would come back.

At that moment I came home. By the time I had heard her bizarre story and had seen the evidence, I made up my mind to telephone to the police, but just then our tourists returned. They parked in the road beyond the lawn. The girl, now entirely subdued, sat in the front seat. The man got out and came into the house. Excitedly Dorothy told him he'd better take his things and go elsewhere, and handed him back his four dollars. He made no objections. He got his things and went. I called the police, and they sent up a squad car with two men who investigated overnight camps as far as Milan, but they never found them.

One afternoon a small, thin man dressed in stained overalls and a shirt that once was white, a shapeless felt hat on his head and a small, battered suitcase in his hand, came walking slowly past where I was mowing the lawn. The man looked at me, and his eyes were soft and tired, and I knew that he was hungry. I noticed a large crack in the side of his right shoe. His little toe, which had worn through the sock, projected through that crack. It was the most forlorn little toe I have ever seen.

"Had your supper, partner?" I called.

When he said "No," I invited him in, and he accepted.

"I've just come from Tulsa, Oklahoma," he informed me. "Been working in the oil fields."

"Oh," I said politely, "and what is your—your particular occupation?"

"I'm a witcher," he answered, and then, seeing the blank look on my face, he amplified: "I witch wells."

"Oh, yes," I murmured, with a flash of comprehension, "you mean you locate springs with a forked hazel wand?"

"No," he corrected me, "I don't witch for water; I witch for oil. And though I can use a hazel wand, I find a peach stick works better."

"Listen," I told him, "I know of course that people find water that way, but do you mean to tell me that you can witch *oil* too?"

"Certainly," he answered, with the most convincing simplicity. "Mister, you can witch anything valuable that's in the ground!"

"Do you mean, for example, you could witch a gold mine?" I asked doubtfully.

"Of course," said he. "I've done it. Right now there's three men working a gold mine I witched for them, out at Cripple Creek, Colorado. They aren't making an awful lot, but they're making a living. And six years ago I witched oil wells in Death Valley that are big producers today!"

I stole a look at his worn and travel-stained outfit, and I thought of his hungry eyes and that forlorn little toe.

"I should think," I ventured to suggest, "that you would witch a good oil well for yourself."

"That's what I've done," said he. "I discovered a good place and got a lease on eighty acres near Tulsa. I'm hitchhiking my way up to my old home in Norridgewock to try and raise money to get machinery to operate it. If I can't raise the money, I'll go back and rig up a spring pole and work it that way."

After supper the witcher opened his suitcase and took from it a forked stick, the prongs of which were about a foot long, and handed it to Dorothy.

"I haven't much money, ma'am," he said humbly, "but this is a right good peach stick, and I'd like for you to accept it. You hold it this way"—and he showed her how to grasp the two prongs. "Anyone can do it if he puts his whole mind on what he's after."

Then, though we urged him to stay, he went away in the twilight.

And so they came and went, a constantly changing panorama of forms and faces. Some were grave and some were gay, some were fat and some were thin, some were sober and some were not. They came, they told us stories, they departed.

When the owners of the house wrote they were coming home, we took down the sign, aired the sheets, and counted up how much we'd taken in. Sixty-seven dollars it amounted to, and nearly all clear profit. It had more than paid our living expenses, and it had been more fun than a barrel of monkeys.

Scribner's Presents

(*see page* 44)

The Author

Wood Kahler is presented this month, not as an unpublished author, but as a new magazine author. His two published novels are *Early to Bed* and *Smart Setback*. Of himself he writes:

"I was born into an atmosphere of honeysuckle vines, nigger mammies, hot tamales, horned toads, and jaybirds that went to hell every Friday. After Andover, Yale, the U. S. Air Service, and four years in a New York bank, I felt I was an example of—to quote from Van Wyck Brooks—'the failure of Americans in general to develop and express their personality in and through their work.' So at the age of about twenty-six I walked up the gangplank of a steamship.

"A week after I landed on the unfamiliar shore, something happened to me. It might well have been something French, for I had gone to live on the Place de la Sorbonne, but it chanced to be Russian. And soon I was speaking French with a Russian accent.

"After a number of years in Europe I felt sufficiently mature and courageous to face the realities of life in the United States, and I came back home. At present my problem is to be able to feel at home in my own country . . . still difficult for any thoughtful American. I am now living on a little hill in Connecticut, not so high, I hope, as to cloud my vision, but high enough to see America in relief. And when I say relief, I mean all kinds."

The Illustrator

Peter Hurd is a son-in-law of N. C. Wyeth, well-known illustrator of many books and stories which have appeared under the Scribner imprint. In 1930, he won first prize for a landscape offered by the Wilmington Institute of Fine Arts, and this year another of his pictures brought him first prize in an exhibition of paintings at the Chicago Art Institute. Mr. Hurd spends half of each year at Chadds Ford, Pennsylvania, and the other half in his native state—New Mexico—where he has a ranch. His intention, he says, is to make the ranch pay for itself by raising polo ponies. At present he is working on a mural for the New Mexico Military Institute.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"Life in the United States" Contest

THE editors of SCRIBNER'S MAGAZINE announce a prize contest for the best articles submitted to this department before August 1, 1937.

"Life in the United States" is a regular department of SCRIBNER'S MAGAZINE, in which are published brief, personal articles which reflect some aspect or segment of contemporary American life. These articles are not essentially descriptive or expository. They narrate, rather than describe or explain. They are the raw stuff from which the best fiction is often made, but they must be authentic experiences; they must not be intensified or distorted.

$7200 in Prizes!

For the best articles submitted to this department between May 1 and August 1, SCRIBNER'S MAGAZINE offers the following prizes:

First Prize	$1000
Second Prize	700
Third Prize	600
Fourth Prize	500
Fifth Prize	400
Sixth Prize	300

Six Regional Prizes of $200 each. Not more than 25 additional prizes of $100 each for manuscripts which, in the opinion of the judges, have unusual merit.

I. RULES OF THE CONTEST

(1) All entries must be postmarked before noon, August 1, 1937.
(2) Manuscripts must be between 500 and 3000 words in length.
(3) Entries should be mailed to "Life in the United States," Contest Editor, 597 Fifth Avenue, New York, N. Y.
(4) In the case of ties each contestant will be awarded the full value of the prize for which he is tied.
(5) Employees of Charles Scribner's Sons and their families are not eligible for the contest.
(6) The judges will be the editors of SCRIBNER'S MAGAZINE, and their decisions will be conclusive and binding on all contest entries.

II. SUBJECT MATTER

In brief: Articles of personal experience which throw light on social conditions, customs, manners in this country today.

More fully: the subject of the article may be significant among other things because of its humor; because it is of psychological, philosophic, or social importance in individual or group lines; or because it indicates a passing trend in the country's history today.

Aspects of life in certain sections of the country, which, through tradition, racial heritage, geography, climate, or economics, differ from other sections, are desirable if they are of general interest and avoid the pitfall of becoming essays on quaint customs, odd sects, cults, or the activities of people who are interesting because they are survivals of the America of generations ago. They must have a vital, contemporary spark.

They must be authentic experiences.

III. TREATMENT

These experiences should not be observations on how the other half lives. It is when a member of a group perceives the significance of his or her own group, way of living, environment, or specific experience, and can treat it with insight, philosophy, or humor, that weight seems to attach to it.

The type of article desired is suggested by the following excerpts from previous "Life in the United States" pieces.

IV. EXAMPLES

We quote the opening lines of some of our best articles in this department. Note the fictional quality in all of them, though each is a personal experience.

A Race of Rootless Women

"I am a Rootless Woman—without permanent home or neighbors. Yet I cannot remember the time when a simple house on a tree-shaded street has not seemed to me the most beautiful thing in the world. I cannot choose a Christmas card that isn't a winter edition of John Payne's . . . cottage, and the sight of a Currier and Ives "American Homestead" . . . makes me eager to exchange the highest-bred lobster . . . for one egg cooked in Grandmother's kitchen."

I Hope I Worry

"Last fall when I told my mother and father that I was going to have a baby, their joy was distinctly moderate."

I Wish I Lived in New York

"My daughter lives in New York. She had been married just six months when, to her surprise, she received a neat white envelope enclosing a blossom-bordered announcement that the foresighted X. Y. Z. department store's layette department was prepared to take care of her any needs in that line in the most efficient and happy manner, and without trouble to her."

Eavesdroppers in Eden

"I belong to the Brotherhood of the Rural Telephone Line . . . a fine group of citizens which has disproved for all time the old saying that 'Eavesdroppers hear no good of themselves.' "

Hail, Hell, and Farewell

" 'Of course,' said a speaker who had been introduced over the radio as a minister of the gospel, 'nobody believes any longer in a literal hell.'

" 'If that's the case,' observed a neighbor who had dropped in for a call, and was listening to the broadcast, 'I suppose we'll have to take his word for it. When a preacher says there ain't no hell, I reckon there ain't none.' "

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

don herold examines:

don herold's experience particularly qualifies him to be the conductor of this new and regular department of SCRIBNER'S. *Anyone who has worked for newspapers and magazines for nearly thirty years must have demonstrated a sense of humor, and it is evident both in mr. herold's paragraphs and his drawings. "don herold examines" is designed to be an amusing antidote to the more serious feature: "Scribner's Examines."*

music and humor

There isn't anything as un-funny as the kittenish and self-conscious antics of a male quartet trying to be cute.

I wonder if it can be taken as a general rule that people with a sense of music are devoid of a sense of humor.

The most humorless movies on the market today are those dealing with musicians. And there is nobody as grim about joyful work as the members of a symphony orchestra.

And there is nobody as cruel in his attitude towards his fellow men as somebody at a concert slightly disturbed by one of his seat neighbors eating candy, peanuts, or celery. I recently watched a music-lover man-hater at a concert who didn't listen to the music at all, but spent his whole time giving dirty looks to people around him who were making small noises. He came to the concert simply to get mad at people.

You would think that music would make people mellow and kind, but it doesn't seem to work out that way.

Perhaps the two most musical nations in the world are Italy and Germany, and they are certainly our two nations most devoid of a sense of humor. (Of course, there are millions of exceptions to any broad generalizations of this sort.) But no Mussolini or Hitler would last ten days in a nation with even a rudimentary sense of humor. All that scowling and strutting and hamming would get giggles in a nation with any slight sense of the ridiculous. All those uniforms and all that goose-stepping would be laughed out in a country with even a vestige of a funny bone.

England goes in for its Barnum & Bailey coronation nonsense, but I think England does this with its tongue in its cheek. The English haven't written much great music. It seems to me that we get most of our trouble out of peoples who have the best sense of music and (therefore?) the least sense of humor. This proves nothing, and offers no cure for war. I'm just observing willy-nilly and trying to think out loud.

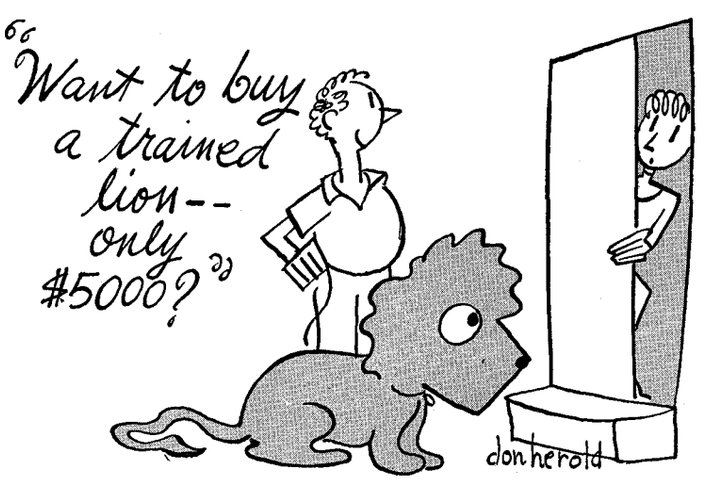
Many of my readers who have a sense of music will be outraged to hear that they, maybe, have no sense of humor. I'd like to hear from them. Maybe I'm all wrong. I'd like to see if their letters prove their point or prove my point.

clyde beatty

One way to make $4500 is to take a wild lion or tiger, and work with him until he is a fairly tractable lion or tiger. Clyde Beatty says an ordinary raw lion or tiger is worth about $500, and a trained lion or tiger is worth about $5000. Clyde Beatty has forty lions and tigers, and has thus run a $20,000 investment up to $200,000. America is still a land of opportunity.

Of course, I think that Mr. Beatty's profits are, to some extent, paper profits. He would have a little difficulty peddling his lions and tigers from door to door at $5000 apiece. Personally, I would just as soon buy one of his raw or $500 lions. It wouldn't be worth $4500 additional to me to have a lion that could get up and sit on a shelf or that could roll over.

Most of these "educational" profits are apt to be paper profits. It has been two or three years since John R. Tunis revealed in a survey that most of the class of Harvard, '11, were financial flops. Any profits from their college course were paper profits. But we mustn't forget the spiritual satisfaction it must be to be a member of the class of Harvard, '11,



PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

or one of Clyde's Beatty's trained lions.

Incidentally, one course that every college should give is one in graceful failure. Most of us are, according to statistics, going to turn out to be failures, and it seems to me that schools and colleges should recognize failure as a career—tell us frankly that that is where most of us are going to land—and deliberately train us to enjoy it. Why not a new college degree: D.F.—Doctor of Failure. I'm satisfied that there is much to be said for well-planned failure, yet it needs the blessing of college recognition; this country is still under the spell of Horatio Alger. (I've often reflected that it was Horatio Alger, not George Washington, who was the real Father of His Country, and sometime I think I'll write a book on the subject.)

Clyde Beatty is not, however, entirely a paper-profit man. He has recently—only recently—started to make substantial money out of his work. It makes me a little angry to observe again, in his career, that you can't merely be good at what you can do, but that, in order to reap your just rewards, you must also scheme like the dickens.

Clyde Beatty is the best and most fearless wild-animal trainer in the world, yet there was a time when the Ringling Brothers circus trust paid him only $100 a week. In 1934 they had raised him to $350 a week, which is still chicken feed to a good lion tamer. There were no other circuses to bid against them for Clyde's act. So Clyde Beatty had to start a circus of his own in order to get his pay raised. He had to take business chances as well as animal chances. He put up his savings and got some backers, and he raised his income to $40,000 last year, and will probably make $75,000 this year.

What makes me mad is that we artists can't merely be good; we've also got to go grimly into the business of putting ourselves over, just as if we were a new brand of tooth paste or canned peas.

bed

You can come nearer getting a pure, unadulterated mind in bed than anywhere else. That's why I like to write in bed or make notes in bed. My mind is a little weak and it needs all the help I can give it, legitimate or illegitimate. There is, in bed, not even the physical effort and distraction of sitting in a chair. The body is as completely disposed of as is possible in this world. Nothing chafes. There are no waste motions and there is a minimum of that gnawing fatigue which bothers any intellectual person forced to sit up and walk around. And, furthermore, the world will come nearer to leaving a man alone in bed than anywhere else. It's a swell place to be and a great place to get things done.

m.d.'s and art

At least a year's study in some good art school ought to be a compulsory part of the training of every doctor and dentist.

Most of the picture looking or art looking done in this country is done in either doctors' or dentists' offices, and I'll say that most of the art in doctors' and dentists' offices today is art at its godawfullest lowest.

Practically nobody goes to art galleries, but everybody goes to doctors' and dentists' offices and sits and looks at the pictures and furniture and vases. And when you sit in a doctor's or dentist's waiting room, you sit, and you look at anything within eye reach, and you study it—and you need all the solace and stimulation that good art can give you. The art that you now get in most waiting rooms makes you feel worse than when you come in.

There seems to be something about a medical or dental education that knocks all the esthetics out of the average candidate. In short, the men in this country who give us most of our art are the men who have the worst taste in art.

That's why I say there should be one year of art required in every medical or dental course. Even ten years wouldn't be too much.

cinders

The other day, Chet Shaefer (president of the Guild of Former Pipe Organ Pumpers) and I were trying to outbrag each other about our self-control.

Chet's brag was that he can get poison

ivy and not scratch it. My boast was that I can get a cinder in my eye and not do anything about it.

Chet says that if he scratches a little outbreak of poison ivy, it goes all over him. He poison-ivies very easily. Once every few years he scratches it deliberately, in an experimental attitude, to see if it will spread. It spreads.

Long ago, I learned that if I got something in my eye and did nothing about it, it would soon go away. Anyway, that's my technique.

If I start to poke and paw, it imbeds the cinder in the tender tissues of my eyeball or eyelid, and I wind up in the obstetrical ward of the eye-and-ear hospital.

If I just say, "There's another something in my eye," and keep my hands off, it leaves or dissolves.

I always try to be a man about it.

In the case of either poison ivy or cinders, I guess the really big thing is in just being able to *take it*.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"Mr. Dale Carnegie left us at Albuquerque"

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Screen and Radio

GILBERT SELDES

THE production of *The Fall of the City,* a poetic drama written specifically for the radio by Archibald MacLeish, is so important, in so many different ways, as to make everything else in the field comparatively negligible. I should say at once that the theme of *The Fall of the City* is particularly sympathetic to me, much more so than Mr. MacLeish's earlier drama on a contemporary theme—*Panic;* and I should also say that although the text seemed to be written at times by one who is not particularly fond of the technical devices of the radio, there were moments at least in which production and text together achieved such impressive effects as you seldom get from radio studios, particularly the effect of significance and reality which you do get from a broadcast of an actual event of historical importance. On a very low scale you get the effect of actuality even in the broadcast of a horse race, and this makes studio work seem particularly unreal; the effect of significance you get on the rare occasions of an important political address or any such event as the farewell speech of Edward VIII. To combine these two qualities in a fictional work is an achievement of a very high order.

Perhaps my private view of the relation between the public and popular arts makes me think that Mr. MacLeish's own attitude toward radio is as significant as the popular experiment he has made. In the introduction to the text Mr. MacLeish said: "On the basis of the most obvious and elementary facts every poet with dramatic leaning—and what poet ever lived who was really satisfied with writing the thin little books to lie on the front parlor tables?—should have been storming the studios for years. And yet actually the storming has been thin and infrequent."

The program departments which are now so critical of material submitted to them and which have to be stormed, as Mr. MacLeish put it, were not always so. There was a time—and it was not long ago—when almost anything was acceptable. This was in the formative years of broadcasting when the experts knew little and were feeling their way, and when an established poet or even a minor one could have won for himself a commanding position on the air. Not only the poets held off; the dramatists, the critics, the political commentators, all let the golden opportunity slip by; they whose job in the world is to communicate neglected this most magnificent instrument of communication and then were horrified to find it in the hands of people who did not hesitate, and it gave the world first *Amos'n' Andy* and now Toscanini. Mr. MacLeish's approach to the radio is not as belated as Mr. Wells' magnanimous decision to devote himself to the moving picture; nor is it patronizing as I feel Mr. Wells' attitude is. But because radio was neglected, certain habits of listening were created, and Mr. MacLeish's work had a harder time making itself effective.

The play was produced by the workshop sustained by the Columbia Broadcasting Company, and contractual demands, I suppose, brought it about that the correct time, with credit to Bulova, was announced just before the play started. This was very good because any work superior to the run of radio productions will at least temporarily have to fit in to the framework of commercial broadcasts. The play itself began with the most successful of Mr. MacLeish's handlings of typical radio devices—his narrator, his announcer of radio, the describer of parades, inaugurations, or football games—whose functions were combined with those of the leader of the chorus in Greek tragedy. Mr. Orson Welles, reciting this part, gave it the breathless excitement of actuality—an excitement first created by Mr. MacLeish's poetry. Even the general remarks with which the radio narrators fill in the pauses when nothing is happening were travestied in the inverse sense, because they were made dignified, as when the narrator said such lines as "Ours is a generation when dogs howl," or "We have seen . . . the order of numbers alter." The one thing Mr. MacLeish omitted from his parallel was the familiar "Take it away, Graham," but his narrator said quite simply and effectively, "We take you now to the great square of this City."

When one thinks of the microphones lowered to men entombed in caves, one sees that Mr. MacLeish chose his opening with great feeling for radio drama. It is an event—for three days a woman has risen from the dead and today the multitude is waiting in front of the tomb to see if she will appear again and speak. The indistinguishable murmur of a crowd in a large open space fills the air and then, as the moment approaches, the sound dies away—Mr. MacLeish has used one of the rarest and most effective of radio devices, which is silence. And when she appears, the narrator holds us back in suspense until we see her, until we can hear her, and the woman announces the theme of the drama: "The city of masterless men will take a master"—the crowd closes in "milling around . . . like cattle that smell death," and the announcer says at one point, "I wish you could all see this as we do."

This is, in a way, a prologue, for the event which it foretells is the coming of a conqueror. He is announced first by a messenger, which is proper enough because the threat of his coming motivates the entire play. But the messenger is a device of the Greek theater and since the invention of the movie cutback, since the development of the modern play in many scenes, the action which follows should intensify the suspense by shifting from the invaded city to the march of

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

the invader. It seems to me that here Mr. MacLeish did not come to terms with radio. Because nothing is seen, everything can be seen. I think I can discern a philosophical reason for Mr. MacLeish's refusal to take us away from the City square to the line of march—I will come to that in a moment. By keeping us in the square, Mr. MacLeish made us listen to speeches, and not to drama. First there was a long speech which may be roughly identified as pacifist, urging the people to defeat the conqueror, not by warfare, but by surrendering, because reason and truth are the weapons to use, the "words win." At that point Mr. MacLeish's play had sagged so low in interest that one feared he had written "words win" as an ironic epitaph. There follows another messenger, reporting the quick advance of the conqueror. The messenger says that the conqueror is bringing his own opponents—something too subtle or too symbolic to be promptly understood. I am afraid that there a visual image was needed. Then the cry arises, "Down with the liberal, learned minds," and the priests exhort the crowd: "Turn to your gods," and then there is a dance which is rising to an orgy when the general puts an end to it and calls for action, but deserters are coming in, and the crowd cries: "He is one man; we are but thousands. Who can defend us from one man?" They shout curses upon freedom, and then there is a dreadful silence as the conqueror appears, taller than all men, monstrously metallic, and the people abase themselves. The announcer alone sees that the conqueror is nothing, "a barrel of metal, empty"—yet the mere movement of an empty arm brings the people to subjection, and the announcer ends with the words: "The city has fallen."

The ending is magnificent. Mr. MacLeish has seen and transmitted to the mind's eye every visual image in the final episode; for this he needed no stage, no actors, only voices, music, and sound. At that point his mastery of radio as an instrument was complete. And that takes us back to the long speeches which in spite of their own variety and interludes of music and dancing, allowed the mind to wander. Why did Mr. MacLeish refuse to dramatize the advance of the conqueror? My guess is a divided one; consciously or not, he felt that his theme, of the oppressor invented by the people themselves, called into being by their own imaginations, required him to give no voice or body to the invader himself; that is one explanation, and the other is that, consciously or not, Mr. MacLeish was writing Greek drama and observing the unity of time and space and not allowing himself the variety of action which the radio encourages. He might have used sound effects which are a legitimate element in radio and are a welcome relief after too many words. As a good poet Mr. MacLeish knows that not words alone, but intonations and qualities of voices and mere noises can carry the emotional effect of a broadcast. Even if the speeches had been broken up so that the pacifist, the priest, and the general interrupted one another, the dramatic effect would have been heightened.

My brief sketch of the action of the play suggests its social significance. I think that the networks have seldom produced any work carrying so clear a warning against the contagion of tyranny. I can imagine a strict Marxian protest against Mr. MacLeish's omission of the economic factor—for that matter it is not hard to imagine a fascist criticism on similar grounds; but that is not my province. Mr. MacLeish has written a very moving and—with the reservation I have made—highly dramatic and imaginative play in favor of human freedom. The Columbia Broadcasting System is to be congratulated on having made the production.

It is interesting to note that the play was broadcast from an armory and that the effect of a great crowd in a large space was not produced by mechanical means. Actually some two hundred people participated, and the only artificial help they had was a new trick by which the microphones in the armory threw the sound, one to the other, giving resonance and reduplication. I have already mentioned the excellence of Mr. Orson Welles as the Narrator; Mr. Burgess Meredith, virtually a veteran of radio work in less distinguished company, played the pacifist orator; and the direction which was all-important and extremely successful, was by Irving Reis, who is production manager of the Workshop. The selection of contrasting voices, the balancing of sound when the Narrator spoke over and under the crowd voices, and the use of music, especially at the end, were all excellently done. Perhaps the fact that an experiment of this sort was made by one of the networks is as important as Mr. MacLeish's attempt to use radio. One goes on listening and listening to broadcasts, pleased with the good ones, a little bit stupefied by the bad, but without much feeling that experiments of any kind, totally outside the forms and styles of ordinary broadcasting, are ever being made. And here is the proof that something at last has been done. I do not think it would be intelligent to conceal its weaknesses—that would be to encourage complacency—but they are all weaknesses which half a dozen more trials can eradicate; and the intelligence, energy, and will which went into the production are beyond praise.

*

After such an important thing as *The Fall of the City*, I want to mention a production of no importance whatever—a movie short which appeared on a program with an excellent light comedy (*The King and the Chorus Girl*) and probably offended no one but myself. I have had time to forget it and the only explanation I can give for mentioning it at all is that I believe the simultaneous corruption of the art of the motion picture and of the public taste cannot be a good thing. This picture was a short about Robert Burns; it was made by Vitagraph which is part of Warner Brothers; it was in technicolor, which means that it was expensive. It began with the singing of one of Burns' songs, showed Burns still pining after the death of his Highland Mary, flirting with Jean Armour, and then going off to Edinburgh, where he is a great success with the women, but is treated with snobbery by the men; whereupon he recites *For A' That and A' That* and returns home, learning when he is already on the stagecoach that Jean Armour is about to marry. The driver of the coach says they will not reach the village until after the ceremony, but Burns persuades him to take the low road instead of the high road and so arrives at the church door in the nick of time and substitutes himself for the disappointed groom.

I suppose this is not an exceptionally false outline of that portion of Burns' life; I suppose that to ask the makers of a movie short even to hint the true relations between Burns and Jean Armour is preposterous. But I found the combination of lies and lavishness peculiarly offensive. The ten minutes in which this nasty little film ran were creating images in my mind which I, with a little special knowledge of Burns' life, could criticize and reject, but which must have been overwhelmingly persuasive to the average spectator. I have become sensitive about reality. Here the movie was touching on a thing as factual as a baseball game or a riot; and here it was full of lies.

And this brings me to a point about American movies—that they are weak on the nonfictional side which the English call "documentary." In the best book I

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"RIDE? I'd love to—
but my doctor says WALK!"

PEOPLE who are well fed—too well fed—and who do not use up excess food in work or play are especially liable to develop diabetes. Many are inclined to press a button, turn a switch, or telephone to get what they wish, with little or no physical effort.

If you are overweight and more than forty, it does not necessarily follow that you will have diabetes—but you are far more likely to get it than if you are underweight. You should be on guard, especially if there is a history of the disease in your family.

Diabetes begins when the body can no longer produce enough insulin to make use of the sugar and starch in a normal diet. In many mild cases of the disease the doctor may prescribe a special diet only. In serious cases, the person who cannot make a sufficient supply of insulin in his own body must supplement it with other insulin.

Until Dr. Frederick Grant Banting and his associates made their great discovery of a substitute for human insulin, diabetic patients, except those with the disease in mild form, were in desperate straits. Before that, by living on a severely restricted diet, with nearly all sugar and starch removed, the end could be postponed. But it was a grim, losing fight. That is all changed now. With insulin, diabetes can almost invariably be brought under control. Insulin has not only rescued children who would have been doomed without it, but it has enabled them to grow and to live normal, healthy lives. It has lifted adult diabetics out of the invalid class, making it possible for them to resume their regular occupations.

Diabetes may cause no pain and little inconvenience in the beginning. Sometimes its presence is unsuspected until it has made considerable headway. But it can be detected by a doctor's examination and laboratory tests.

When insulin is needed, it is dangerous to delay its use. Coma and other serious complications may result. Better and more effective compounds of insulin, which reduce the number of necessary daily treatments, are being steadily developed. Physicians, everywhere, who have become familiar with the new, slow-acting insulin, are rapidly making it available to their diabetic patients.

The Metropolitan will be glad to send you its free booklet, "Diabetes." Address Booklet Dept. 637-S.

Keep Healthy—Be Examined Regularly

METROPOLITAN LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY

FREDERICK H. ECKER, Chairman of the Board ~ ONE MADISON AVENUE, NEW YORK, N. Y. ~ LEROY A. LINCOLN, President

Copyright, 1937, by Metropolitan Life Insurance Company

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Don't be a ½ Shaver

Men, there are *two* halves to every shave. The first is to get rid of your whiskers. The second is to take care of your skin. So don't be a ½ shaver. Finish up this way:

1. To make your face FEEL fine, use one of the Mennen lotions—the liquid Skin Bracer or the cream Skin Balm. They give you a zippy, tingling, cooling sensation that wakes you up...and sets you up for the day. They banish razor-rawness. And you'll be delighted with their odor.

2. To make your face LOOK fine, use Mennen Talcum for Men. It kills face shine—and makes your skin look smoother, younger. Moreover, it doesn't show. It's the most popular man's powder. (Also...it's swell after the shower.)

ESPECIALLY IN HOT WEATHER

finish up with

MENNEN

...THE BAUSCH & LOMB BINOCULAR STANDS UP

From Washington, D. C., writes Col. John V. Richards, "I've used my Bausch & Lomb Binoculars in Death Valley at 130° F, in Alaska at 60° below. By canoe, dog team and pack horse they've travelled with me over almost all of North and South America. Twice they've been under water in capsizes, and in the many years I've carried them, they've cost not a penny for repairs. I know of no better glass anywhere at any price."

Send 6c for your copy of our 40-page de luxe catalog of Bausch & Lomb Binoculars. Bausch & Lomb Optical Co., 536 Lomb Park, Rochester, N. Y.

THE WORLD'S BEST—BY ANY TEST

BAUSCH & LOMB Binoculars

have seen on the subject, *Documentary Film,* by Paul Rotha, there is a list of great makers of these films; and of the thirty-five notable directors listed, only one is an American, Robert Flaherty, and he has not made films under purely American auspices for many years. I know that the list is not complete because it omits for instance *The Plough that Broke the Plains,* but the fact is that the making of nonfiction films has progressed in all European countries to a very high point. You may find a record of life among the Trappist Monks, a film of salmon spawning in Scotland, or the religious ceremonies in England; and Joris Ivens, one of the most famous of makers of documentary films, has pictured the reclamation of land from the Zuider Zee and the making of radio valves. Government and great corporations lead in the creation of such pictures, and the results are particularly impressive. They suggest to me, incidentally, that the Europeans may discover a field in which they can develop the moving picture without attempting to compete with Hollywood. In spite of the international group led by Alexander Korda in England, the European attempts to make pictures which will stand up in rivalry with the American imports or which can actually be exported for the vast American market are not particularly impressive. It sometimes seems that although the motion picture was developed simultaneously in Europe and America, Europeans never completely believed in the movies until the liberated Russians got to work on them in the early 1920's. There were some esthetically impressive pictures made in Italy before the War and in Germany directly after the War, but Europeans have been always ready to sacrifice the essence of the movies, which is movement, to ideas or to pictorial beauty, as they now are willing to sacrifice nearly all the elements of a good movie to propaganda.

In the documentary film, they have obviously developed something which they do believe in. Moreover, the documentary film lends itself remarkably well to two themes which the American fictional picture has never been willing to handle honestly: political history and mass action. Both have appeared magnificently in Soviet films, which have made a much more skillful compromise between fact and fiction than we have ever done. But the British producers and those of smaller nations may find in straight documentary pictures a small field in which they can teach America several important lessons.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Theater

GEORGE JEAN NATHAN

In the final vote of the New York Drama Critics' Circle, the best American play of the theatrical season, recently concluded, was Maxwell Anderson's fantasy, *High Tor*. I use the adjective "final" advisedly, since it required no less than eleven ballots to get the fourteen votes necessary under the Circle's constitution to register a decision, and since the ten preceding ballots indicated that there were plenty of other ideas on the subject. On even the final ballot, indeed, there remained four votes out of the total eighteen that persisted in acutely opposite beliefs.

On the first ballot, just nine critics stated their conviction that the Anderson play was the best, five thought that Paul Green's *Johnny Johnson* was better, two argued that Robert Turney's *Daughters of Atreus* most certainly deserved the award, and a like number entered as their candidate Moss Hart's and George S. Kaufman's *You Can't Take It With You*. This seems to me to be oddly instructive. It has always been my peculiar belief that a critic's final idea of the best play of a season should be—indeed, of necessity must be—his own personal conviction as to that best play, and not someone else's. If he firmly believes that one play stands out above all the others as the best, he surely compromises with his integrity and makes his belief rather ridiculous if he subsequently expresses by vote his conviction that some other play is better than his first choice. And if he goes so far as to abandon his first choice altogether and to substitute not one but two and even three other candidates for the award, what are we to think of him?

That, however, is the phenomenon which the Critics' Circle this year offered us. The first, the uninfluenced, the independent, and the honest individual opinion of its members as to the year's best play was duly registered by the first ballot. That should stand as the final uncorrupted opinion, individual and group. The additional five votes that subsequently were contributed to *High Tor*, giving it the quota for an award, were and are, if not critically bogus, at least critically suspect.

In this issue Mr. Nathan makes his first appearance as a contributing editor to SCRIBNER'S. *Although Mr. Nathan will not be with us during the summer months, his work will begin again in the fall.*

The Critics' Circle constitutes a force of invaluable promise for the finer interests of the American theater. In its hands lie the power and the influence to raise the standards of that theater and permanently to cherish and safeguard them. And already, in its two years of existence, it has clearly demonstrated that, despite the diversity of its constituent elements, it is as a group pretty well of one mind, if not always of one personal opinion, when it comes to the matter of the theater's and the drama's pride.

But I believe that there is still much room for improvement, and that, to cite one instance, is in the direction implied. Let honest individual opinion remain honest individual opinion; let it not be influenced waywardly out of its probity and into largely meaningless group opinion; let there be but one uninfluenced ballot; and let there thus be either a clearly and forthrightly chosen best play for award or no award at all.

My own choice for the best play is and remains *Daughters of Atreus*, whatever the Circle's compromised decision. I have no second choice and certainly no third choice. In my opinion, duly expressed in a changeless decision through eleven ballots, Turney's restatement in beautifully contrived, beautifully flowing, and brightly original poetic prose of the Agamemnon-Clytemnestra-Electra legend of classic Greek drama bulks immensely more important as dramatic literature than any half-dozen *High Tors* or *Johnny Johnsons*.

But, protest its voting opponents, it makes basic use of familiar classic materials and that is against it. Let us say that, in place of *Daughters of Atreus*, Eugene O'Neill's *Mourning Becomes Electra* had seen production this past season. Would the Critics' Circle have voted *High Tor* the award above it because it, too, makes basic use of familiar classic materials? Go further. Does the fact that certain of Shakespeare's plays make basic use of familiar classic materials automatically make them less estimable than *High Tor*? Are the plays of Racine, Corneille, and Voltaire equally less estimable because some of them have likewise proceeded from familiar classic materials? I am, of course, not comparing Turney's play with these others; I simply am offering a criticism of criticism. The Critics' Circle award is, in its constitution's phrasing, to be given "to the best play by an American author produced during the theatrical year in the New York theater." It does not stipulate, wisely, that the theme and locale must be American. Yet it seems to me that the Critics' Circle, like the lamentably doltish Pulitzer Prize committee, is nevertheless on the arbitrary way to favoring—if not insisting upon—plays with an American scene, an American theme, and American characters.

When it comes to a point of sacrosanct originality of basic materials what, indeed, of this *High Tor* itself and of the

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Think *Cosmopolitan* with

The Living Age

Perhaps the most individual characteristic of The Living Age, the one quality above all others which has made discriminating readers prefer it to other magazines for almost a century, is its ability to reflect perfectly the individuality of cities and nations.

Insouciant Paris; somber Vienna, dreaming of old-world gaiety; London's curious blend of century-old tradition and twentieth century modernism; the new Rome, drowning out the echoes of the old; Tokyo, bristling with nationalistic fever; and Shanghai, still shrewdly bargaining the East against the West.

These, and a thousand other cities, cross the pages of The Living Age. Their poets, authors, critics and wits reflect their lives, and even their ways of thinking. The Living Age brings the world at its worst and at its best to the scholar and to the literary connoisseur alike.

●

Fascinating
Dramatic
Vivid

Drawing its material from newspapers and magazines the world over, and selecting only the finest contemporary writing of each nation, The Living Age has, for more than ninety years, brought to its readers a complete, accurate and unbiased picture of political, social and literary life in every country in the world.

Because we want you to know this great magazine, we are making a special, introductory offer to you.

6 months special $2

mail this coupon today!

The Living Age
63 Park Row, New York City

Send me the next six issues of The Living Age. I enclose two dollars ☐. Bill me for two dollars ☐.

NAME.....

ADDRESS.....

CITY & STATE.....

runner-up, *Johnny Johnson*? Anderson's play admittedly borrows basic materials from Shakespeare, Washington Irving, and others. And Green's, from Leo Birinski and Ernst Toller, from the author of *Schweik the Good Soldier* (that most humorous of war novels), from the foreign motion picture called *Congress Dances*, and other sources.

The critics' choice of *High Tor* is by no means a dishonorable choice, anymore than the choice of *Johnny Johnson* would have been. Both plays have certain merits, and either, I believe, is, with the exception of *Daughters of Atreus*, assuredly superior to any other American play produced in the theater this last season. But both plays, at the same time, are—save relatively and in comparison with these others—inferior plays in any more extended and sound critical estimate. Let us glance closely at them.

High Tor again, though not to so disturbing a degree, reveals Maxwell Anderson's overfondness for verbosity, along with his dogged determination to see poetry in everything, whether it is there or not. Mr. Anderson occasionally lets prolixity run away with drama. And when it comes to his almost fanatical urge to make poetry out of everything, we find here again, as in various other plays of his, that often completely arbitrary torturing of what might be sufficiently simple and dramatic prose statement into dubious blank-verse rhythm. I daresay that Mr. Anderson's blank-verse fever carries him to such a temperature that when he reads even the financial page of a daily newspaper a simple, everyday, ordinary dividend report runs in his mind something after this fashion:

Bonwit Teller, Inc.
and subsidiary for the year ended January 31,
reported a net profit,
a net profit of $183,728 which
after depreciation,
after interest on indebtedness current
and after Federal taxes on income,
was equal to $1.38,
$1.38 on 132,885 shares,
on 132,885 shares of common stock outstanding.
This compares,
this compares, say they,
with a net loss,
a net loss in the year preceding
of $108,930.

We glance further into this richly poetic blank-verse prize play and into its critically endorsed lush, original humor. I append a few illustrative examples of the latter:

1. "*One night*
pap and me sat in a poker game
in Nanuet and took twenty-seven dollars
out of town. Next day they couldn't do business.
The place was clean.
They took twenty-five thousand.
How'd twenty-five thousand get to Nanuet?
It's against nature."

Who, except the critical fledglings, forgets the "Has anyone in this town *got* twenty-five dollars?" laugh from Winchell Smith's and John E. Hazzard's *Turn to the Right*, the comedy success of twenty years ago?

2. "*What kind of demi-semi-devil do you think you are, with four legs and two faces?*" etc.

Vide Shakespeare's *The Tempest*, Act II, Scene Two: "*This is some monster of the isle with four legs,*" *etc.*

3. "*What have you in the bag?*"
"*Nothing but sandwiches.*"
"*Whatever kind of witch a sandwich may be, come out and let me interrogate you.*"

Comment unnecessary.

We turn to the essence of Mr. Anderson's philosophic originality:

1. "*Look at it, Judy.*
That's the Chevrolet factory, four miles down,
and straight across, that's Sing Sing. Right from here
you can't tell one from another; get inside,
and what's the difference?"

The same idea was elaborately expounded some years ago, it will readily be remembered, in René Clair's motion picture, *A Nous la Liberté.*

2. "*Suppose*
a man saves money all his life, and works
like hell about forty years, till he can say:
'goodbye, I'm going, I'm on Easy Street
from now on.' What's he do?"
"*Take a vacation.*"
"*I'm on a vacation now.*
Why should I work forty years to earn
time off when I've got it?"

Vide McIntyre and Heath's blackface act, circa 1912.

3. "*Nothing is made by men*
but makes, in the end, good ruins."

This last is the play's key philosophy. It sounds impressive enough, but what sense does it make? If Mr. Anderson has in mind the concrete, material things made by men, any number of such things as the Pyramids, the Sphinx, etc., remain to confound his statement. And it must be such concrete, material things he is thinking of, because, first, his play points directly to that belief, and because, secondly, he would recognize himself as being completely absurd if he argued that great art, which has been created by men, and also great scientific achievement have not lived down the long lane of the centuries. The ruins of even material things are but the outward symbols of enduring inner accomplishment.

We come to the second choice, *Johnny Johnson*, similarly hailed by its sponsors for its originality. Aside from the sources of Mr. Green's inspiration already specified, it may also be pointed out that his

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

central idea, to wit, the man of intelligence who is regarded by everybody else as crazy, is almost as mothy in the theater as the idea of the crazy man who nevertheless has more sense and rationality than the theoretically sane people who surround him.

As for Mr. Green's humor, so highly spoken of, I offer several illustrations:

1. "*Now anybody that'll kiss Woodrow Wilson——!*"
"*I'd rather kiss him than that bearded fellow, Charles Evans Hughes.*"
"*I hadn't.*"
"*That's because you're a Republican.*"
2. "*He had a bad case of St. Vitus dance. He shook so bad that bringing the milk from the cowbarn he'd make the butter come.*"
3. "*Yeh? That's like an Englishman—everybody's queer but himself.*"
4. "*And what I wish is old Kaiser Bill had my cooties.*"

We turn to a look at the original nature of Mr. Green's war philosophy:

1. "*There ought to be some way of settling it by discussion—the way we do over in the Adelphi Debating Society, and not by killing. The more you fight and kill the worse it gets. You may conquer your enemy for a while but he and his friends only wait to grow strong again to come back at you. That's human nature.*"
2. "*I was just thinking how the Germans are praying to the same God on their side too.*"
3. "*So here you sit on your hind ends holy as God and make your plans—marking up your thousands of dead and dying like cold figures on a blackboard. Know what that means? All these boys—young fellows like me—like what you used to be—going out to die—shot down—killed—murdered—to lie dead and stiff and rotten in a trench with rats and mud. We were meant for something better, I tell you! We want to live, and you could let us live! We want to be let alone to do our work in peace—to have our homes—to raise our families,*
—and so on for several hundred more words.

In both Mr. Anderson's and Mr. Green's plays there are, as I have prefatorily observed, and despite such stertorous frailties as have here been suggested, certain virtues. In the former there are passages that sing with lingeringly lovely sound and in the latter there are several scenes of simple and striking eloquence, to say nothing of one particular scene laid in a psychiatrist's office that belies its author's otherwise mildewed humor. And both plays, whatever criticism may have to say against them, are factually superior to all the other American plays produced during the year, save alone Mr. Turney's. For in that play you will find, I believe, something that approaches to living dramatic literature. In that play you will find a steady, not merely an intermittent, beauty of language, an ancient theme led anew into the power of a drama of a thousand implications, a tale of old heroes seen afresh through the eyes of their women, a play of the thunder and the song of mankind unending.

HOW A MAN OF 40 CAN RETIRE IN 15 YEARS

IT makes no difference if your carefully laid plans for saving have been upset during the past few years. It makes no difference if you are worth half as much today as you were then. Now, by following a simple, definite Retirement Income Plan, you can arrange to have a monthly income guaranteed you for life, starting fifteen years from today.

$150 a Month beginning at age 55

Suppose you decide that you want to be able to retire on $150 a month beginning at age 55. Here is what you can get:

1 A check for $150 when you reach 55 and a check for $150 every month thereafter as long as you live. This important benefit is available alone; but if you are insurable, your Plan can also include:

2 A life income for your wife if you die before retirement age.

3 A monthly disability income for yourself if, before age 55, total disability stops your earning power for 6 months or more.

It sounds too good to be true. But it *is* true, for the Plan is guaranteed by a company with over half a billion dollars of insurance in force. If you want to retire some day, and are willing to lay aside a portion of your income every month, you can have freedom from money worries. You can have all the joys of recreation or travel when the time comes at which every man wants them most.

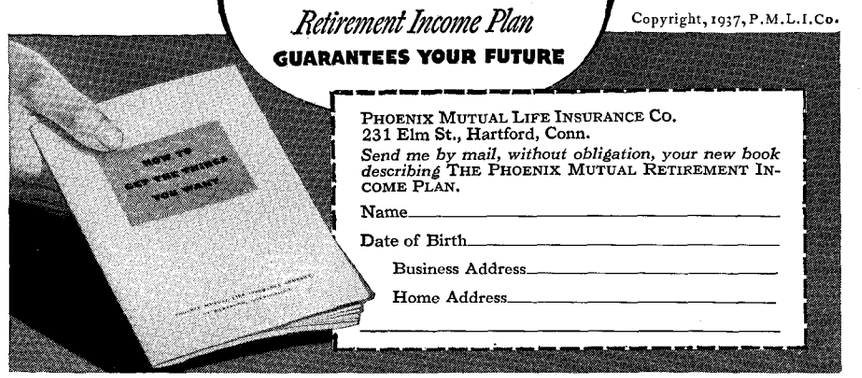
The Plan is not limited to men of 40. You may be older or younger. The income is not limited to $150 a month. It can be more or less. And you can retire at any of the following ages that you wish: 55, 60, 65, or 70.

How much does it cost? When we know your exact age, we shall be glad to tell you. In the long run, the Plan will probably cost nothing, for in most cases, every cent and more comes back to you at retirement age.

Write your date of birth in the coupon below and mail it today. You will receive, without cost or obligation, a copy of the new illustrated booklet shown. It tells all about the Phoenix Mutual Retirement Income Plan. Send for your copy now. The coupon is for your convenience.

ESTABLISHED 1851
PHOENIX MUTUAL
Retirement Income Plan
GUARANTEES YOUR FUTURE

Copyright, 1937, P.M.L.I.Co.



PHOENIX MUTUAL LIFE INSURANCE CO.
231 Elm St., Hartford, Conn.
Send me by mail, without obligation, your new book describing THE PHOENIX MUTUAL RETIREMENT INCOME PLAN.
Name_____
Date of Birth_____
Business Address_____
Home Address_____

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

AN IMPRESSIVE NEW NOVEL BY THE BRILLIANT AUTHOR OF "THE OLIVE FIELD"

RAINBOW FISH

By RALPH BATES

"Ralph Bates is indisputably the first novelist of major equipment to come out of England since the war, and RAINBOW FISH is a compelling and brilliantly written story."—*Alfred Kazin, New York Times Book Review.*

"It is a rank injustice that the name of Ralph Bates is not as well known as that of Charles Morgan or J. B. Priestley or even Margaret Mitchell. He seems to me to be one of the few living novelists of rank. I say flatly and dogmatically that RAINBOW FISH is, in its genre, a masterpiece. If there is a man alive who can write a better story than this, he had better hurry up and write it. For story *qua* story, for excitement, character analysis, local color and sheer brilliance of style—well, Conrad rarely did better, and that also goes for Maugham, Hemingway, McFee, Virginia Woolf, Tomlinson and the rest."—*Ralph Thompson, New York Times.* ($2.00)

FLOWERING of New England

By VAN WYCK BROOKS

(1) Enthusiastically recommended by America's most distinguished critics.

(2) On every national Best-Seller list.

(3) On every list of "The Year's Best Books."

(4) Chosen by popular vote as "THE MOST DISTINGUISHED NON-FICTION OF THE YEAR" by the most critical body of book people in this country: the Booksellers of America. ($4.00)

HENRY OF NAVARRE

By MARCELLE VIOUX

Our most important non-fiction for the Spring of 1937, to be published May 12th. Out of the pages of living history comes this thrilling, romantic story of "Le Vert-Gallant," the lusty warrior king, to whom a pretty face was worth more than Paris. "A rich and highly spiced slice of History that makes far better reading than most novels . . ." with a savage background of torture chambers, inquisitors, and "fine ladies" of court with their corrupt morals.

(Illustrated, $3.50)

FOUNTAINS OF YOUTH

The Life of Marie Bashkirtseff

"An absorbing biography of one of the first of those all-telling young ladies who have their cake and their diaries, too."—*New York Times.* A fascinating new best-seller by Dormer Creston, author of "Andromeda in Wimpole Street."

(Illustrated, $3)

by DORMER CRESTON

DON GYPSY

Adventures with a Fiddle in Southern Spain and Barbary. "One of the best of all modern travel books."—*New York Post.* "Invaluable for readers seeking intelligent escape from a humdrum world."—*Chicago News.* By the author of the ever popular "Raggle-Taggle," etc.

(3rd Printing, $3.50)

by WALTER STARKIE

SHOWMAN

"A thrilling autobiography which I read in a state of continuous excitement."—*William Lyon Phelps.* The extraordinary autobiography of as dynamic a man and as talented a producer as America has ever seen. A story of many scenes, each full of human tragedy and comedy — an epic struggle of discouragement and dazzling success —a drama of life itself.

(Illustrated, $3)

by WILLIAM A. BRADY

DINE AT HOME WITH RECTOR

One of the most entertaining books of the year . . . containing Mr. Rector's delightful reminiscences. His priceless recipes thrown in are just so much added riches. No man knows more about the technique and lore of cooking—and few men have played host to so many famous personages. To know what men like and how to cook it, you should not be without this book!

($2.50)

by GEORGE RECTOR

E. P. DUTTON & COMPANY 300 FOURTH AVENUE, NEW YORK

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Books

JOHN CHAMBERLAIN

One of my counts against the Britisher is that he is smug. The world is undoubtedly his oyster, yet he feels that you ought to defend it for him. He writes debilitated novels, yet he has the effrontery to patronize far lustier works by Americans as "crude." His press fails to report certain matters of first importance to the nation, yet he boasts of British freedom of speech. When he travels, it is in a toplofty spirit (see the works of Peter Fleming). When he becomes a radical, he is apt to speak of "we proletarians" with just enough inverted snobbery to make you wild. He is, in short, an obnoxious fellow whose main interest in Americans is to keep them buttered up so that they will be ready to save the hide of the British lion in the next Armageddon.

So I feel whenever my own specific variety of undulant fever—Anglophobia—comes over me. I felt that way when I dipped into J. B. Priestley's *The Good Companions*. I felt that way when I read Mr. Priestley's *Wonder Hero*. Both of these books, so I considered, were shot through with a treacly optimism that was very, very British. They made you feel like crying: "To hell with keeping a stiff upper lip; I'll rage about the state of the world if I choose."

When Mr. Priestley made his famous *gaffe* about the copies of Sinclair Lewis' *Main Street* that he had seen lying about on Manhattan tables with uncut leaves, I felt that Yorktown had been won all over again. Here, at last, the patronizing Britisher was caught in the lie direct: Harcourt, Brace did not publish *Main Street* with uncut leaves. Mr. Priestley, in projecting the Matthew Arnold attitude toward American culture (or pretentions to culture) forward into the twentieth century, had neglected to have his proofs in order, and British prestige in the world of letters fell along with British prestige in the provinces bordering on Manchukuo.

Alas, however, for my Anglophobia! Mr. Priestley's *Midnight on the Desert: Excursion into Autobiography* (Harpers, $3) has just been published, and common honesty compels me to say that it is good. Inasmuch as it is about a winter spent in America, which is a country that I like to think I know something about, I approached *Midnight on the Desert* with the anticipation of a man-eating lion entering the Coliseum. The undulant fever of Anglophobia was raging. But no sooner had I read a few pages than I felt cheated of my promised prey. Mr. Priestley was treating himself with a semirueful, semihumorous deprecation; he didn't seem to be a half-bad fellow. As I read on I felt that it was I, not the Britisher, who should be convicted of smugness.

The desert to which Mr. Priestley refers is not the United States as a whole; it is the Arizona desert. Mr. Priestley went there on the advice of John Galsworthy a couple of winters ago to write a novel; he stayed on to meditate about American life, D. H. Lawrence, the modern office worker, the function of money, communism, his own private brand of socialism, the American woman, whether the American would make a good collectivist or not, autumn in New England, the problems of the fiction writer, Hollywood gold, corruption in Great Britain and how it differs from corruption elsewhere, the scenery at the Grand Canyon, and a host of other things. And in nearly every case Mr. Priestley's reactions ring true. The Priestley that is implicit in *The Good Companions* and *Wonder Hero* is only half a man; the Priestley of *Midnight on the Desert* is a rounded, human personality.

He does, however, make some partial judgments. The American, he thinks, "in almost all but his theories . . . *is* the collective man." As evidence, Mr. Priestley offers the material products that are produced by American collaboration: great skyscrapers, Boulder Dam, the moving pictures, the daily output of a Michigan automobile factory. The American, says Mr. Priestley, "has no objection to mass movement. Nearly everything he does is being done about the same time by a million others. He likes doing exactly what all the others are doing. So does his wife. . . ." This is all true, but it is misleading. For it is also true of other countries that have experienced the industrial revolution. In the United States the industrial revolution has carried further because of the lack of feudal barriers; it does not follow that the American is by nature any less or more collectivistic than Englishmen or Germans. And there are collectivisms and collectivisms. American slang—which has coined such effective derisory tags as "stooge" and "yes man"—does not indicate that as a nation we would be happy in saluting a *führer* or a set of commissars. The American is willing to work on a collective project, but he is not willing to be told by the police or the army that he must work on that project. Mr. Priestley senses this, but he doesn't work out the equation. Nor does the American go in for organized cheering to the extent which Mr. Priestley thinks he does. There *are* organized cheerleaders in college football; but has Mr. Priestley ever witnessed the spontaneous outbursts at professional baseball, boxing, hockey?

Mr. Priestley has some harsh things to say about us in speaking of the "individual" arts of poetry, painting, sculpture, and musical composition—in which "America could not pretend to excel." Well, Europeans have lived in Europe since God knows when; they have had a long time in which to sing and paint. Americans have only lived in America as noncolonials for a very few years. Their painting is certainly superior to that of the English, who haven't excelled in it, anyway. I don't know whether Mr. Priestley intends to lump the novel under his generic head of "poetry," but if he does he is taking credit away from Americans. The English novel hasn't been going anywhere in particular for a long time now;

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

IT'S A FAR CRY

The fascinating life-story of a distinguished Southerner who saw the destruction of the old South and helped to build the new.

Illustrated. $3.00

"Plenty of spice and good humor." — Harry Hansen, *N. Y. World Telegram*

"Honest, authentic . . . genuinely delicious and enjoyable."— William Allen White, *Saturday Review of Literature*

"At once the revelation of an interesting personality and a first-hand history of a section over three-quarters of a century." — Herschel Brickell, *N. Y. Post*

by Robert W. Winston

THE ANTAGONISTS

"Brilliantly written." — Esther Forbes, author of *Paradise*

"A story as extraordinary as truth itself."—*N. Y. Times*

"It is rare to come upon a novel as satisfying as *The Antagonists* in its maturity and versatility of interests." *N. Y. Her. Trib.* $2.50

by Paul Hervey Fox

ADDRESS TO THE LIVING

"Mr. Holmes traps astonishingly right words and phrases for subtler thought. It is easily seen that he is a real poet." — William Rose Benét. $2.00

by John Holmes

A MAPBOOK OF ENGLISH LITERATURE

A book of maps which brings to life famous places and names in English literature. "Admirable."— Christopher Morley. $1.25

by J. D. Briscoe, R. L. Sharp and M. E. Borish

HENRY HOLT & CO. · NEW YORK

American fiction, on the other hand, has been very much alive. As for poetry itself, the English Georgians were about killing it when two Americans, T. S. Eliot and Ezra Pound, came on the scene from overseas to rescue it. During the past few years it has been nip and tuck between London and New York, but Mr. Priestley's countrymen can keep Spender and Auden if I can have MacLeish.

Mr. Priestley doesn't make much of American politics; he sees it as a complicated family quarrel. Yet it is no more mysterious than French politics, in which Radical Socialists are neither radical nor socialist, or English politics, in which the Ramsay MacDonalds do the bidding of the Baldwins and kings are changed at the behest of a United Front consisting of the Tories, the trade unions, and the Archbishop of Canterbury. All Mr. Priestley has to do if he wants to understand American politics is to forget names and look for pressures; politics begins with sociology. The newspapers, as he says, do not explain very much. But they tell a lot when you learn how to discount reporters, ownership, and bias.

Mr. Priestley on Hollywood is neither jealous nor bewitched. He likes many of the pictures which Hollywood produces, likes many of the people there. But he has never seen a place in which people appear to receive less for their money. Princely salaries pay for a few comforts . . . and, presto! there is nothing left of them. Mr. Priestley can't understand it, for Hollywood prices are no higher than prices elsewhere, taxes are no higher than the ones which Mr. Priestley pays in England, and the Hollywood people have long since grown out of the gold-plated motorcar period that was contemporaneous with the silent pictures. Nevertheless, the fact remains that money in Hollywood "vanishes like face cream." And the spirit of the place is too ruthless, too competitive for Mr. Priestley; "the atmosphere was too often like that of the court of some half-crazed despot." Men Mr. Priestley had known in England told him they loved working in Hollywood. They seemed bronzed and fit, but, paradoxically, they were not quite healthy. And, sometimes, they died quite suddenly. It is all a mystery which Mr. Priestley cannot clear up. But it suggests fascinating material for the novelist who will have the patience and the wit to stay in Hollywood long enough to find out all about its inner workings, and then have the courage to break off short, get out, and write about it. Possibly the mystery of the "fairy gold" that turns overnight to "dead leaves" could be cleared up by going back of Mr. Priestley's sentence: "People spend fortunes on entertaining. . . ."

Living in the desert caused Mr. Priestley to revert to an old hobby, that of speculating on the fourth dimension of time. This is the only difficult section of the book. Just as you are about to close in on a meaning for what Mr. Priestley is saying it flickers away, like a mirage about to be grasped by a thirsty man.

*

Altogether, time poses some difficult problems this month. There is Virginia Woolf's *The Years* (Harcourt, Brace, $2.75), which might be called a chronicle novel without any chronicle. The passage of time—fifty years of it—is Mrs. Woolf's theme, and she suggests it endlessly in limpid, clean-washed sentences. But I always feel, after reading a Woolf book, that I know very little about Mrs. Woolf's people—this time the upper middle-class Pargiters of London. Of *Jacob's Room,* Mrs. Woolf's first unconventional novel, all I can recall is a sentence: "Darkness cuts like a knife over Greece." Yet from John Galsworthy, whose method Mrs. Woolf despises, I not only get a sense of character but also a sense of time passing. It is true, as Mrs. Woolf argues both implicitly in her novels and explicitly in her essays, that life in fiction does not consist of a clutter of minutiae. The corpse of detail must be animated with something else. But it is also true that there must be a body to animate, and Virginia Woolf forgets this. It's about time for someone to step up and say that the aphorism that guides Virginia Woolf—"Nothing is permanent except change"—is a platitude, and that the counterprinciple of eternal recurrence is also a platitude.

*

The best novel that has come this way in a good many months is Ignazio Silone's *Bread and Wine* (Harpers, $2.50). Silone is an Italian who has been exiled because he loves freedom, hates romantic ham actors who think they are Julius Cæsar, and declines to have his art totalitarianized into the Fascist salute. The hero of *Bread and Wine* is an agitator who goes home to the country region of southern Italy, disguises himself as a priest—Don Paolo Spada—and listens to the people around him. Officially he learns that a revolution has been fought to free the Italians. "Semiofficially" he learns that nothing

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

New Scribner Books

The Years of Mastery

Marlborough: His Life and Times, Vol. V

by **Winston Churchill**

"Seldom has any biography been written with a larger opulence of detail, or been better worth writing."—*New York Sun.* *Profusely illustrated.* $4.50

•

Dusk of Empire

by **Wythe Williams**

"A book that every student of world affairs must read for its penetrating insight into the problem of international relationships."—*Richmond News Leader.* $3.00

•

Wilderness Wanderers

by **Wendell** and **Lucie Chapman**

America's best known naturalist photographers tell, in text and picture, the story of their Rocky Mountain adventures. $3.75

•

James Talcott

Merchant

by **W. H. Hillyer**

Not only an engrossing account of the life of a notable man but a fascinating picture of New York from 1850 to the 1900's. *Illustrated.* $3.00

at all bookstores

Bread and a Sword

by **Evelyn Scott**

author of "The Wave," etc.

What happens to the creative artist—and his family—in a machine-worshipping world? The answer is found in this brilliant, and bitter, novel and in the author's provocative foreword. $2.75

A Guide Book to the Next War

Flood-Light on Europe

by **Felix Wittmer**

•

Where, when and how will the inevitable next war start? How will the nations line up? What are they doing to avoid or bring on the conflict? Here is the whole picture, nation by nation, set down in terms that every reader will understand, and with scores of explanatory charts and illustrations.

$3.75

Cruise of the Conrad

by **Alan Villiers**

author of "Grain Race," etc.

"A resounding narrative of adventure and the sea . . . an absorbing book and Alan Villiers' best."—*New York Times.* *57 illustrations.* $3.75

Charles Scribner's Sons

None Shall Look Back

by **Caroline Gordon**

author of "Penhally"

"As excellent a novel of its kind as has appeared in many years. . . . Both superbly descriptive and magnificently moving."—*Boston Transcript.* $2.75

•

Winter in the Sun

by **David Burnham**

author of "This Our Exile"

The story of a young Middle Westerner and a girl from the East who struggle against falling in love beneath the Arizona sun—and fail delightfully. "Continuously interesting and dramatic."—*St. Paul Dispatch.* $2.50

•

Still Is the Summer Night

by **August Derleth**

"A novel of disturbing beauty. . . . Read him now for he has something which is bound to push him to a high place in contemporary literature."—*Richmond News Leader.* $2.50

•

All Good Americans

by **Jerome Bahr**

preface by Ernest Hemingway

"Jerome Bahr writes like the wind. He gets right down to the point and hurls it at you. . . . As a robust talent he is worth reading."—*Harry Hansen in the New York World Telegram.* $2.50

at all bookstores

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

OLD FUSS AND FEATHERS

The life, times and exploits of Lt. General Winfield Scott

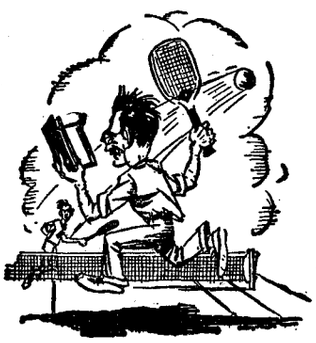
By ARTHUR D. HOWDEN SMITH

"Like reading G. A. Henty, reassured that it is truth. For downright blood and thunder, the night battle at Lundy's Lane should satisfy the most savage reader. 'Old Fuss and Feathers' was a gorgeously colorful figure and Mr. Smith has handled him in a manner due his exploits."
—*Brooklyn Eagle*

RECOMMENDED BY THE BOOK-OF-THE-MONTH CLUB

Illustrated $4.00

THE GREYSTONE PRESS • NEW YORK



What's a Vacation Without Books?

Not only for the rainy days, but for that hour when you're relaxing after a day's sport --- take along books.

"Remember Them With Books"

AMERICAN BOOKSELLERS ASSOCIATION

has changed except for the worse. The landowning classes who joined with Mussolini to fight off socialism are all broke, sunk with mortgages and taxes, and the peasant is in a hopeless state. Everyone accepts the dictatorship because it is a fact; words are no good to convince the Italian that he could rid himself of it. As someone in the novel says: "Every generation has its plague. Sixty years ago it was the mildew, twenty years ago the plant lice. Now it is bureaucracy." Don Paolo—or Pietro Spina—decides that only an example of freedom can reanimate faith in freedom. So he tries to live as that example. But it is difficult, and one closes *Bread and Wine* with the fear that Don Paolo has not succeeded.

Nevertheless, Silone has been inspiring in himself. There has been a stiffening of late among the people whom Jules Romains would call "men of good will" against trifling with ignoble means to gain grandiose ends. Thomas Mann has, at last, spoken his piece against Hitler; Silone has warned—both explicitly and in *Bread and Wine*—that he doesn't want to react from Mussolini's Fascism to "Red Fascism." ("Has not truth, for me, become party truth?" —so reflects Don Paolo with bitterness —"Has not justice, for me, become party justice?") Both of the Fascist dictatorships have discovered from the Spanish adventure that they can't ship men out of the home country and expect them to fight for an antidemocratic cause with any zest; Germans have deserted to the Spanish loyalists, and the Italians have run away from the front. It begins to look as though the ice-jam of antidemocracy is breaking.

The Silone book has, like any good book, an interest that transcends politics. Its bitter humor, its sharp characterization of the peasant, its flashes of wit, and its warm humanity are attributes that link it with the Verga tradition in the Italian novel. Silone may be unknown in Italy at the moment, but when the Italians regain their senses he will be honored in Rome while Mussolini lives only as a desecration. Incidentally, the name of the great Benito never appears in *Bread and Wine;* when Silone's characters speak of him they call him "Etcetera, etcetera." And the children yell "chay-doo, chay-doo" instead of "duce, duce."

*

After Silone, Josephine Johnson's *Jordanstown* (Simon & Shuster, $2) is disappointing. The story of two idealistic young men who try to get out a workers' paper and build a labor temple in a small industrial town that is on the borderland between North and South, it poses all sorts of dramatic problems. The reactionaries of the town lead a vigilante march on the labor center, and Dave Woolf dies of wounds received in the assault. But the victory of the vigilantes is only temporary, for the spirit of the downtrodden in the Fox Basin at the lower end of Jordanstown feeds on Dave's martyrdom. The novel ends on a note of resurgence.

Miss Johnson's prose is beautifully perceptive, admirably fitted to conveying emotion. But it quintessentializes too much. One feels the struggle of the people in *Jordanstown*. But one feels it as one feels the intensity of an El Greco face. The intensity is a point of light in surrounding darkness. The class war of *Jordanstown* is very real, very vivid. But its origins are shrouded. Miss Johnson's style is not suited to anatomizing a social organism. And the novel of social struggle, I feel, demands plenty of anatomizing. A novel of Flint, Michigan, for instance, should not only show the struggle on the streets and in the factories. It should tell how the workers got to Flint in the first place, how the actual owners of Flint had deserted to live in Grosse Point or New York, and, in brief, should exhibit the entire social complex. The novelist must be historian as well as poet if he is to give satisfaction in the novel of social struggle. Otherwise, too much of life escapes.

*

I have never been able to fathom the mystery of Lawrence of Arabia. What made him tick? He was a man who claimed to love privacy—yet everything he did was calculated to make a public exhibition of that search for privacy. He was so concerned with the problem of his own personality that one would almost be justified in the assumption that he hadn't any. Should he be Colonel Lawrence? Or should he be Aircraftsman Shaw? Did he want to be read by his contemporaries? Or by posterity? Should he be a man of the study? Or a man of action?

Whether in the biographical works of Liddell Hart or Robert Graves or in his own *The Seven Pillars of Wisdom,* the man has never hung together for me. As a soldier he may have been great. But otherwise he has remained a cryptogram. This cryptogram, this human enigma, this split human being, is now the subject of a long poem by Selden Rodman, *Lawrence: The Last Crusade* (Viking, $2.50). Mr. Rodman, in some amazingly clear and sustained blank verse, has made sense out of Law-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

rence: he has dramatized him as the déclassé intellectual, springing from the middle class, but lacking in property-consciousness, who is caught between two ideological cross fires, one coming from the stately homes of England, the other from the proletariat.

As Mr. Rodman handles the subject, it is convincing. But it is convincing as a work of the imagination. Is it Lawrence? Did Lawrence ever speculate thus:

. . . . . *Some Napoleon*
Storms in the wake of every Mirabeau,
Lenin brought peace: his heirs will carry guns
To blast new empires in the ancient name
Of brotherhood . . . . . ?

He may have. But somehow it sounds more like a student of second, third, or fourth internationals than like Lawrence of Arabia or Aircraftsman Shaw. Mr. Rodman has painted out the shadows lurking around the face of Lawrence. But, if the shadows belonged there, what then?

Book Notes

Now that the Supreme Court, in one of its five-to-four decisions, has set him free, it is time again to call attention to Angelo Herndon's naïve and sincere autobiography which came out a month or so ago—*Let Me Live. Let Me Live* is the twenty-three-year-old Negro's own story of his life, and especially of his conviction, under an archaic Georgia law, to twenty years on the chain gang. His case has been fought back and forth in the lower courts for several years, reached the Supreme Court early this year, and as we go to press the decision in his favor has just been handed down.

One of his many enthusiastic friends, outside his own race, Nathan Ausubel, writes us the following notes about him:

"Only a few men achieve in their lifetime the stature of a legend; fewer still achieve it at an early age. But to Angelo Herndon, young Negro worker, it came at the tender age of nineteen, so that now, at twenty-three, after four years of indescribable suffering and persecution, he enters into a new phase of what many of his race feel to be an heroic destiny. Yet he is the last person in the world to betray any Napoleonic symptoms of vainglory or self-consciousness about his 'mission.' It is part of the day's work, and the adulation of millions of Negro and white admirers does not touch him. He is well insulated against it by profound moral and social earnestness toward the rôle circumstance and his militant convictions have obliged him to play. He becomes full of amazement when people make a fuss over him and he turns away in a half-melancholy embarrassment."

*

If the publishers have their way, New England will be overrun with tourists this summer. A half-dozen books on the subject, coming out between now and the end of June, combine to make a tasty dish of all that the north countree has to offer. As transient but jealous New Englanders ourselves, we view the probable visiting hordes with some alarm. Yet, on the other hand, we feel it only our duty to announce that the Stephen Daye Press is putting out *Open House in New England,* by Samuel Chamberlain, and *Vermont Vintage,* by Walter Hard; Henry Holt is publishing *New Hampshire Neighbors,* by Cornelius Weygandt; Knopf has *Let Me Show You Vermont,* by Charles E. Crane, on the spring list, and Putnam is bringing out a popularly priced edition of *The Book of the White Mountains,* by John Anderson and Stearns Morse, with photographs and maps all up-to-date.

Elliott Merrick, who though he successfully works (which means *works*) his own farm in Craftsbury Common, Vermont, and still finds time to write novels and short stories, is now aiding and abetting the publishers in their Come-to-New England talk. He and his wife, a nurse who used to have charge of the Grenfell Mission hospital, have decided that between them they have a pretty good setup for a summer camp for children from six to ten—only ten of them. They prefer to call it not a camp, but a farmhome because there is no set routine to be followed—the children help with the farm chores, swim, walk in the woods, build rafts, camp out, and generally learn to occupy themselves. Two of Kyle Crichton's (*Collier's*) children tried it last summer, with great success and pleasure, we are told.

*

One of the troubles of being a smart and literary publicity man or woman for a publishing house is that when you write a book, you can't, in all modesty, boost it. We know Harriet Ashbrook must have had that trouble at Coward-McCann with her *Murder Makes Mur-*

NEW CROWELL BOOKS

HOW WRITERS WRITE
By NETTIE S. TILLETT
Eleven authors — Somerset Maugham, Edith Wharton, Ellen Glasgow and others—tell in their own words what they have found out about their special branches of writing, from the novel to writing for the movies. $2.00

THE WEST IN AMERICAN HISTORY
By DAN E. CLARK
1. The Early West, a land disputed by French, English, Spanish, and Indians. 2. Winning the Middle West. 3. The Far West, a country rich in gold, cattle, and rich in history. $3.50

YOU DON'T SAY!
A book on pronunciation —with a sense of humor
By ALFRED H. HOLT
The unwary reader will wander into it, and suddenly discover to his horror that he has been mispronouncing CULINARY, or TUNA, or MULETEER, all his life. $1.50

IF YOU'RE GOING TO LIVE IN THE COUNTRY
By THOMAS H. ORMSBEE
How to pick out your house in the country, how to remodel it, how to furnish it. Practical information by a recognized authority. ILLUSTRATED. $2.50

AS ONE GARDENER TO ANOTHER
By LUCY M. ELLIS
How to grow flowers and what ones to grow. How to get the most out of different kinds of gardens—rock gardens, water gardens. Chatty and amusing. ILLUSTRATED. $2.50

A KEY TO THE ART OF MUSIC
By FRANK HOWES
An excellent survey—history, literature, construction. For people who are fond of music. The portion on modern music is a splendid explanation. $2.00

"A Grand Job of Story Telling."

DEEP SUMMER
by GWEN BRISTOW

"A grand job of story telling. From the moment when we meet Judith Sheramy, of Connecticut, floating down the Mississippi on her father's barge, we are caught up in the current of life in pre-revolutionary Louisiana. . . . A tremendously vital and exciting story of the founding of a colonial dynasty."
—*The New York Times Book Review.*

$2.00

THOMAS Y. CROWELL COMPANY
393 Fourth Avenue · New York

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Fun of Being an Editor

without the work

THIS is what STORY gives its readers. Each month you can feel the same expectancy and excitement that an editor in a large publishing house feels when he starts to work on a pile of manuscripts.

As you go through each sparkling issue of STORY you may well ask yourself, "Which, if any, of these stories represents a discovery of new and striking talent which a year from now will be known the nation over?"

There's a difference, however, between you and the editor. He, poor wretch, is bound to wade through a number of inferior stories before he comes upon a real find, while you are assured of good stories only. There will be some you like better than others, but there will be no dull ones, no conventionally sentimental or conventionally obscure ones.

If you do not already know the brilliant entertainment that is STORY — called by Edward J. O'Brien "the most distinguished short story magazine found in the world today" — we offer you an introductory subscription for six months for only $1.00.

Each issue of STORY contains

Short stories and novellas by important writers, both new and established.

End Pages — Whit Burnett's lively remarks on writing and writers, and whatever comes into his entertaining mind.

Survey of Reviews — a summarized survey and index of the leading reviews and criticisms of important current books.

Return the Coupon Today!

STORY 85
432 FOURTH AVE., NEW YORK, N. Y.

I am enclosing one dollar for a trial subscription of six months. Please send STORY to

NAME.....

ADDRESS.....

der, and now that Ramona Herdman at Harpers has published her new novel, *Today Is Forever,* her friends have rallied to the rescue. Doris Schneider, on her own Longmans, Green (where she is in publicity work) stationery comes out with a short review of the book, ending up with "I haven't seen many announcements of *Today Is Forever* and, knowing that Ramona Herdman refused to send out any notices on her own books, I am writing to make sure that you don't miss it."

—KATHERINE GAUSS JACKSON

Scribner's Recommends:

1. *The Pretender,* by Lion Feuchtwanger. Viking. $2.50.

The author of *Power* and *The Oppermanns* writes the story of a mad, would-be emperor in the days just after Nero.

2. *Can All This Grandeur Perish?,* by James T. Farrell. Vanguard. $2.50.

Short stories by the most praised and the most maligned novelist of the year.

3. *Pedlar's Progress: The Life of Bronson Alcott,* by Odell Shepard. Little, Brown. $3.75.

The first man to read all the fifty volumes of Alcott's journals writes a biography that wins the Little, Brown Centenary Prize Contest.

4. *Pipe All Hands,* by H. V. Tomlinson. Harpers. $2.50.

The instinctive fears and superstitions, loyalties and hates peculiar always to men of the sea are put into a new novel by the man who wrote *Gallions Reach.*

5. *Before I Forget,* by Burton Rascoe. Doubleday, Doran. $3.

The personal memoirs of a man known to everyone who reads books in America.

6. *The Outward Room,* by Millen Brand. Simon & Schuster. $1.25.

A first novel which is a dual selection of the Book-of-the-Month Club for May with *They Came Like Swallows.*

7. *The English Co-operatives,* by Sydney R. Elliott. Yale University Press. $2.50.

Editor of a co-operative newspaper in England, Mr. Elliott is well fitted to write on a subject of considerable contemporary interest and discussion.

8. *Neighbor to the Sky,* by Gladys Hasty Carroll. Macmillan. $2.50.

The characters in Mrs. Carroll's new novel come from the same kind of Maine farm she made famous in *As the Earth Turns*—but they don't stay there.

9. *The Soviets,* by Albert Rhys Williams. Harcourt, Brace. $4.

A book about Russia today by a man who knows Russia and who has known Stalin and John Reed. Book Union choice for May.

10. *The Supreme Court and the National Will,* by Dean Alfange. Doubleday, Doran. $2.50.

Winner of the first Theodore Roosevelt Memorial Award of $2500. The committee of judges included President Dodds of Princeton; Dr. Moulton, President of the Brookings Institution; Dr. Henry Seidel Canby; Dean Pound of the Harvard Law School, and Theodore Roosevelt, Jr.

It is interesting to note:

. . . that five books tied for eleventh place on the list: *The Court Disposes,* by Isadore Finestine, *Trumpet of Jubilee,* by Ludwig Lewisohn, *Washington Calling!* by Marquis Childs, *Life of John Keats,* by Charles Armitage Brown, and *The Wind from the Mountains,* by Trygve Gulbranssen.

. . . that the publishers either don't know about or care about a book which is a Book-of-the-Month choice for May —at any rate they only gave it three votes: *They Came Like Swallows,* by William Maxwell. As a column, we're betting on it.

. . . that Houghton Mifflin didn't reprove us openly, but with quiet reproach inserted *Blood on the Moon,* by Linton Wells, and Edward J. O'Brien's *Best Short Stories, 1937,* on our list of books to be voted on. Now they may be right about Mr. Wells' adventure book, but we have a kind of prejudice about including annual anthologies.

. . . that Knopf inserted—and rightly we think—*The Sunpapers of Baltimore,* by Gerald W. Johnson, Frank R. Kent, H. L. Mencken, and Hamilton Owens. We think Knopf is right. It should have been on the list, and ours is the mistake for misreading the publication date.

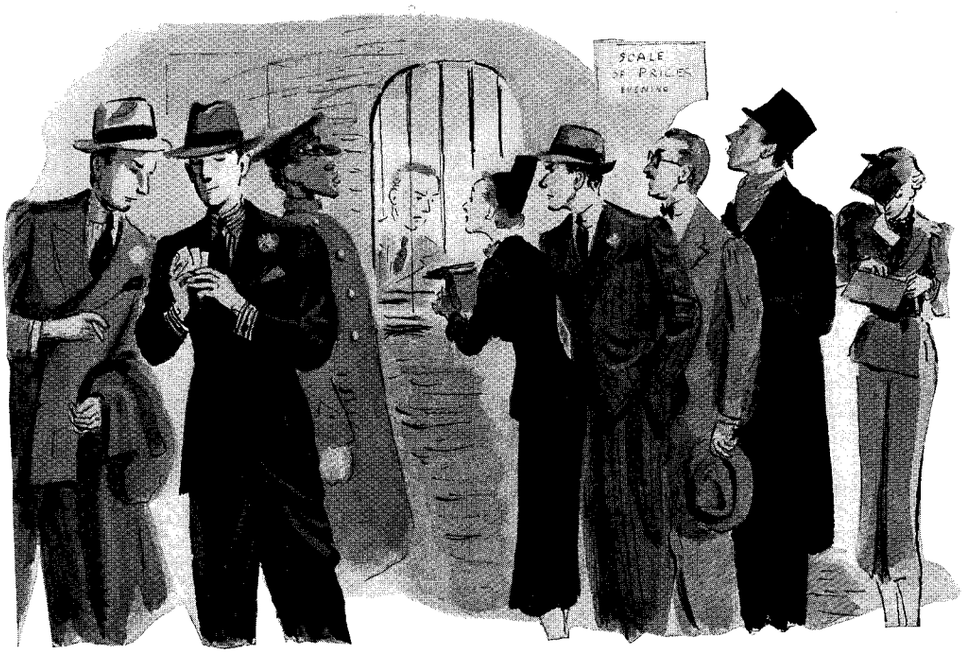
. . . that once in a while we are as impressed as we are meant to be by publishers' advance notices. *I Can Get It for You Wholesale* is a first novel by Jerome Weidman which we confess we have a more than lively eagerness to get at after reading the first few pages sent out as bait. Mr. Simon, of Simon & Schuster, says it's his favorite book on their spring list, and Burton Rascoe is quoted as saying that its publication marks an event in American literature.

SCRIBNER'S

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

It Was a Nice Depression

(*continued from page* 15)



Box-office treasurers snarl with all their 1929 virulence

ber, late of the front row in musical comedy, who has been established in an apartment on Park Avenue.

The effect of all this on our children is not pleasant to contemplate. It would be perfectly silly, of course, to intimate that the dark depths of the depression did not have disadvantages. Expenses had to be curtailed. In some cases, sons and daughters were withdrawn from cherished private schools.

At its worst, on the other hand, the slump was not so evil as the boom. The young people learned that money was not the all in all of life. To make money the sole basis of existence, they discovered, was dangerous; they watched large fortunes being swept away. They knew that a life based on money might, with a downward swing of the economic cycle, become a life based on nothing at all. So quite a few of them turned to higher things. Instead of business or finance, they began to ponder the wisdom of careers in science or literature or the arts. Not only at Yale—in other schools as well—it was no longer customary to develop friendships for their possible financial value.

VI

The approaching boom will bring back innumerable annoyances; some of them are already here. A mere rise in prices cannot be objected to with reason. High prices for articles of questionable value were the rule in 1929, though. It was a nice depression because tailors made suits at reasonable rates. It was not enough for a tailor to be fashionable; he had to be skillful as well.

It was a nice depression because our wives dressed well on dwindling incomes. All the best shops had "budget departments" where a really excellent evening gown could be bought for $35 or $40. But my wife tells me that the salesgirls now trot out models costing $65 to $100, and many are haughty in their disapproval if they are forced to show the cheaper dresses. The era of pseudo luxury is returning; the most casual examination of department-store advertising reveals this trend. Every girl must have a fur coat, and it must be a mink coat at that.

Finally, the enemy of mankind—the landlord—was properly humbled during the slump. He found himself confronted with a buyers' market, which was very pleasant for the buyers. So he cut his rentals and made drastic concessions. He was anxious to redecorate. He was careful to see that the servants in his apartment houses were efficient and polite. True, it was sometimes a little difficult to meet even the reduced rent each month. That didn't matter much. The landlord was very patient and never dreamed of eviction proceedings.

One of the hotels which tower above Park Avenue in New York contains the most extraordinary apartment ever designed. Its glory is somewhat tarnished now, because the occupant has changed several times, and a good deal of the furniture has been removed. The apartment was specially constructed for the head of a company which sold real-estate bonds to the public. The hotel in which it was located was financed by this concern. Italian and French furniture and hangings, many of them museum pieces, had been crowded into the numerous enormous rooms in the apartment. The banquet hall was large enough to seat fifty people around a vast table. But the main feature of the place was a pipe organ in the drawing room. Through some device, certain of its pipes were extended into the bedroom—they literally threaded the whole apartment. Guests of the millionaire bond dealer specified, before retiring, the music which would please them most in the morning. Then they were awakened by the melody, played by an organist from a near-by Park Avenue church.

The bond dealer is now dead. The investors who trusted him with their money lost most of their savings. But the apartment is still there, if stripped of its most lavish furnishings. Perhaps it should be opened to the public, as a memento of 1929. A memento and a warning.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

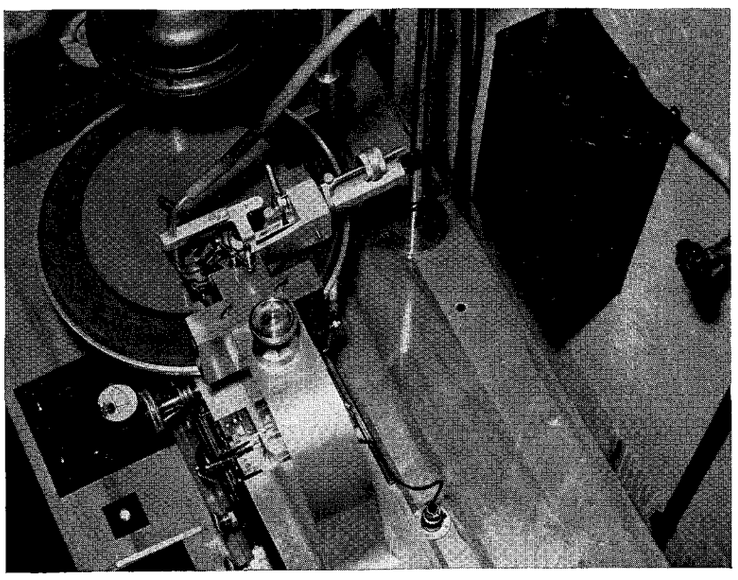
Music and Records

RICHARD GILBERT

In addition, SCRIBNER'S *presents to an increasing number of record collectors a series of photographs by Otto Hess on this and the next three pages illustrating the different stages in the manufacture of a modern phonograph disc.**

1 Recording microphones permit adjustments in tonal balance impossible in a public performance. Tommy Dorsey leads his orchestra in a swing tune

2 In the sound-proof recording room the engineers watch the players and carefully control the music which is heard from the overhead monitor speaker



3 The recording machine is a complex and delicate instrument which cuts the sound waves on a soft wax disc. The machine operates with great precision

TRANSMISSION of music through the air and over wires, and its storage in tracks and grooves on film and discs are commonplaces of modern life. Accustomed to pushing a button whenever we wish to control light, heat, and sound, most of us care little how the wheels go around, but generally we are interested in where they may take us.

For the dissemination of tonal art, the radio, the phonograph, and the sound film provide an incalculable service. Yet, so far, the rich possibilities inherent in these magical agencies have had small effect upon the creation of a new art. In *Toward a New Music* (W. W. Norton, $2) Carlos Chavez, Mexico's foremost composer and conductor, examines the electrical devices for musical production and reproduction of the present, and foresees the development of the music of the future.

His plea to the composers of today to take into account the new musical resources of our time has a fair chance of being answered—partially, at least—this month when the Columbia Broadcasting System presents a series of new works written especially for the microphone by six leading American composers. Everybody's Music, Sundays at 3 P.M., Eastern Daylight Time.

Meanwhile, everything in Chavez's book about electricity and music ought to be of unusual interest to record collectors and followers of the better musical broadcasts. There is a wealth of information here, stated with as little technicality as possible, as to what science is doing to music and what it can do for music. Chavez is not the first writer to envisage the revolutionary changes imminent in music, but he is

*Studio and recording-room photographs, *RCA Victor*. Manufacturing photographs, *Decca Records, Inc.*

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Music—as you Desire it!

TONIGHT

A Concert for Yourself

TOSCANINI
Conducts the New York Philharmonic Orchestra playing Beethoven's Seventh Symphony
Album M-317

KIRSTEN FLAGSTAD
sings two tender Grieg lyrics "Ein Traum" and "Ich Liebe Dich"
Record No. 1804

ARTUR SCHNABEL
plays Beethoven's Concerto No. 2 in B-Flat Major
Album M-295

TOMORROW NIGHT

For Guests who like Opera

HELEN JEPSON
sings "Depuis le Jour" from "Louise"
Record No. 14153

LAWRENCE TIBBETT
sings selections from "Porgy and Bess"
Album C-25

LOTTE LEHMANN
LAURITZ MELCHIOR
EMANUEL LIST
sing Act I from Wagner's "Die Walkure" Album M-298

NEXT WEEK

A Home Party with Dancing

GUY LOMBARDO
WAYNE KING
EDDY DUCHIN
TOMMY DORSEY

and any of the other leading dance bands your guests may wish to hear play their newest hits, or old favorites

Only Victor Records bring you the world's leading artists in opera, concert and popular music

VICTOR RECORDS can turn your home into opera house, concert hall, night club, theatre... to suit your desire. Build a Victor Record Library and you can hear the brightest stars of opera any time . . . or any of the world's greatest symphony orchestras . . . You can entertain guests with Gilbert & Sullivan or Noel Coward . . . let them dance to the world's finest dance bands . . . enchant them with recitals by the greatest instrumentalists.

Let there be a new event of musical importance and Victor Records can bring that music into your home at once . . . the one way to keep abreast of all the world of music today.

The world's greatest musicians are in America . . . and almost every one records exclusively for Victor. Victor Records are made to last a lifetime.

RCA presents the "Magic Key" every Sunday, 2 to 3 P. M., E. D. T., on NBC Blue Network

RCA Victor Phonograph-Radio 9U-2, incorporates new RCA Victor Higher Fidelity Phonograph—and the latest RCA Victor Magic Brain Radio . . $300

RCA Victor Record Player R-93-A, only $18.50, plays Victor Records through any modern AC radio. Plays all sizes of records.

Prices f. o. b. Camden, N. J., subject to change

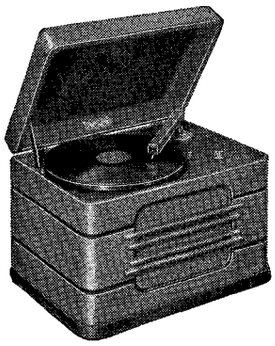
VICTOR RECORDS

and Phonograph-Radios

A SERVICE OF RADIO CORPORATION OF AMERICA

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE MAGNAVOX CONCERTO



RELAX WITH MUSIC

THE MAGNAVOX CONCERTO IS AN IDEAL SUMMER COMPANION

HERE's the finest investment you can make to provide greater enjoyment and entertainment at your summer home! The Magnavox Concerto is the result of extended scientific research to reproduce modern recordings with true fidelity. It is an attractive instrument priced well within your summer budget. Do not complete your vacation plans until you have heard a Magnavox — you'll take one with you.

FOR SALE BY MUSIC DEALERS EVERYWHERE

ELECTRO-ACOUSTIC PRODUCTS CO.
SUBSIDIARY OF THE MAGNAVOX COMPANY
FORT WAYNE INDIANA

A NEW NOTE IN RECORDS

Music of the masters—unusual recordings—for connoisseurs, artists, students —music lovers.

SINGET DEM HERRN
Cantata by
DIETRICH BUXTEHUDE

Ethel Luening, soprano; Joseph Reilich, violin; Sterling Hunkins, cello; Ernst Victor Wolff, harpsichord.
One twelve-inch record $1.50

Reviews of Last Month's List

"... excitingly novel material ... whets the appetite for more."—The American Music Lover

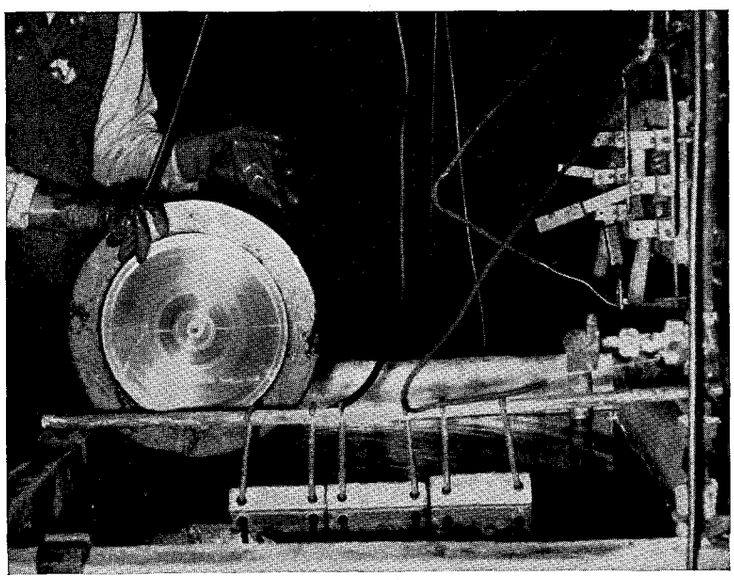
"Genius went into the making of the MUSICRAFT April record list." Aaron Stein—The New York Post

"The latest MUSICRAFT output justifies its purpose in an extremely interesting release of music by Buxtehude, Handel, and three sons of Johann Sebastian Bach." Frances Boardman—St. Paul Pioneer Press

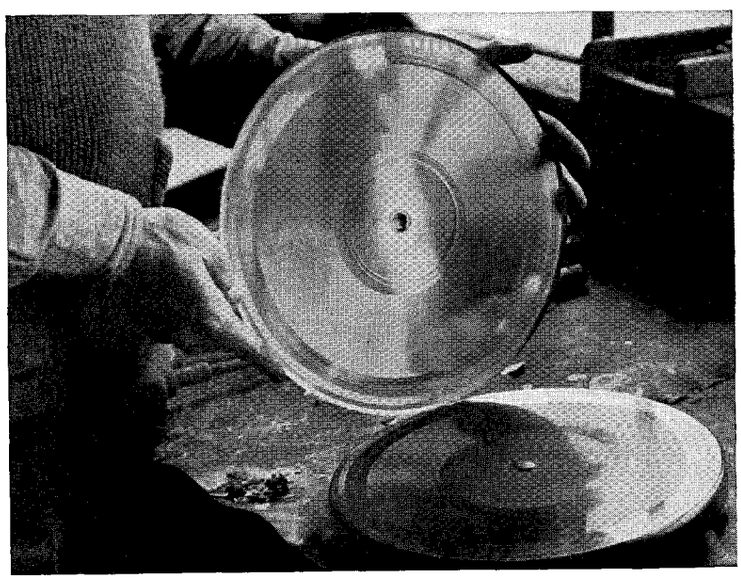
Ask your dealer for our list

MUSICRAFT RECORDS, INC.
10 West 47th Street · New York City

The wax disc is taken from the recording machine. It is dusted with graphite (or silver-plated) by an expert to render it conductive to electricity 4

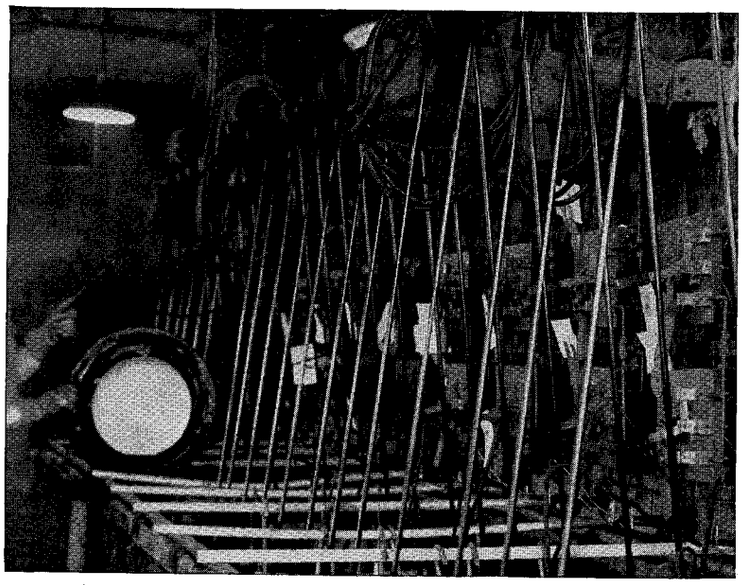


In the Galvano room the wax disc is immersed in a copper bath where it rotates for approximately seventeen hours, building up a thick copper plating 5

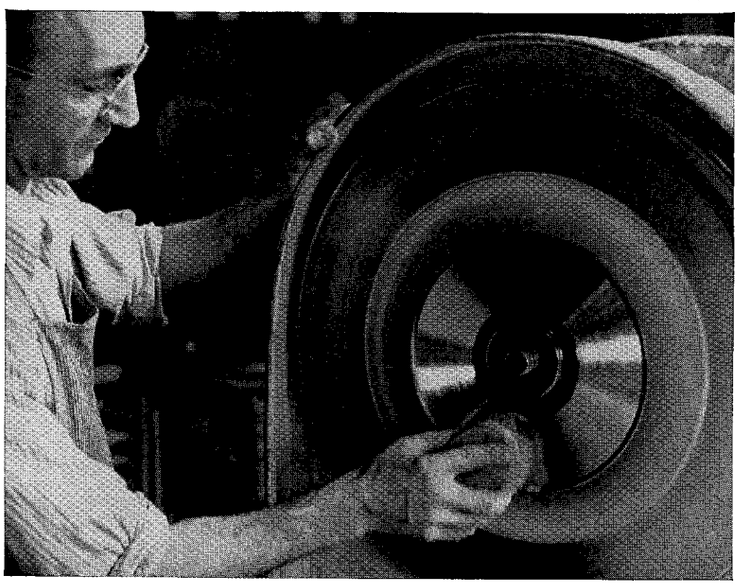


This copper-plated negative or "master" is carefully stripped from the wax disc. Extreme caution must be exercised in all stages of the process 6

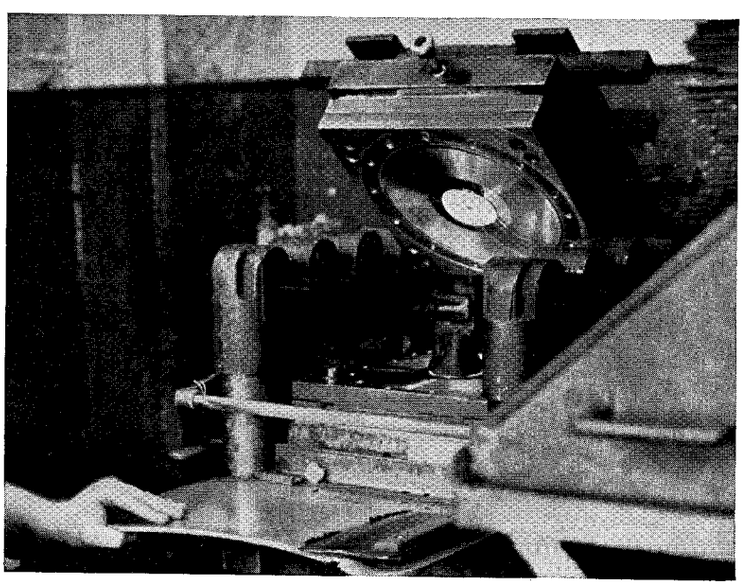
PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



7 The "master" now takes the place of the original wax disc in the copper-plating bath and builds up what is known as the positive or "mother"



8 The "stamper" being polished in the photo is plated from the "mother." It is a negative and will later be backed and fastened to the die of the press



9 Labels are placed in the lower and upper stampers; the lump of stock is put in the press which when closed heats, molds, and cools the record

FOR YOUR MUSIC LIBRARY

Toward a New Music

Music and Electricity

by CARLOS CHAVEZ

This is a book about the changing character of music, showing the development of the radio, the sound-film, the phonograph and electrical instruments, and foreshadowing achievement of the socialized music of the future. Illustrated. $2.00

The Story of the Orchestra

by PAUL BEKKER

Orchestral music has become the most popular of all musical forms. This book presents the evolution of orchestral types from the beginning of the classic orchestra of Haydn to the mechanistic orchestra of Stravinsky. Illustrated. $3.50

BY THE SAME AUTHOR

THE CHANGING OPERA
Illustrated. $3.50

THE STORY OF MUSIC
Illustrated. $3.50

Listening to Music

by DOUGLAS MOORE

A book for those who seek a more intelligent appreciation of music. In non-technical language, the author analyzes familiar compositions and tells what happens in them musically. New, completely revised edition just out. Illustrated. $3.00

The Magic World of Music

by OLGA SAMAROFF STOKOWSKI

A book that tells how music originated, grew and took form and how it may be understood and loved by any child. Illustrated by Emil Preetorius. $2.50

BY THE SAME AUTHOR

A MUSIC MANUAL. Illus. $1.00

THE LAYMAN'S MUSIC BOOK
$2.75

W. W. NORTON & COMPANY
70 Fifth Avenue, New York

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

23 LANGUAGES

Speak FRENCH or any other modern language in a few months by LINGUAPHONE

Unique method brings voices of native masters into your own home. . . . Also special records in English diction and Shakespearean selections recorded by John Gielgud. Call for demonstration or send for FREE book No. S62.

LINGUAPHONE INSTITUTE
RCA Bldg.-Mezzanine 22
ROCKEFELLER CENTER · NEW YORK

"NEW" MODE IN ENTERTAINING

Remember the old days when no visit was complete without a forced hearing of ye host's phonograph records? . . . Those days are gone. But a new era is here. Today a renaissance of entertainment with recorded music is sweeping the country. Reason? These new-type records are incredibly beautiful tonal miracles! (Minor miracle: obtainable here in various "editions," as low as 50c. per disc.)

The Gramophone Shop, Inc.
18 East 48th St., New York
P.S. *Ask for sale catalog - Free*

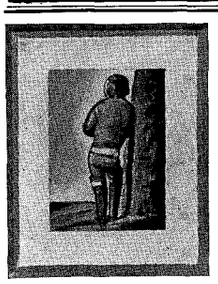
HOT JAZZ

BY HUGUES PANASSIE

THE AUTHORITATIVE CRITICAL STUDY OF "SWING"—WITH EXTENSIVE LISTS OF RECORDS . . . $5

SCHOLES MUSIC HANDBOOK
887 TERMS EXPLAINED
$1.50

WITMARK N. Y.



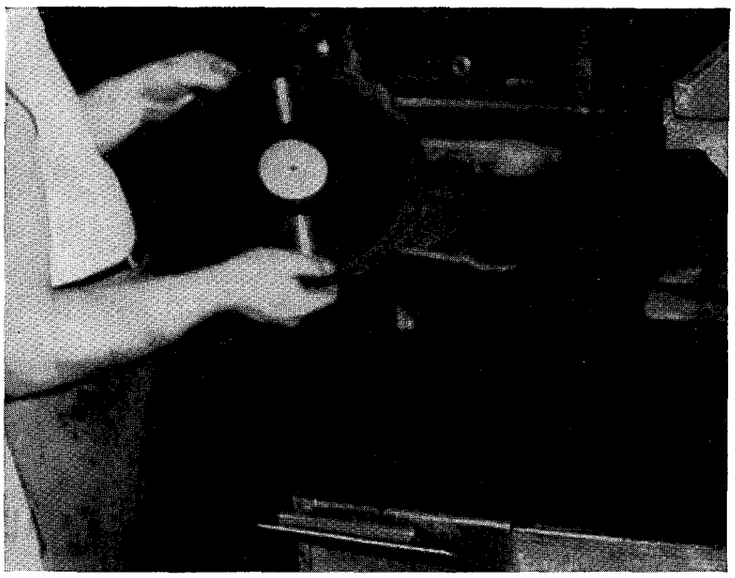
You can buy any of the
SCRIBNER'S COLOR PRINTS
Beautifully Framed $2.75

● By special arrangement with Scribner's, we will furnish an exact duplicate of any of the subjects in the series — beautifully framed in polished natural wood, with a hand cut mat and clear white glass. The frame measures 15½ x 18½ inches and has been specially designed for this series of color reproductions of American painters.

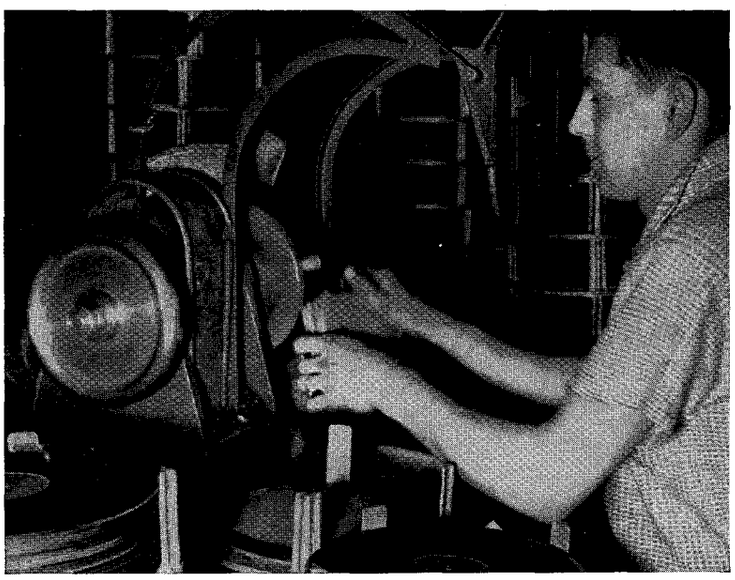
Makes a Beautiful Addition to the Home

Specify the print you desire and send us your check or money order, adding 25 cents to cover the cost of packing and shipping. The framed duplicate print will be forwarded to you prepaid in a sturdy carton.

F. A. R. GALLERY 19 E. 61 St., New York, N.Y.



The record, as it is taken from the automatic press, is a marvel of molding technic. This disc now needs to have the spew, or outer roughage, removed 10



The record is next revolved on a rapidly turning wheel where the edge is trimmed to proper size, smoothed, and then given a polish by the operator 11

The record is inspected and placed in its paper container. It is now a permanent replica of the original wax disc and is ready to be played 12

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

the first creative musician to explore and describe at length the forces impelling these changes, and, moreover, with an intimate understanding of their nature and application.

*

As the emphasis this month on records is largely pictorial, it would be impossible in the space remaining to give anything but a bare résumé of some of the new publications. My selection of a novelty from record lists replete with novelties—ranging from the sixteenth-century songs of De Lassus, Tessier, and Claude le Jeune (Columbia No. 4252M) and *Old Italian Airs and Lute Dances* from the same period, arranged by Respighi for string quartet (Victor No. 12019 & -20), and Dietrich Buxtehude's cantata *O Fröhliche Stunden* (Musicraft No. 1009) up to Hindemith's *Sonata for Unaccompanied Viola* (Columbia Nos. 17083, -84, -85), Delius's setting of Walt Whitman's *Sea-Drift* (Columbia set No. 290), and Meade "Lux" Lewis's *Honky Tonk Train Blues* (Victor No. 25541)—is made very simple by the arrival here, at last, of the French recording of Maurice Ravel's magnificently witty but seldom performed *L'Heure espagnole* (1911), a very special masterpiece but as little known as the ancient and modern material just noted.

This delightful *opéra bouffe* was censured when it was first performed at the Metropolitan more than a decade ago. No need to go into that. The peculiar Gallic wit of Franc-Nohain's farce found a perfect musical counterpart in Ravel's adaptation. The recitative follows the slightest inflection of the speaking voice (the method of *Pelléas et Mélisande*, its immediate forerunner) while the orchestra emphasizes in an irresistibly comic manner the sly *double-entendre* of the words.

Set, of course, in a remote era when Spaniards found libidinous adventure more entertaining than cutting each others' throats, *L'Heure espagnole* is a malicious tale providing enough situations to call forth everyone of the characteristic Ravelian traits of humor, irony, and poetic sentiment. A Toledo watchmaker is summoned from his shop to regulate the city clocks and leaves a customer, Ramiro, a mule driver, alone with his wife, Concepcion. Awaiting her lover, Gonzalve, the flirtatious woman keeps the mule driver occupied by having him carry a large grandfather clock to her room. When Gonzalve arrives, Concepcion hides him in another clock, and has Ramiro return the first and deposit this other with its precious enclosure in its place. Gonzalve, reckless youth, wastes time poetizing, and Concepcion, provoked and impatient, returns to the shop and finds that an unwelcome lover, Don Inigo, a banker, has concealed himself in the first clock. At last, exasperated by the poet's serenading, she has the unsuspecting Ramiro lift the clock containing the stout banker and take that to her chamber, after innocently depositing Gonzalve once more in the shop. Further complications arrive when Don Inigo is unable to extricate himself from his prison. The hour is almost wasted, so when Ramiro, who is naïvely pleased to work for this charming woman until her husband returns to repair his watch, has carried Don Inigo's clock to its proper place, Concepcion, who has all the while observed his remarkable strength, orders him to her room. When the mule driver asks what clock she now wants, Concepcion replies, "Sans horloge!"

Meanwhile, the husband returns and is overjoyed to find such worthy customers as Don Inigo and Gonzalve in his shop. Concepcion and Ramiro enter, and the latter pulls Don Inigo from his tight position in the clock, and then the quintet advances to the footlights and sings about a poet, a ridiculous husband, a coquettish woman, a financier, and continues to "Le Muletier a son tour!"

And a lot of musical fun Maurice Ravel extracts from it all . . . from the short introduction—with the interloping pendulums tick-tocking monotonously away, bells striking the hours, cuckoo clocks singing characteristic motif-themes, and musical marionettes adding to the general clock-store din—to the final quintet with its ravishing *habanera* accompaniment, the musical joker has a great time. Sliding trombones, the rattle of drumsticks, a blast on the tuba, a bottom B-flat on the bassoon, together with languishing waltzes, tenderly poetic passages, and fiery exhortations—all these devices and more evoke mockingly, but with the greatest artistic taste and instrumental virtuosity, the significance of the farcical text. The singers most of the time merely talk their parts, the orchestra gets along magnificently with the plot. *L'Heure espagnole*, as I have said, is a very special masterpiece; here you have it unabridged and in permanent "sounding-book" form. Its splendid recording by a cast of excellent French singers and a perfectly balanced orchestra under the direction of Georges Truc makes it a unique addition to any record library. (Columbia Operatic set No. 14.)

Music must be heard as well as read about--

This book shows you how your own phonograph library can help you to a new and better understanding of symphonic music.

A BOOK OF THE SYMPHONY

by B. H. HAGGIN

This unique volume gives detailed analyses of 32 symphonies and affords a practical guide for musical people without musical training. An ingenious device is provided with each book for use with phonograph records enabling the reader to hear *as he reads* the particular passages under discussion. "As serious and pleasant a contribution to musical enjoyment . . . as has been made in many years."
Irwin Edman.

$5.00

OXFORD UNIVERSITY PRESS
114 Fifth Avenue
New York

One of a pair of mahogany bow-front side-tables and book-cases with ormolu mounts.—1790-1800. Length 41", Depth 14", Height 34". The porcelain American Bluebirds are modelled from life by Dorothy Doughty. This edition is strictly limited.

EIGHTEENTH CENTURY FURNITURE
PORCELAINS • SILVER
ARCHITECTURAL INTERIORS

The ILLUSTRATED CATALOGUE ON REQUEST
SAINT JAMES'S GALLERIES Limited
19 EAST 53RD STREET • NEW YORK
PLAZA: 3-1446

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Scribner Quiz

IRVING D. TRESSLER

1. When fully grown, only one of these animals could possibly snuggle unobtrusively into your bed:

manatee *gnu* *yak* *chinchilla*
ocelot *peccary* *stork* *vicuna*

2. The 1937 session of Congress saw John Collier engaged in a struggle to:

retain the Indian Reorganization Act
expand his National Park Service
obtain a prohibitive tariff on tung oil
force a law abolishing burlesque houses

3. Let it be understood, now and forevermore, that after it leaves Minnesota the Mississippi River:

separates Kentucky and Missouri
forms the eastern boundary of Illinois
separates Oklahoma from Arkansas
forms the western boundary of Iowa

4. It is a pleasure to be able to inform you that when the Romans went hunting they called for guidance from:

Ceres *Citronella* *Venus* *Ibid*
Aphrodite *Diana* *Nemesis* *Mercury*

5. Not so long ago Frederick L. Goudy was presented with the Ulster Irish Medal for his outstanding lifetime work as:

a specialist in bovine tuberculosis
the treaty proctor at The Hague
an English composer of popular tunes
an American designer of type faces

6. If you can remember the NRA, you will recall that most products produced under its laws had a sticker with a blue eagle on it and the words:

We Did Our Share *Sic Semper Tyrannis*
We've Done Our Share *We Do Our Part*

7. The famous line "'Tis better to have loved and lost, Than never to have loved at all" was written by:

Elaine Barrie *Alfred Tennyson*
Percy Bysshe Shelley *John Milton*
John Keats *William Wordsworth*

8. The Nineteenth Amendment to the U. S. Constitution:

abolished liquor *fixed immigration laws*
gave suffrage to women *restored liquor*
banned importation of blue-billed toucans

9. Mrs. Joseph E. Davies, wife of the U. S. Ambassador to the U.S.S.R., is a very wealthy woman in her own right, thanks to:

HERE's another quiz on which you may test your S.Q. (*Scribner's Quotient*). Like its predecessors, it's a good stiff test of your general knowledge because there's everything in it from art and literature to present-day politics and current news. Each question has a number of choices, *only one of which is the correct answer.* Some of the choices are absurd, but most of them will sound quite logical, and you'll probably have to do a bit of guessing . . . Take a slender cylinder of lead encased in wood or metal (sometimes called a pencil) and check each one of the 50 questions. The perfect score is 100, and for each question you miss, subtract 2 points (i.e. if you miss 14 questions, you subtract 28 points from 100, and receive a score of 72). No questions may be skipped. If you score above a 70 on this particular quiz, you may feel mildly conceited.

(*Correct answers on page 93*)

Vick's Vapo-Rub *Ex-Lax* *Kleenex*
Kissproof Lipstick *Postum* *Squibb's*
Corn Flakes *Gillette* *Ovaltine*

10. One of these definitions is haughtily insistent that it is quite correct:

beholden — to grasp in the hand
fife — number of pennies in a nickel
humidify — to mortify another person
mezzo-soprano — a voice between a soprano and a contralto

11. A character known as Little Lulu appears regularly in:

Yale Review *Liberty* *New Yorker*
Collier's *Saturday Evening Post*

12. Largely because of the great . . . . . Aircraft plant, Los Angeles County is now the greatest U. S. center of plane manufacturing:

Boeing *Douglas* *Lockheed*
Curtiss-Wright *Sikorsky* *Ford*

13. *Webster's* defines it as "a spasmodic inspiration with closure of the glottis producing a peculiar sound," but you probably are familiar with it as:

sneezing *yawning* *hiccoughing*
snorting *crying* *whistling*

14. Americans who know their country's history will have no trouble in pointing out the first big battle of the Revolution which was the:

Battle of Lake Champlain
Battle of Lexington
Battle of Bunker Hill
Battle of Gates' Landing

15. Part of London's highly developed aerial-defense plans already under construction include:

giant "No Trespassing" signs on roof tops
antiaircraft guns on all tall buildings
shells with gases to stall motors
a series of steel wires suspended between balloons

16. When a person dies intestate he:

dies of an intestinal complaint
dies without leaving a valid will
dies leaving no legitimate heirs
dies outside of his legal residence state

17. If you breathe deeply, relax completely, and close your eyes perhaps you'll strike the correct book-author combination here:

Mother India — *Katherine Brush*
The Epic of America — *J. T. Adams*
Microbe Hunters — *Paul Muni*
My Life and Hard Times — *George Arliss*

18. Owen D. Young rather surprised everyone this year by:

getting married in St. Augustine, Florida
forsaking the gray topper he's always worn
siding with the C.I.O. in the steel strike
accepting the appointment as FCA chairman
announcing that GE had a U.S.S.R. contract

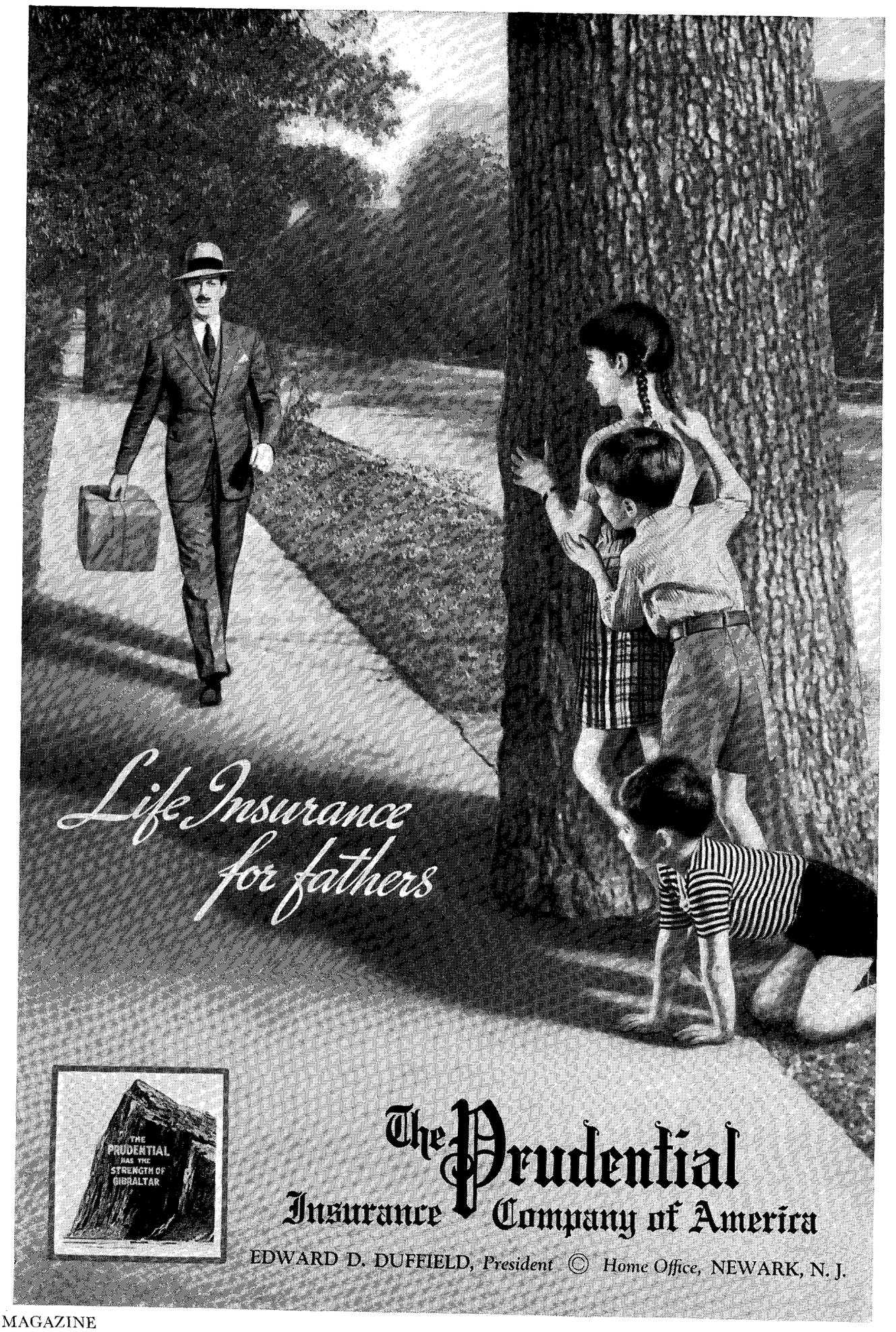
19. If you were fleeing across the Atlantic Ocean from Madrid and followed a due-west course you would land closest to:

Halifax *New York City* *Miami*

20. Those Mexican jumping beans, which you see at carnivals and fairs, jump because:

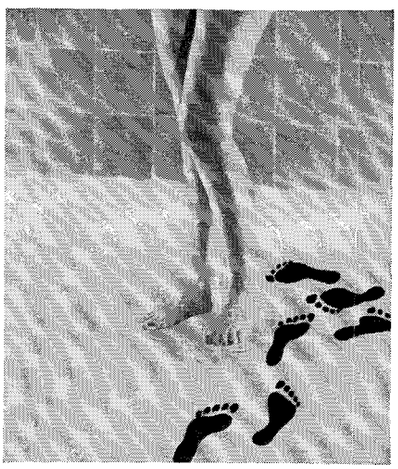
they are so happy to escape the pot
gases inside explode with the heat
there is a bean-moth larva inside

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED


Life Insurance for fathers
THE PRUDENTIAL HAS THE STRENGTH OF GIBRALTAR
The Prudential
Insurance Company of America
EDWARD D. DUFFIELD, President © Home Office, NEWARK, N. J.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

How a bride gave her husband ATHLETE'S FOOT



She was a CARRIER★

AT the summer resort on their honeymoon, she picked up a case of Athlete's Foot, infected the bathroom floor at home, and now her husband will probably get it.

But where you contract the infection isn't as important as what you do about getting rid of it—before more serious trouble develops, before you give it to other people. Why not play safe and examine your toes for infection?

Is the skin between them red, irritated? Does it itch? Prompt application of Absorbine Jr. cools and soothes, and may ward off painful soreness. For, as the infection progresses, moist white skin may appear, peeling in patches, with skin cracks, rawness and pain—unless Absorbine Jr. is used to soothe the soreness and help the tissues heal.

If your case gets really serious, consult a doctor in addition to using Absorbine Jr. Buy a bottle today and insist on the genuine. It has been proved for its ability to kill the fungus when reached, a fungus so stubborn that infected socks must be boiled 20 minutes to destroy it. Absorbine Jr. is economical because so little brings relief. At your druggist's, $1.25 a bottle. For a free sample, write W. F. Young, Inc., 455 Lyman St., Springfield, Mass.

★ People infected with Athlete's Foot are "Carriers." According to the U. S. Public Health Service, at least one-half of all adults suffer from it at some time. They spread the disease wherever they tread barefoot.

ABSORBINE JR.

Relieves sore muscles, muscular aches, bruises, sprains and Sunburn

they are really animals and not beans

21. Even if you aren't a woman you've probably noticed that the most outstanding trend in female fashions is at present:

decidedly shorter skirts
stockings rolled below the knee
hats of a peasant simplicity
flesh-colored lipstick with yellow rouge

22. In sending a cable message you pay for:

only the words in your message
the message plus your signature
the address, message, and signature
signature and words over three letters

23. Anyone would win his bet if he wagered that the U. S. is the world's chief producer of all except:

steel *coal* *beer* *gold*
petroleum *electric power* *helium*

24. The name of Elmira, N. Y. should automatically make you think of:

the home of Rex Beach *maple syrup*
the first testing spot of wireless
gliders and glider meets *Arrow Shirts*

25. The Metropolitan Opera House has heard all but one of these movie stars sing across its footlights:

Tullio Carminati *Lawrence Tibbett*
Marion Talley *Lily Pons* *Nino Martini*

26. Pay no attention to the sense of the following paragraph, but devote your wits to ferreting out the lone misspelled word hidden in it:

She felt herself tempermentally unfitted to fill a job demanding perspicuity and perseverance, but was sagacious enough to realize that her impenetrable countenance might get her ephemeral employment.

27. If you were sailing far from land and suddenly came upon an open boat with Dr. Arthur E. Morgan in it, you might say:

"At last I've seen a live Senator!"
"I've admired your TVA work, sir!"
"So this is what retired NLRB members do!"
"You and Lindbergh invented a mechanical heart, didn't you?"

28. He's been entertained enough and in the news sufficiently for you to know that the French Ambassador to the United States is:

Andre de Laboulaye *Georges Bonnet*
Charles A. Davila *Henri De Bayle*

29. So far as sports are concerned, there are more devotees of . . . in this country than of any other sport:

skiing *archery* *bowling*
tennis *handball* *fishing*

30. Many have wondered what became of the Olympic Village which the Germans built for the foreign athletes in 1936; the answer is:

It is a home for retired Jewish merchants
It was torn down and sold for lumber
It is now a German army school
It was used for bomb practice by planes

31. Francisco Goya, famous eighteenth-century Spaniard, is noted for his:

religious carvings *commercial posters*
paintings of bullfights *colorful nudes*
water colors of animals *fish sauces*

32. If it were possible to accumulate such a fortune, you would be wealthiest if you were a:

nonillionaire *decillionaire*
sextillionaire *octillionaire*

33. No so long ago a national advertisement appearing in various magazines carried a drawing of one of these scenes which just isn't possible:

a smiling Republican
a church organ without pipes
a penguin flying
a motorcycle with four cylinders

34. Only one of these countries remained neutral throughout the World War:

China *Serbia* *Greece* *Italy*
Japan *Portugal* *Mexico* *Cuba*

35. If you were sitting in a corner with a starved wildcat in a corner diagonally across from you, it probably wouldn't be a happy position, but at least you'd have the satisfaction of knowing that *Webster's Dictionary* would call your positions:

kittycorner *cattacorner* *catercorner*

36. If your eight-year-old nephew can't answer it, then ask yourself how many fluid ounces there are in a liquid quart:

32 *4* *18* *12*

37. W. Somerset Maugham's latest book is entitled:

The Brass Hat *Theatre* *The Old Bunch*
The Wave *Daisy Hilton* *Personal History*

38. You can always tell a U. S. Army Sergeant in uniform because he wears:

a blushing, shy expression
two chevrons on his coat sleeve
three chevrons on his coat sleeve
two silver bars on each shoulder

39. Bob Feller, an eighteen-year-old youngster, has had a lot of publicity this year as:

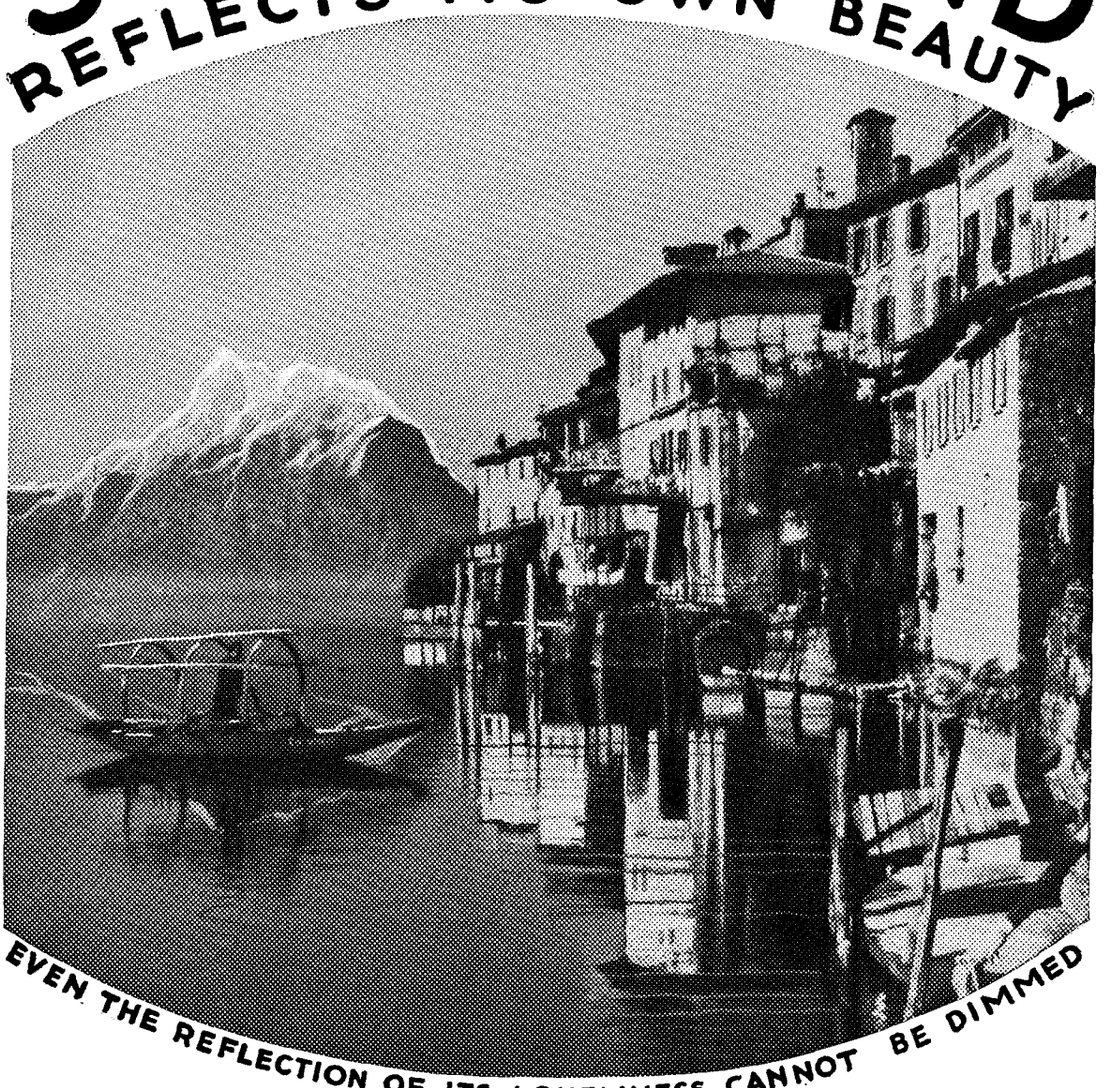
a star on Indiana University's track team
the "find" of the season in Hollywood
a player with the Cleveland Indians
Harvard's youngest recipient of a Ph.D.

40. Even though you may never have been the victim of some sort of chicanery, you should be pleased to know that the word is pronounced:

chick-CAIN-er-ree *shih-CAN-er-ree*
chick-CAN-er-ree *shih-CAIN-er-ree*

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

SWITZERLAND
REFLECTS ITS OWN BEAUTY



EVEN THE REFLECTION OF ITS LOVELINESS CANNOT BE DIMMED

See and feel this beauty by arranging with your travel agent an extended tour of this land of unforgettable dreams.

NOW WITH THE DEVALUATION OF THE FRANC THE DOLLAR BUYS **42%** MORE IN SWITZERLAND. TRUE COURTESY AND HOSPITALITY AS ALWAYS.

NO VISAS—NO MONEY FORMALITIES

RAILROAD FARES HAVE BEEN REDUCED UP TO **45%**

Ask your travel agent or write for Packet S-1

SWISS FEDERAL RAILROADS, 475 Fifth Avenue, New York

Official Information Bureau of Switzerland

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

NO OTHER ITINERARY OFFERS ALL THIS:

Only full-length Both Hemispheres route . . . only cruise that makes possible visits to *both* Victoria Falls and fabulous Angkor! Agra, Delhi, Fatehpur Sikri *included* . . . plus the new, first-time port of Tourane, for an included excursion that will rival Angkor itself: to Hue, wondrous capital of Annam, in French Indo-China! Study the full itinerary: from New York January 6 to Trinidad . . . **Bahia,** Rio de Janeiro (Brazil) . . . **St. Helena** . . . Capetown, **Port Elizabeth,** Durban, (South Africa) . . . **Madagascar** . . . **Seychelles** . . . India . . . Ceylon . . . **Penang,** Singapore (Straits Settlements) . . . **Bangkok (Angkor)** . . . Java . . . Bali . . . Borneo . . . Philippines . . . French Indo-China . . . Hongkong, **Shanghai,** Chinwangtao for **Peiping** (China) . . . **Korea** . . . **Nagasaki, Miyajima,** Kobe, Yokohama (Japan) . . . Honolulu, Hilo (Hawaii) . . . California . . . Canal Zone . . . to New York May 31.

THERE IS NO BETTER SHIP!

A world cruise, unlike a transatlantic crossing, has a limited membership. You really *live* in the ship . . . you want a home, a club — not a huge hotel. The Franconia was built for world-cruising . . . built as large as a ship can be, to enter the world's exotic harbors — but with a yacht-like intimacy — without long empty spaces to traverse. She has not only swimming pools, garden lounges, all facilities for luxurious leisure . . . but special provision for coolness in the tropics. Her very staff are specialists. Many of them have been around the world 13 times. Their native language is your own — but they speak others. They are world-cruise experts of the two oldest travel organizations on land and sea!

CHOICEST ACCOMMODATIONS ARE USUALLY BOOKED EARLY. RATES: $1900 UP INCLUDING SHORE EXCURSIONS. SEE YOUR LOCAL TRAVEL AGENT OR

CUNARD WHITE STAR LINE

25 Broadway and 638 Fifth Avenue, New York

THOS. COOK & SON

587 Fifth Avenue, New York

41. Under normal conditions you'll probably live to be 75, but all except one of these birds or animals could outlive you:

elephant *giant tortoise*
parrot *rhinoceros* *vulture*

42. There are far fewer words commencing with one of these letters than with any of the others:

q *y* *x* *z*

43. You've been reading all your life, but you still may have difficulty in selecting the one name in the following that is *not* just a pen name of the author:

Artemus Ward *Ouida* *George Sand*
Maxim Gorki *Lord Byron* *Nick Carter*
George Eliot *Anatole France* *O. Henry*

44. It would be difficult to make a phone call in the U. S. without using a telephone made by:

General Electric *Westinghouse*
Western Electric *Ring & Ring, Inc.*

45. Though your baby may be howling, the kitchen faucet leaking, and the cat meowing, there is still only one correct statement in the following collection:

General Washington had no children
U. S. Grant is buried in Springfield, Mass.
All of the War of 1812 was fought on the sea
Andrew Johnson's home "The Hermitage" is near Nashville, Tenn.

46. Newspapers frequently use the Latin phrase *Sine Qua Non,* which means:

The World Is Mad *None Without Little*
Let The Buyer Beware *Ships That Pass*
Something Indispensable *Dead Broke*

47. There is a U. S. Government mint in only one of these cities:

Baltimore *Boston* *New York City*
Chicago *San Francisco* *New Orleans*

48. A great share of the credit for the renewed popularity of Wagnerian opera in the U. S. is generally given to:

the singing of the operas in English
Lauritz Melchior's drawing power
Kirsten Flagstad and her voice
installation of bars in most theaters

49. Burlington, Wisconsin, has gained a great deal of fame through newspapers and radio because of its:

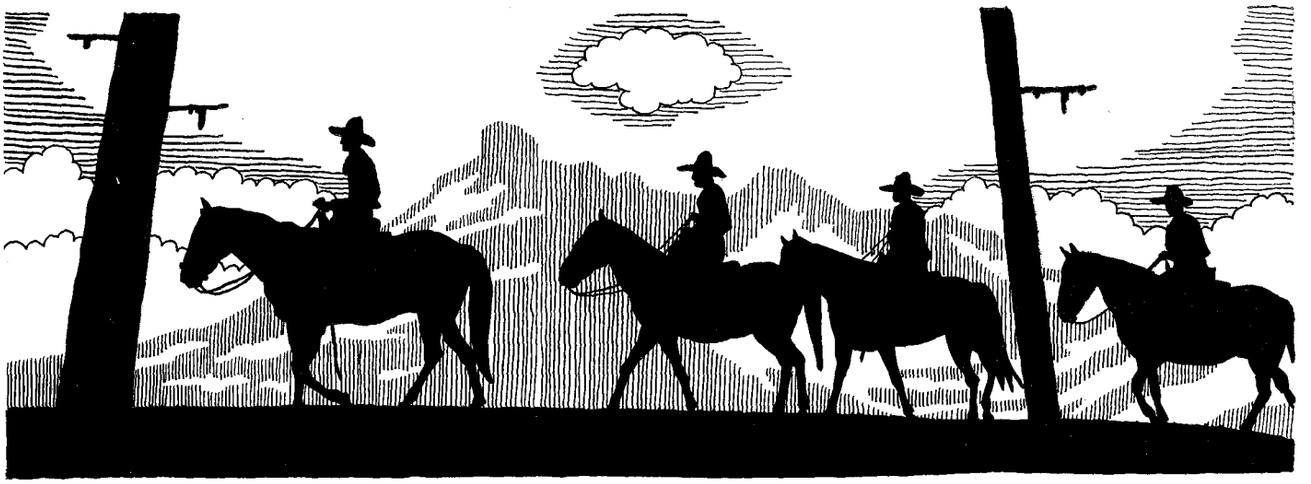
lack of taxes *Liars Club* *tailless cats*
libel suit against Alexander Woollcott
law banning automobiles from its streets

50. If you were sick in bed and asked your nurse to go out and buy you something labeled Stanford-Binet she would return with:

a shiny new French motorcar
an electric bed-heating pad
an American intelligence test
a book entitled Across Arctic Waists

(correct answers on page 93)

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



DRAWINGS BY WINOLD REISS

The Tall Walls of the Rockies

ARTHUR W. LITTLE, JR.

Just when a man thinks he knows how to settle down as a resigned, more or less serious-minded Eastern business man, along comes something that bucks him right out of his complacency. As an instance, we have for some time now been proud of finally blowing away the smell of cattle and sage and sweaty leather. We thought we'd cinched things for having hog-tied the memories of those alluring chuck-wagon odors of coffee and frying bacon that kept filling us with nostalgia for ten of our happiest years.

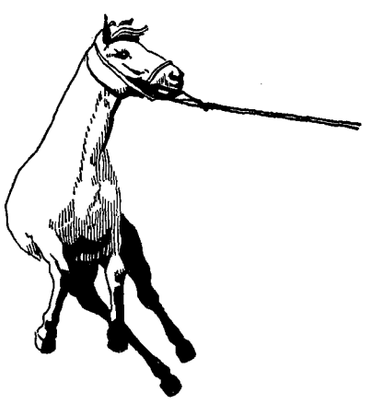
Then the circus came to Madison Square Garden.

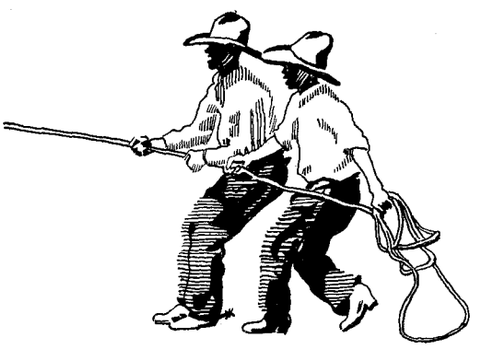
We had been staying away from the rodeo each fall for fear of becoming too homesick, but we couldn't resist the circus. We didn't know it was going to spring a Wild West show as a stirring conclusion to the performance in the arena. Men and women in evening clothes sat in the boxes, eager and excited, while Indians went through war dances and bucking horses crowhopped alarmingly with picturesque cowboys whooping it up. In their broad-brimmed hats, purple shirts, high-heeled boots, and roweled spurs, they represented what most of the East imagines about the old West.

They were not the real West, the West that we knew. But how they turned back the years to the day when, as a kid, we saw that great plainsman, Buffalo Bill Cody, with his goatee and flowing white hair, riding handsomely on his white horse at the head of his Wild West show. How our father took us backstage to meet this romantic figure. And, finally, how we went out to Buffalo Bill's own home town of Cody, Wyoming, to spend ten of the most glorious years in any man's life. That remembrance explains in part the feeling a person has in the Western country. It's the romance, the thought, when you are out there, that on that very soil such stirring characters as Jim Bridger, Calamity Jane, and Wild Bill Hickok made history. That is what puts the real West, not in any Eighth Avenue arena, but deep inside you.

There was the time when we had knocked out a husky Westerner for calling us a "dude." To a boy just out of an Eastern boarding school the word had aroused the same fighting instincts that "sissy" would back home. The fact that the Westerner came back strong a few days later and knocked us out cold and that afterward we became the best of friends proved the joke was on us. Because there was no repugnance in the term by that time. We had learned soon enough that the American cowboy long ago originated his own interpretation of the word "dude." To the Westerner, "dude" is a term of friendship applied generally to Easterners, but more particularly to anyone not a resident of the ranch country.

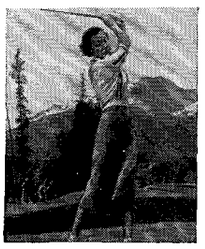
Years ago, when the only inhabitants of the Western lands were traveling tribesmen and occasional platoons of blue-coated cavalrymen, the abundance of game in the mountains, the luxuriant pastures along its sparkling streams, and the ideal climatic, scenic, and recreative advantages induced even the red men to





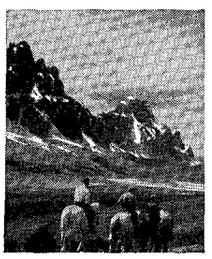
PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Vacation Bound?



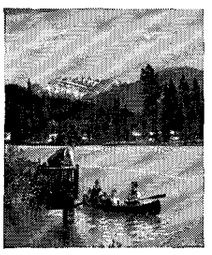
GOLF

FISHING

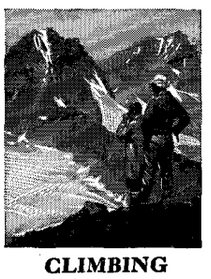


RIDING

SWIMMING



LOAFING



CLIMBING

JASPER

NATIONAL PARK in the CANADIAN ROCKIES

Jasper — America's largest National Park! Where your favorite sport—or even loafing, is more fun! Jasper's golf course of championship calibre is sufficient inducement — even without the glory of the world's greatest Alpine playground, and the unique hospitality and atmosphere of Jasper Park Lodge. Rates with meals are from $7.00 a day. Following your stay at this most perfect of vacation lands, plan to enjoy a Canadian National land-and-water cruise to Alaska, from Vancouver by the sheltered Inside Passage.

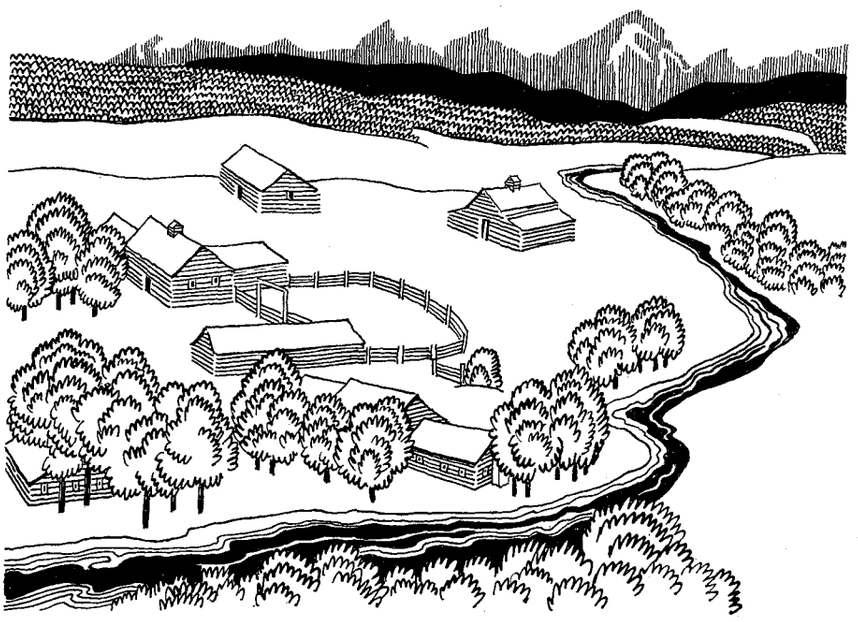
Low rail fares. Air-conditioned equipment from Montreal, Toronto, St. Paul, to Jasper and Vancouver.

CANADIAN NATIONAL RAILWAYS

For new Alaska and Jasper National Park booklets, call or write any Canadian National Office.

Boston .....186 Tremont Street
Buffalo .....420 Main Street
Chicago .....4 S. Michigan Avenue
Cincinnati .....206 Dixie Terminal Bldg.
Detroit .....1239 Washington Boulevard
Duluth .....428 W. Superior Street
Kansas City .....414 Fairfax Bldg.
Los Angeles .....607 S. Grand Avenue
Minneapolis .....634 Marquette Avenue
New York .....673 Fifth Avenue
Montreal .....360 McGill Street
Philadelphia .....1500 Chestnut Street
Pittsburgh .....355 Fifth Avenue
Portland, Me. ...Grand Trunk Ry. Station
San Francisco .....648 Market Street
Seattle .....1329 Fourth Avenue
St. Louis .....314 No. Broadway
St. Paul .....First National Bank Bldg.
Washington, D. C. .....922 15th St., N. W.

CANADIAN NATIONAL
To Everywhere in Canada



prolong their visits in this favorite region. Later, the white men were so impressed that great numbers located their ranch homes there, under the shelter of the mountains. As time went on, either through personal friendship or favor, ranchmen began to entertain guests from the East.

This was the beginning of what is now known familiarly as "dude ranching." Today the number of Eastern people who annually spend a few weeks, months, or whole summers at the ranches and resorts among the mountains and along the streams of the national forests is not only surprisingly large but still increasing. The country is yet new. Echoes of the old West are insistently audible. Braves and squaws and papooses are still living on near-by reservations; they're peaceful now, yet they live just as the pioneers saw them live.

The free, open manner of living . . . the abundance of wholesome food and fresh water . . . the opportunity for exercise or for quiet rest . . . the way the people take to you, if you're the right sort—all these contribute strongly to the enticing appeal of the West.

Imagine the tall walls of the Rocky Mountains, snow-topped and gray in the darkening shadows. And high up on the foot-hills, now comparatively cool after the heat of the day, a man sitting on a pinto horse, leg curled carelessly over the saddle horn. In the twilight the valley below appears wide and green and cool. There is a sweet languor of mountain summer in the air, which drifts up through the tops of pine. The rowels touch the pinto's side. A little later black specks of sagebrush appear as twilight reluctantly gives way to night. A porcupine scrambles along an irrigation ditch. Already the shadows of night have settled over the valley when the man tosses some hay over the corral fence for the now turned-out horse. Halfway down the hill to his cabin he stops to light a pipe. The wind has died; for a moment the forests are without sound.

Reaching his own porch, the man sits on the log steps, leans back against a post and gazes at the moon, jade-white in the heavens, which casts a path of light on the rippling river and makes the rimrocks of the mountains seem to slip along behind the clouds. In the unbelievable peace of the Western night, the only sounds are occasional staccato yelps of timber wolves, the startled neigh of a horse, and the rustling of a breeze through cottonwoods and aspens. He puffs quietly at his pipe, his hand now and then petting a great dog at his feet.

And if you think this is meaningless action, picture this same person taking pack trips into the hills where there are beautifully meadowed parks and sparkling streams alive with trout. And wind-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ing trails across magnificent granite-walled divides, usually at an altitude of about eleven thousand feet—and spring grizzly-bear hunts when all other game such as elk, deer, antelope, big-horned sheep, and moose are still on their winter range in the famous Thoroughfare Country and around Bridger Lake, where Canadian geese honk and where there are ducks, too. Here are opportunities to photograph these animals in the very places where the fall will find big-game hunters shooting them.

And if you want the excitement of cheering crowds, running and bucking horses, and barks of six-shooters, think of this fellow attending the famous Cody Stampede, the annual Fourth-of-July rodeo. It's put on in Buffalo Bill's town by the home people and its riders and ropers and outlaw cayuses from the surrounding country. It has an atmosphere all its own—friendly, humorous, exuberant. It's picturesque, spontaneous, natural—a great exhibition of horsemanship and cowboy prowess devoid of professionalism—without any hint of the

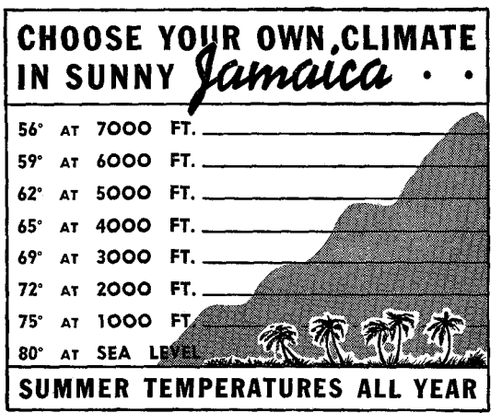
circus. The vanishing West pauses in its flight during this celebration at Cody.

And afterward ten thousand spectators pour from the stands, still talking about that bronc ride of all rides. They slowly wind up the street, past gaily lighted soft-drink and beer saloons where old-timers shake dice for drinks. They drop in at Wolfville, the open-air dance pavilion where high-heeled boots and the jingle of spurs beat out a steady tattoo until the small hours.

And early in the morning sometime, as the chill of the Western night still hangs over the mountains, imagine this man making his way to the livery barn, finding his horse, and starting home. Out on the range, on the bench just beyond the town, all is wrapped in the oppressive quietness that reaches its height a few minutes before the dawn, which will fill the fields and marshes and valleys with quickening life and activity.

JAMAICA KEEPS ITS WINTER CLIMATE ALL SUMMER!

All summer long, Jamaica enjoys the *same* equable climate as in the winter season which attracts the world's elite. Now Jamaica is being discovered as a summer resort without equal, where it costs less to live than at home. And Jamaica gives you more than you can find anywhere else — lovely, uncrowded, surf-bathing beaches, cool mountain resorts with magnificent views, exotic flowering trees, gorgeous tropical flowers, British colonial life, every facility for all outdoor sports,—all these delights amid 2,000 miles of motor roads traversing scenic wonderlands.


CHOOSE YOUR OWN CLIMATE IN SUNNY Jamaica
56° AT 7000 FT.
59° AT 6000 FT.
62° AT 5000 FT.
65° AT 4000 FT.
69° AT 3000 FT.
72° AT 2000 FT.
75° AT 1000 FT.
80° AT SEA LEVEL
SUMMER TEMPERATURES ALL YEAR

For booklet C, consult your travel agent, or the United Fruit, Colombian, Standard Fruit, Canadian National Steamships, Pan American Airways, Eastern Air Lines, or address:

THE JAMAICA TOURIST TRADE DEVELOPMENT BOARD
230 Park Avenue, New York
or Kingston, Jamaica, B. W. I.
(Cable: "Devboard")

JAMAICA
BLUE MOUNTAINS — EMERALD SEA

"far Eden of the purple East. . ."

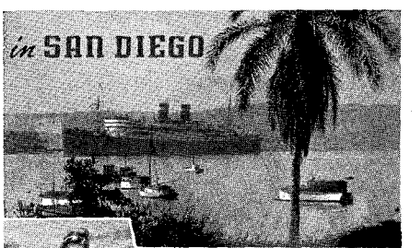
The name "P & O" has meant the Romance of the East for a full century! Go Cunard White Star to England . . . then in a great liner of the P & O and British India fleets, led by the new 22,500-ton Strathnaver, Strathaird, Strathmore . . . to Egypt, Sudan, Persian Gulf, India, Burma, Ceylon, Straits Settlements, China, Japan, Australia, East or South Africa, Mauritius.

Round-the-World Tours — Itineraries as low as $820 with Top Class, $549 with Second and Tourist Classes. With British India steamers between Europe and the Orient—$720 Top Class.

Summer Cruises — From England to Northern Wonderlands . . . or to the Mediterranean.

Book through your local travel agent or
CUNARD WHITE STAR LINE
General Agents
25 Broadway and 638 Fifth Avenue, New York

EAST OF SUEZ
is the realm of
P&O
PENINSULAR AND ORIENTAL AND BRITISH INDIA STEAM NAVIGATION COMPANIES



Play and Relax

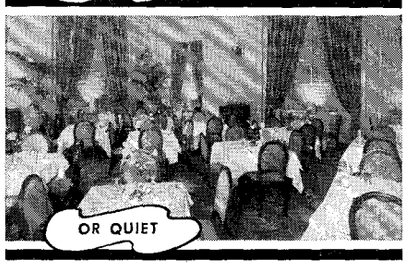
A lovely city on a southern sea . . . balmy breezes, boats going and coming . . . a great landlocked bay, magnificent Point Loma, gorgeous Balboa park . . . symphonies under the stars, summer racing, swim meets and regattas . . . a new vacation environment for you to enjoy . . . a place to play and a place to relax . . . SAN DIEGO, where California began and Mexico begins.

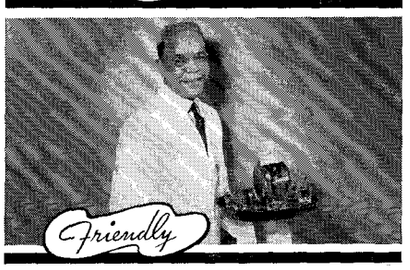
Free Booklet
Address Dept. 14-J
San Diego-California Club

MAKE YOUR TICKET READ
SAN DIEGO California

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

This
IS HOTEL
CLEVELAND





ROOMS FROM
$2.50 FOR ONE,
$4.00 FOR TWO

HOTEL CLEVELAND Cleveland

East-to-West – 3. Siam

GEORGE BRANDT

[*This is the third of six travel articles Mr. Brandt is writing for* SCRIBNER'S *as he circles the globe. The next will be written from Burma.*—THE EDITORS.]

AT FOUR one morning I left Siemreap in French Indo-China for Aranya Pradesa on the Siamese border. As we took off, I thought I heard a strange thumping and scratching in the baggage container at the back of the bus, but I let it pass. I had reached the point where I wouldn't blink an eye if a tiger came up and introduced himself as President Roosevelt. Eventually others heard the sound, and so we stopped to take a look. The driver lit a match and peered in, then inserted his arm. There was a mighty thrashing-about, and the arm withdrew. With it appeared a lizard about a foot and a half long, looking uncommonly like a good old Gila monster. With a broad grin, the driver deposited the creature on the side of the road, where it promptly fell asleep, and we went on toward Siam.

GERTRUDE A. KAY

At the border I was greeted by Mr. Tom Kama, a Siamese from Forty-seventh Street, New York, an ex-acrobat who had played the Palace and other vaudeville houses from Manhattan to the Golden Gate. We exchanged theatrical gossip, and separated, good friends. With the wheels playing *Turkey in the Straw* against the rails, the train raced toward Bangkok through a countryside looking much like Westchester County.

Experienced travelers often say that Peiping, Bali, Nikko, and the Taj are the earth's highspots, but I would add Angkor and Bangkok. If any city in the Far East is the concentrated essence of Oriental splendor it is this capital of Siam. It's rather a young city, as time goes here. Bangkok isn't a city of past magnificence, like Ayudhyâ, or Bagdad, where one's imagination is taxed to re-create out of scattered ruins the pictures of a dead civilization. Its monuments are young (only about 150 years old, at the most), filled with the vital beauty of comparative youth.

Bangkok's royal palace is an utterly fabulous amalgam of temples, great halls, and enormous spires, guarded by grotesque stone giants, dazzling in brilliant gold and scarlet and purple porcelain. Restraint isn't in the Siamese vocabulary. Magnificent doors inlaid with mother-of-pearl are framed in walls fantastically carved and submerged in oceans of heavy gold leaf. Inside the innumerable temples, lanterns of bronze and gold reveal endless murals and shining images of Buddha. I dislike rhapsodical overstatement as much as anyone, but when I say that no writer or painter can hope to reconstruct the royal palace's Arabian Nights quality I am simply telling the truth. Set against immaculate green turf, the intricate maze of buildings and spires comprise an Oriental fantasy. Even while actually seeing it, the Western mind scarcely can conceive its reality. Filth and degradation Bangkok has, as well, but so has Pittsburgh, without the antidote.

Adjoining the royal palace is Wat Phra Jetubon (often called Wat Po), with its sleeping Buddha, long enough, it appears, to stretch the width of Grand Central Station in New York. Here are temple after temple, each with the characteristic golden horns soaring above flaring, yellow roofs. A broad boulevard, Bangkok's Champs Elysées, leads through Dusit Park and Rajadamnoen

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Avenue to the royal throne hall, claimed the most sumptuous European edifice east of Suez. Along the way, close by, are Wat Benchamabopitr (the marble temple of King Chulalongkorn), Wat Bovaranivesr, and Wat Rajbopidh, famous for its doors. In their cool interiors Siamese spend whole days, sometimes spreading out their lunches on the heavy carpets, or meditating as they doze. Siam is the greatest stronghold of Buddhism today.

A capital of the only independent small state in the Far East, Bangkok proudly maintains her traditions. Her museum is jammed with treasures: great funeral cars, Buddhas by the hundreds, the ornate figures used in the shadow plays, classical musical instruments, horrible masks, and amazing puppets designed by a king. The government encourages traditional Siamese dances and plays. One evening, I witnessed a performance at the museum-theater. Accompanied by two orchestras playing old and modern Siamese music (hauntingly beautiful, even to the Western ear), a play was given telling of Siam's Joan of Arc, a peasant girl who sacrificed her life attempting to save her people from Burmese invaders. Realistically staged, with excellent settings by native designers, the acting was of a high quality. Later, several classical Siamese dances were presented, with the strangely accented postures, and the pinnacled headdress, familiar to most readers. I make a point of attending native theaters as I travel, since here, perhaps, one comes closest to the real life of the people. In the Orient the theater and the dance are highly important factors, where humans haven't lost childlike delight in pomp and circumstance. Here, too, one finds the folk humor seldom met with in the streets.

But Bangkok is a commercial as well as artistic capital, a city of nearly a million, with busy markets and the everyday business of living. Early one morning I took a launch through the city's famous floating markets, in the *Klongs* (or canals) on the right bank of the Chao-Phya River. The canals are near Wat Chang, celebrated for its skyscraper porcelain walls composed of broken dishes of myriad colors. Here, in the *Klongs,* thousands of little boats—filled with brilliant fruit, huge baskets of grain, clothing apparel, trinkets of infinite variety—float in solidly packed ranks. On the shores, under tall cocoanut palms and broad-leaf banana trees, extend rows of huts. In one a barber is at work; in another pottery is being made; in another a smiling mother—clad in *panung,* the baggy pantaloon costume of both sexes—proudly displays her naked offspring.

Siamese are exceedingly friendly, especially to Americans, in gratitude for medical and other services. Fortunately, they have not experienced the hypocrisy of progress to any great extent. A recent king with poor eyes found it best to abdicate, after spending public funds for the entertainment of foreign investors. Siam is now under a dictatorship by the Minister of Foreign Affairs, with a puppet king on the throne.

Yet Siam does have her moderns, who frequent the Blue Room and other Bangkok night spots. The Royal State Railways, connecting with the Federated Malay States Railways at Padang Besar, has excellent equipment throughout the system, composed of 3000 kilometers of line. Hotels are as good as elsewhere in this part of the Far East, and the cuisine need offend no stomach.

Bangkok's traffic problem isn't very pressing, with only a few automobiles, such as old Fiats, Singers, and small American makes, on the streets. The bicycles with passenger-carriers are the chief means of transportation. There are a very few sizeable stores, and the main business street is anything but impressive from the commercial point of view. However, in native shops, splendid Siamese "niello" work (made for eight centuries in the city of Nakon Sritamaraj), silver repoussé work with a metallic filling like cloisonné, can be purchased. Or, if you prefer, hand-woven cloth from the city of Singora. In Sampeng bazaar, lantern lane, the Bridge of Stores, you will discover excellent porcelain, silk, Buddhas, masks, toys, lanterns, rare tea, and the like.

Siamese is derived from Sanskrit, but many natives speak fluent English, which is a considerable help. Incidentally, most Orientals speak *American* English, which may or may not indicate that ours is the more natural pronunciation.

To know Siam one must take a trip into the mountain country, north. Here you will find many strange sights, including tribes of

Let us meet in Germany where Old World grandeur and 20th Century travel comfort, magnificent scenery and the gay spirit of a festive year form a splendid combination for a grand vacation. Happy holidays in the Black Forest, the Bavarian Alps, in Munich and Berlin—with streamlined trains and glass observation cars as modern as tomorrow. Joyful trips along the romantic Rhine, famous in song and story. For this is—

FESTIVAL YEAR IN GERMANY

Revel in the tradition of Wagner at the world's finest presentations of his immortal works during the Bayreuth Wagner Festivals. Dream with the romantic melodies of Mozart and Strauss at the Munich Opera Weeks. Visit the great Art Expositions at Berlin, Dresden and Munich, and the Exposition "Nation at Work" at Duesseldorf. Join the festive throngs in ancient Nuremberg. Re-live your student days at dear old Heidelberg. Enjoy the reconstruction of health at Germany's world-renowned spas. Enjoy delicious food, rare wines, famous brews. Let the spirit of merrymaking captivate you at picturesque folk festivals in medieval walled towns. Warm-hearted hospitality will add charm to vour pleasant travel adventures.

GERMAN RAILROADS INFORMATION OFFICE

665 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK, N. Y.

All at surprisingly small cost. Railroad fares in Germany reduced 60%. Travel Marks in the convenient form of travelers checks are available at about 40% below regular Reichsmark quotations. Consult your travel agent or write for special folder, "Auf Wiedersehen in Germany" to Dep't 37.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"There's something about the BELLEVUE!"

For some, it's the traditional charm. For others, the famous Bellevue hospitality. For still others, the best food and drink in Philadelphia. Whatever you like, you'll find it at its best at the

BELLEVUE-STRATFORD

MODERATELY PRICED
CENTRALLY SITUATED

"Best Food in Philadelphia"

Claude H. Bennett, Manager

Your First Visit is a Revelation

Our ocean air brings you refreshing welcome. You find The Cavalier luxurious yet homelike and hospitable — your comfortable room is home itself, every meal a new joy, the service friendly and unobtrusive, you enjoy your dip in the indoor pool, you dance to a fine orchestra — you are keen for golf, tennis, riding — all this at moderate rates.

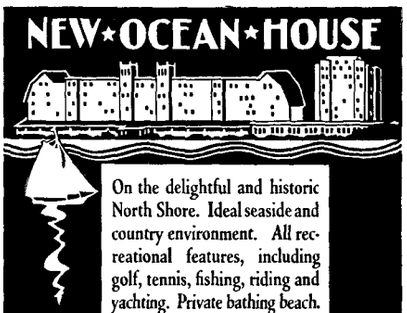
Consult your travel agent, or our N. Y. office, 1 East 44th (MU 2-2907).

The Cavalier
Hotel and Beach Club
Virginia Beach Roland Eaton MANAGING DIRECTOR

white savages who still hunt with bow and arrow. I've come up 750 kilometers, to Chiengmai, a city of 500,000 hardly known to travelers, Siam's only other large center. The trains run twice a week, and provide an eternal source of wonderment to Siamese provincials, who stand along the track and gape much like Hiram Hillbilly of Dogtooth, Kentucky. However, the trains are as clean as our own, with new Danish Diesel engines. En route, we passed through vast forests of palm, teak, rosewood, ebony, cedar, sapan, banyan, and ironwood—full of big game. Above Lampang, we went in for really serious mountain climbing. From here on to Chiengmai we crawled along bridges spanning canyons deep enough to whiten your hair. I could see tens of thousands of teak logs floating down turbulent streams on their way to Bangkok's mills. Each log is marked with the owner's sign, to identify it after the two years' journey.

In the deep interior of mysterious Siam is Chiengmai, with its Lao people, founded in the eleventh century. Noisy markets are bounded by medieval walls and ramparts, and everywhere there are Wats, many centuries old. Wat Chedi Luang is one of the finest in all Siam. As I write I am sitting in a rest house provided by the railroad. Outside is a huge, bearded Sikh guard. This evening I rode out through the streets of the city at dusk, then through carefully tended gardens to several of the temples near by. Here, with the purple mountains framing the white and gold of ancient walls, I watched peasants in heavy carts returning from the day's work in distant fields. And here, in Chiengmai, I've felt the charm and dignity of rural life more strongly than anywhere in the Orient.

NEW★OCEAN★HOUSE



On the delightful and historic North Shore. Ideal seaside and country environment. All recreational features, including golf, tennis, fishing, riding and yachting. Private bathing beach. Comfortable and spacious accommodations. Best patronage. Select cuisine with many sea food specialties. Booklet

RATES CONSIDERATE
CLEMENT KENNEDY, *President*
★ ★ ★ ★ ★
Winter Resort
Vinoy Park Hotel, St. Petersburg, Florida

SWAMPSCOTT★MASSACHUSETTS

TRAVEL IN COMFORT WITH MELLON TRAVELERS CHEQUES

Avoid inconvenience on your travels by carrying Mellon Travelers Cheques. Besides being readily available for payment of all items of travel expense, they are much safer than cash. Mellon Travelers Cheques are known and accepted the world over. Ask for them at your own bank.

MELLON NATIONAL BANK
PITTSBURGH
MEMBER
FEDERAL DEPOSIT INSURANCE CORPORATION

FORK UNION

Highest Rating. Small classes. Accredited. ROTC. Supervised study. Prepares for college or business. Junior school small boys. Housemother. Athletics, Swimming. Catalog. Dr. J. J. Wicker.

Military Academy, Box S, Fork Union, Va.

IN THE
July Scribner's
another
travel article
by George Brandt

EAST-TO-WEST
4. BURMA

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

New England Holiday

Few vacation places offer so much in contrast of scene and mood, in diversity of interest, all in a compact radius, as does New England. Here you have, in almost endless variety, mountains, lakes, the sea. Here you may enjoy any kind of vacation you fancy. You may have a summer with brush and palette at some quiet old fishing port; an active carefree life centering about a large hotel, camp, or rustic community, or you may join the gay whirl at a brilliant resort where even a casual party list makes the society pages. Or if wilderness intrigues you, here, too, are deep forests, fresh waters reached only by tote road or canoe, and thousands of silent sea-lashed islets.

The gun, the saddle, the rod, and the harpoon are as much a part of the scene as Plymouth Rock itself. Thousands of miles of woodland roads knit into interstate bridle paths. Green golf courses dot the land from Martha's Vineyard to Maine. Tempting bays, harbors, and islands lure the helmsman. Tuna, swordfish, sea bass, mackerel, shark, salmon, trout, pickerel, and bass make the inland and coastal waters a sportsman's heaven.

A special joy in all of this lies in the fact that families with varying interests among their members can choose a single spot where each may indulge his special tastes and passions without deadweighting the others. Bridge, sun bathing, drives, and the gentler sports keep less active members happily engaged, while the restless, zestful generation pursues its hardy ways. With evening come the interests in which all may join—dancing, cards, conversation, and the theater.

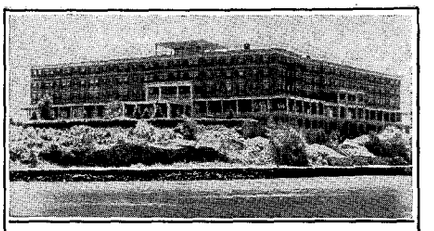
Indeed New England's summer theater is one of the most engaging features of her crowded, varied fare, magnet for the solitary sportsman as well as the Broadway-wise. The summer theater began in New England, and New England has seen its greatest development. There are now more than thirty resident groups here and several touring companies. Maude Adams, Ethel Barrymore, Groucho Marx, Libby Holman, Basil Rathbone, Mary Rogers are typical New England summer-theater names.

The rôle of children's camps is important in New England's story. Parents who want to be somewhere near their youngsters will find an excellent choice among the camps for which New England is pre-eminent. —K. K.

Answers to "The Scribner Quiz"

(*see page* 82)

1. Chinchilla
2. Retain Indian Reorganization Act
3. Separates Kentucky and Missouri
4. Diana
5. An American designer of type faces
6. We Do Our Part
7. Alfred Tennyson [*In Memoriam*]
8. Gave suffrage to women
9. Postum
10. Mezzo-soprano
11. *Saturday Evening Post*
12. Douglas
13. Hiccoughing
14. Battle of Bunker Hill
15. A series of steel wires suspended between balloons
16. Dies without leaving a valid will
17. *The Epic of America*—J. T. Adams
18. Getting married in St. Augustine
19. New York City
20. There is a bean-moth larva inside
21. Decidedly shorter skirts
22. The address, message, and signature
23. Gold
24. Gliders and glider meets
25. Tullio Carminati
26. Tempermentally (*temperamentally* is the correct spelling)
27. "I've admired your TVA work, sir!"
28. Georges Bonnet
29. Fishing
30. It is now a German army school
31. Paintings of bullfights
32. Decillionaire
33. A penguin flying (Kool Cigarettes)
34. Mexico
35. Catercorner
36. Thirty-two
37. *Theatre*
38. Three chevrons on his coat sleeve
39. A player with the Cleveland Indians
40. Shih-CAIN-er-ree
41. Rhinoceros
42. The letter *x*
43. Lord Byron
44. Western Electric
45. Washington had no children
46. Something Indispensable
47. San Francisco
48. Kirsten Flagstad and her voice
49. Liars Club
50. An American intelligence test



THE MARSHALL HOUSE
YORK HARBOR
MAINE

A delightful summer hotel — modern brick construction — located in Maine's most outstanding and distinctive seashore resort. For generations many discriminating people have returned here year after year to enjoy the cool invigorating sea air and the charming beauties of the surrounding country — golf, fishing, boating, seabathing.

Also The Emerson and cottages, a high-class hotel under the same management. Write for booklet. G. L. Moulton, Manager.

The Marshall House
York Harbor, Maine
66 Miles from Boston, Route 1A

BELLOWS & COMPANY
Importers and Dealers in Fine Wines Brandies, Whiskies and other Spirits
ESTABLISHED 1830

GOOD WINE

We have searched devotedly to gather a distinguished assortment of authentic wines to meet the tastes, and the pocketbooks, of discriminating wine lovers. While we hold hundreds of the most renowned growths, our particular pride is a countless variety of less celebrated but excellent imported wines, of fine vintage, outstanding values at $10.75 to $25.00 a case.

Such prices are evidence that good wine need not be considered as a luxury but as contributing lustre to a well served meal, encouraging agreeable company and promoting gracious, temperate living.

67 East 52nd St. New York *103 East Oak St. Chicago*

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

BONWIT TELLER ABERCROMBIE AND FITCH

Wardrobe on the Range

KATHERINE KENT

SAILING into the dude-ranch-outfit question on the assumption that no wily emporium can lure you from the classic Western, I'll omit *bewares.* Indeed the mere thought of arriving on the range that first fine morning garbed in something that might draw a snicker drives many a woman to wonder whether she might better wait until she gets *out there* to buy her outfit. The result of that too often is a capitulation to half-fits if not misfits. Why women, who have learned—after years of trial and error on the home ground—to be chic as well as comfortable in sport clothes, suddenly go careless in the name of the casual, and giddy-gaudy in a frontier frenzy passes my understanding. Plaids and checks designed to glorify the six-foot gaucho shriek on the little woman; bandannas scaled for stalwart throats and chests are just a bunchy nuisance on the slender and the short of neck. . . . So 'twixt the siren shoppes and the limitations of the trading post let's take stock.

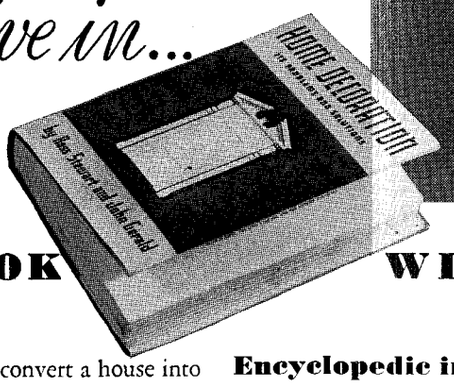
Riding togs are of course your basic wardrobe on the range. Briefly they fall into three classes: *First,* those built for long, hard riding through rough, thicket country where your bridle-path rig just won't do. Such riding calls for snag-proof fabrics (unless you use chaps) and a comfortable cut. *Second,* clothes for easy riding and dressier moments. *Third,* the traditional feminine buckskin outfit with fringed culottelike skirt.

As single favorite nothing has as yet displaced the Levi breeches made in a tough-surfaced blue cotton of an almost boardlike texture and decorated with copper rivets. These you can get anywhere in the West, of course, but if experience has taught you that you had better take a care for *re*fitting, you'll find them at Abercrombie and Fitch and also at Lord and Taylor for two ninety-five.

Shirts for any and all types of outfits range from faded denims, bright sateens, plain, checked, or plaid ginghams, poplins, broadcloths, and flannels, to silks for special occasions. Sturdy cottons and light flannels are, however, your best all-around bets. These you'd better choose at home with an eye not only to perfect fit but to the design that does best by your size and coloring. I'm hard put to recommend any single

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Make your home a lovely place to live in...



THIS BOOK WILL SHOW YOU HOW...

IT'S EASY enough to convert a house into a *home* . . . if you know the few simple things to do, *and the things to avoid.* The almost magical effects achieved by interior decorators need no longer be a closed mystery to you. All the simple rules, and complete practical demonstrations of how to apply them, are now available in a new book by two of America's foremost decorators. This book, *HOME DECORATION: Its Problems and Solutions,* is the work of

ROSS STEWART

who is best known for his *House of Today* which he created for the Century of Progress Exposition and for the *Beautiful House of Years* which he created for *W. & J. Sloane,* where he is Chief of the Decorating Department.

. . . and of

JOHN GERALD

who is now the head of the department of interior decoration at *B. Altman and Company* of New York, was formerly with *Sloane's,* and has a distinguished reputation as a decorator of exquisite taste and resourcefulness.

Over 100 illustrations

The illustrations alone make this fine book worth having. Every picture shows clearly how the experts get their effects. There are 68 beautifully reproduced photographs, numerous pen and ink drawings and diagrams, and a comprehensive color chart.

Encyclopedic in scope

Years of interior decorating experience have gone into the writing of *Home Decoration.* It is an entire library on the subject, all in one volume. Every phase of home decoration is treated fully, with many illustrative examples of the right way and the wrong way of doing things. One of the important features is that it shows you how to make the most of the furnishings and decorations you now have . . . how to adapt them, rearrange them and add to them effectively . . . and all on whatever your budget permits. Sometimes the correct rearrangement of the furnishings in a room may make a world of difference.

Commendations

Home Decoration has been acclaimed by experts as well as by lay readers. Read what they say about it:

• HOUSE AND GARDEN: *"We recommend it.* Worthy to rank in the *best-seller* class. It gives just enough theory to inform yet not confuse the layman, while the backbone of the book is made up of practical examples, intelligently explained."

• NEW YORK TIMES: "Marked by its combination of practical quality and its inherent artistic appreciation."

• THE DECORATIVE FURNISHER: "Although intended primarily as a compendium of information for the general home owner, this well planned and well illustrated book contains a wealth of decorating information that should also prove valuable to professional workers."

• THE INTERIOR DECORATOR: "A very practical and helpful book for the home owner. It covers the subject thoroughly. For the person anticipating to build and those seeking to renovate."

Contents

1. The essence of decoration.
2. Basic principles.
3. Architectural background.
4. Color.
5. Room composition.
6. Floor covering.
7. Fabrics.
8. Windows.
9. Lighting.
10. Special rooms.
11. New rooms for old.
12. Buying furniture.
13. Practical suggestions.
14. Traditional style.
15. Questions and answers.

Do you know the answers to these questions?

• Should a mirror be hung like a picture?

• When should window drapes and curtains be avoided?

• How much should an upholstered chair or sofa cost?

• When should a lighting system be *dramatic, decorative,* or just useful?

These and thousands of other questions like them are all fully answered in *Home Decoration.*

Format: A handsome big book of 450 pages bound in black buckram, stamped in gold, with headbands top and bottom. A splendid addition to any home library. $4.

EXAMINE THIS BOOK FREE

Just fill out the coupon below and the book will be sent to you postpaid. If you are not completely satisfied you may return it within 5 days for a complete refund. Mail the coupon today.

HOME DECORATION

ITS PROBLEMS AND SOLUTIONS

By ROSS STEWART and JOHN GERALD

JULIAN MESSNER, INC., 8 W. 40th St., N. Y.

Please send me a copy of HOME DECORATION by Stewart and Gerald. I enclose check (or money order) for $4.00. If I am not satisfied I may return the book within 5 days for a full refund.

NAME.....

ADDRESS.....

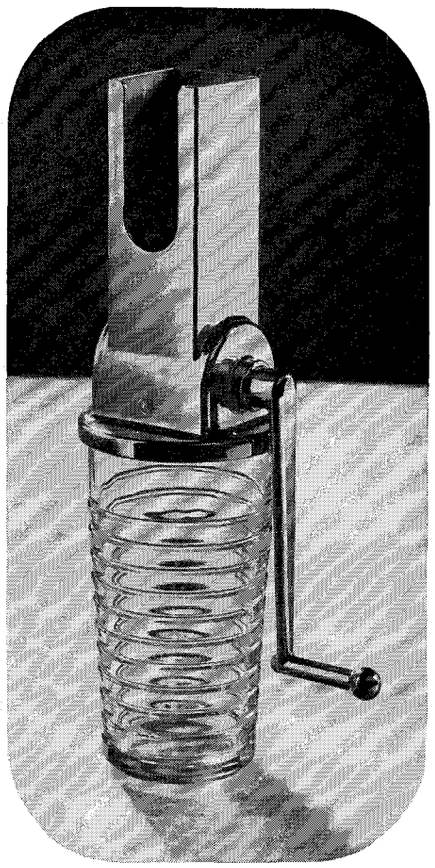
CITY.....STATE.....

☐ Check here if you prefer book sent C.O.D. Postage will be extra.

S-2

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

☆



BAR SHOP

"Bravos"

for this staunch table ice-crusher that does the finest job of ice-breaking we've seen. It's typical of the dozens of smart drinking accessories you'll find in Sloane's Bar Shop. And it's downright practical, too, with that heavy glass base and chromium-plated top grooved to take the cubes just as they pop from the freezing tray, $2.50. You can order this by mail. *Street Floor*

W & J

Sloane

FIFTH AVE. AT 47TH, N. Y.

makes, for the market is full of interesting buys. But if you are looking for one spot where a wide selection awaits you, have a look at Abercrombie and Fitch. Cottons begin at three fifty, flannels at eight fifty. Here, too, you'll find an excellent selection of windbreakers. The one sketched on page 94 (left) has ribbing at the collar, a feature that not only prevents ugly stains at the neck but insures extra warmth.

For easy riding and about-the-ranch wear, regulation riding breeches, jodhpurs, or just blue jeans alternate with the tougher fabrics. Just how far you'll want to go for these depends largely on the ranch to which you are headed. Bonwit Teller has some real temptations in denim jodhpurs in rosy rust, blue, and the darker colors. They have also done themselves proud in the buckskin outfit sketched. In brown for hard wear and in white for evening.

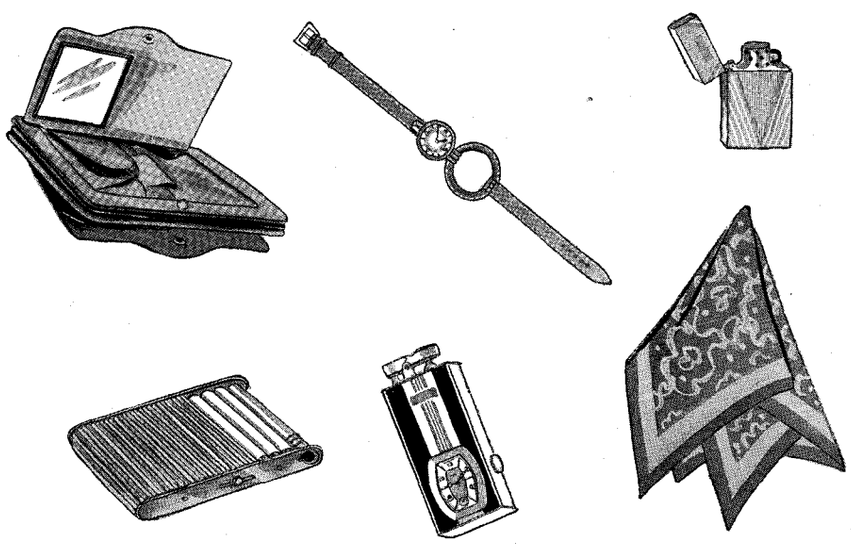
*

ACCESSORIES: Vests are a virtual required with the riding costume. For color and atmosphere you'll of course want the beaded, quill-embroidered Indian weskit and for these bide your time till you get *out there*. But for wear under leather jackets take a riding vest with chamois front and a knit or jersey back. Lord and Taylor has a very satisfactory one for seven ninety-five. The little fringed suede bolero sketched is theirs too. It comes in bright colors and costs but three ninety-five. . . . Sweaters fall into the must-have class. Close-knit, tight-twisted yarns take the most punishment with the best grace, but not to have a soft cashmere sweater for now and then would be a grave feminine oversight. For riding, Lord and Taylor has a zephyr sweater specially designed. It's the all-ribbed affair sketched with the sleeve set in a square-cut variation of the raglan. However, the feature that is tops is the higher-in-the-back neckline to protect that tender spot where the winds make a point of getting at you. In gay or somber colors, seven ninety-five.

*

PRINKINGS AND FIXINGS: Mark Cross, as you might expect, is ready with smart new ideas in leathers that have no blatant sportsy nonsense about them but look and feel like the great out-of-doors. The vanity sketched below has accordion gussets that make it very adaptable and comfortable to stow away in the hip pocket. One side holds powder and has a little compartment to store other fixings, while the reverse side takes cigarettes and lighter. Leather throughout in black, navy, or red calf, or in pigskin. Sixteen fifty. Designed especially for sportswear is the watch on the pigskin band sketched *below*. It is made so the face instead of the back lies directly on the wrist. To see the time you touch a gadget and up springs the watch on its hinge. Thirty-eight fifty. Sketched *above* is the pigskin key ring with stirrup dangle (one twenty-five), and just for powder the python vanity at three seventy-five.

The omnipresent lighter grows more magical with the seasons. Here are just a few to intrigue you. . . . Ronson's new engine-turned model with built-in watch at sixteen fifty. . . . Electrolite's cigarette case fitted with natural-wood rollers and double-capacity lighting unit (five dollars and up). The unit is, of course, one of those flameless, secretive gadgets to which wind is a mere nothing and refueling only a once-in-three-months problem. . . . Wind-defiant too is the Zippo (a flame-type lighter) carried by Hammacher Schlemmer. Prices begin at two dollars.



PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

★ ★ ★

HENNESSY

COGNAC BRANDY

★ QUALITY
★ BOUQUET
★ CLEAN TASTE

84 PROOF

Hennessy-and-soda is a pleasant and highly refreshing drink. The inimitable flavour of Three-Star Hennessy and the exhilaration of charged water make a beverage of unique appeal, especially when the weather's hot and you like your drinks icy cool. Try Hennessy. Distilled and bottled at Cognac, France. Jas Hennessy & Co. Estab. 1765.

SOLE AGENTS FOR THE UNITED STATES: Schieffelin & Co., NEW YORK CITY · IMPORTERS SINCE 1794

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

An important 18th Century Harewood and Satinwood Commode exquisitely inlaid with rare woods. A specimen of great quality. 1780-1790. Length 5' 6", depth 1' 10½", height 3' 2". An early Chinese pottery seated figure of a Goddess in robe with rich aubergine glaze trimmed with peacock blue. Ming Dynasty 1368-1644. A pair of white Cloisonne Elephants. K'ang Hsi 1661-1722.

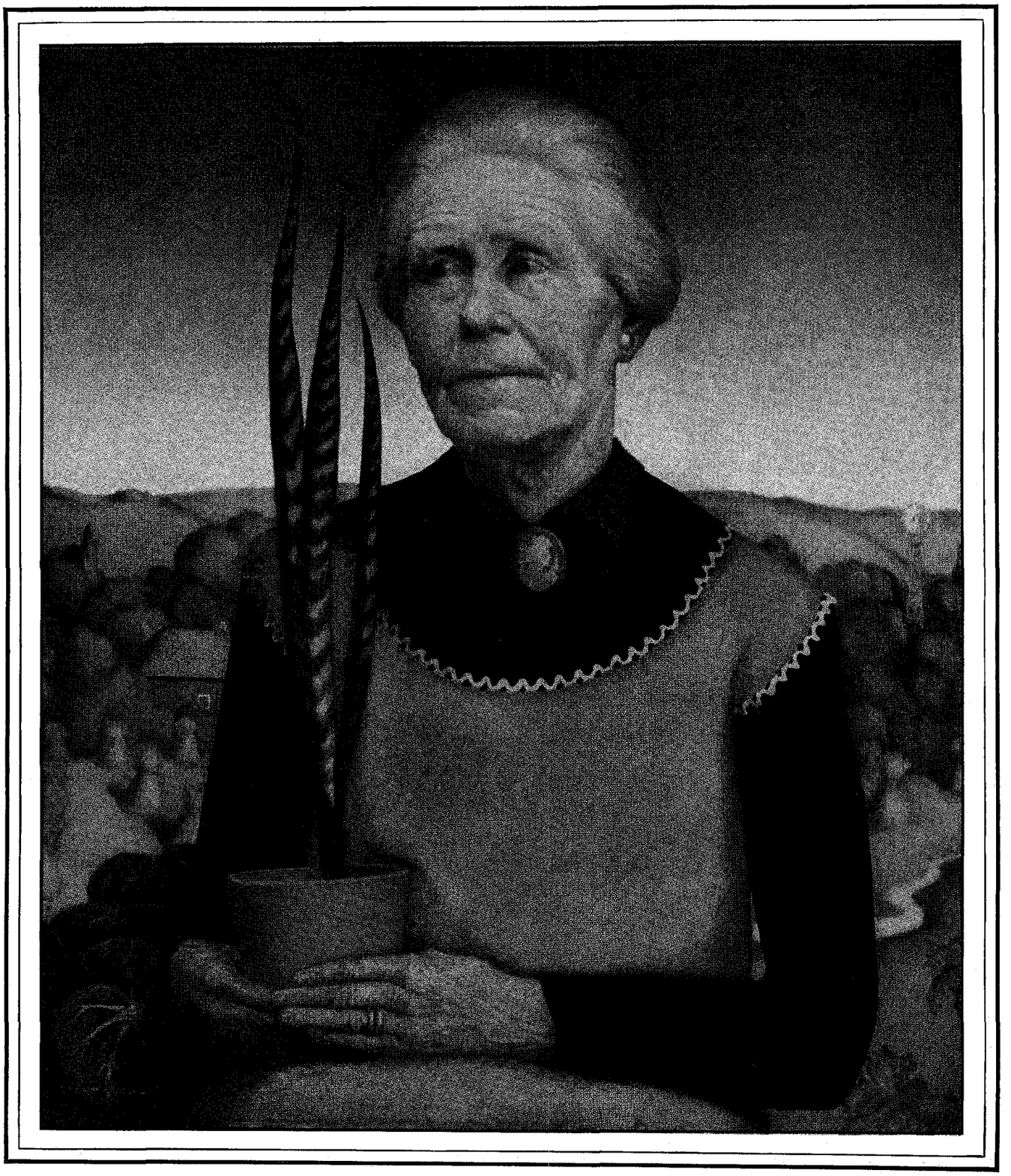
MR. VERNAY has acquired privately a large and important collection of English porcelain, containing rare specimens of Bow, Chelsea, Chelsea Derby, Worcester, Longton Hall, Plymouth, Bristol, and six examples of *real* Lowestoft. A specimen of Chelsea porcelain of outstanding interest to Collectors will later be placed on exhibition at Nineteen East Fifty-fourth Street.

Vernay

OLD ENGLISH FURNITURE, SILVER, PORCELAIN, POTTERY AND GLASSWARE

NEW YORK, 19 East Fifty-Fourth Street
LONDON, Trafalgar House, Waterloo Place

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



WOMAN WITH PLANTS

"In draughtsmanship and sheer control of the medium, this picture of Wood's mother is superior to Whistler's Mother; *and in vitality and the enduring substance of sacrificial devotion it reduces the Whistler tribute to a fragile silhouette."*

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED